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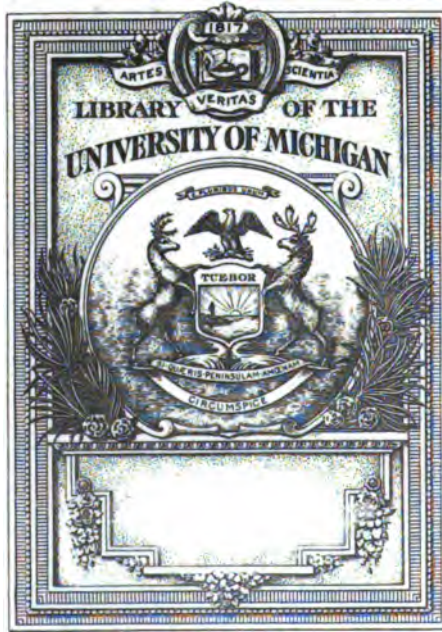
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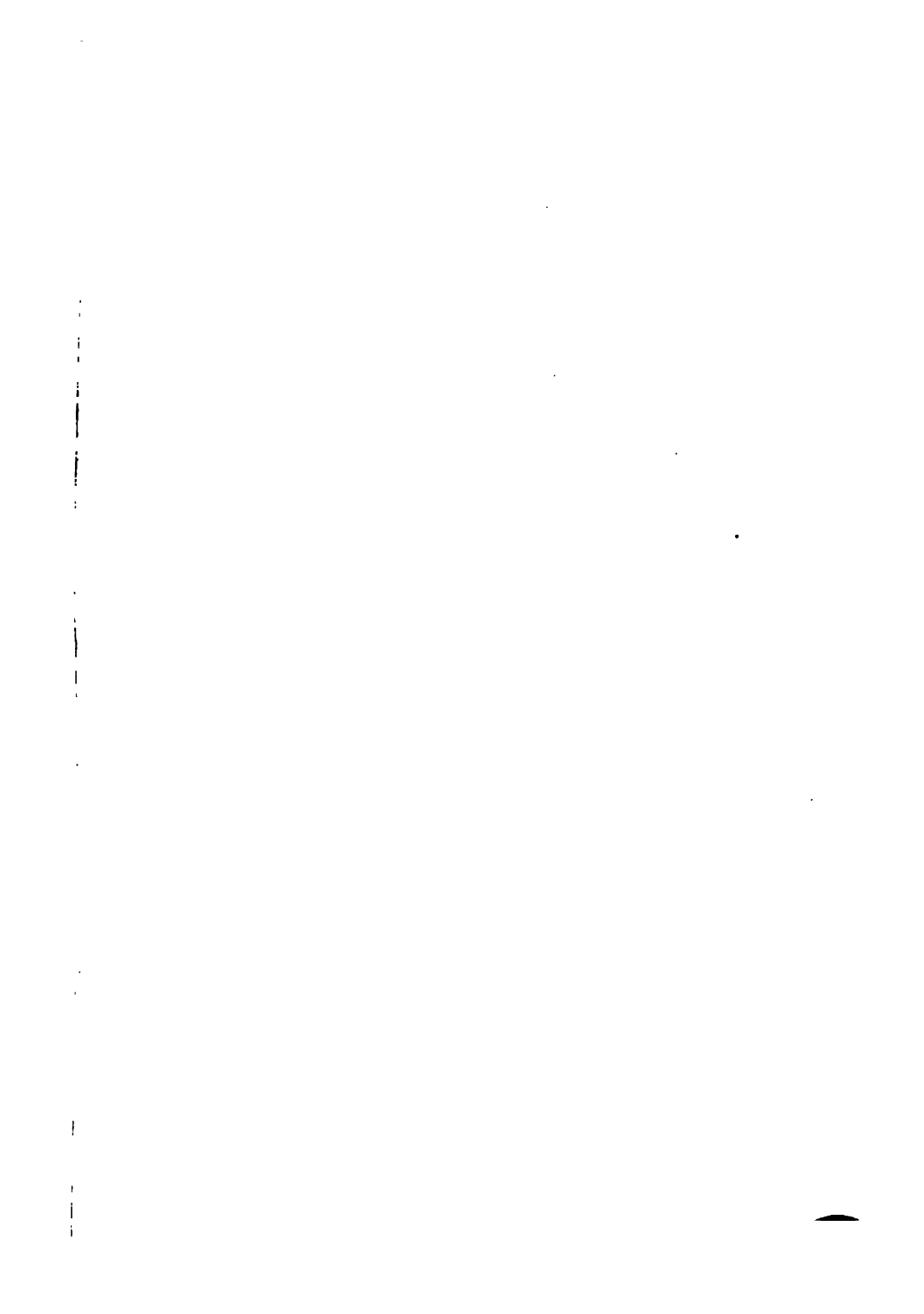
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**GEORGE BOARDMAN TAYLOR,**  
**FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MILEY, 1885**

# Life and Letters

*of*

Rev. George Boardman Taylor, D.D.

*By*

George Braxton Taylor



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MCMVIII

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**By GEORGE BRAXTON TAYLOR.**



## FOREWORD

ABOUT thirty years ago I spent a winter in Rome and for the first time met the Rev. Dr. George B. Taylor. I was sick in a strange city, and he visited me. I began then to realize how rich is the incidental ministry which the foreign missionary can perform to his own countrymen, whom he chances to find in need and pain, like ships that pass in the night. From that time his life touched mine at different points, and I ever learned more deeply to admire his strenuous and abstemious nature. There could hardly be a more perfect blending of saint, scholar and gentleman. I used to attend his Sunday services, and the vision of his pale but glowing features and his delicate frame, protected by a gray shawl against the tomb-like chilliness of the *locale* where his disciples met, will never fade away from my remembrance.

When the English troops made their famous charge up Spion Kop, attaining its summit only to be swept down by the murderous cross-fire of the Boers, they had left Major Ross in camp weak and unable to walk. But we are told that rumors of the desperate conflict in which his regiment was involved must have reached the hospital tent in which the sick man lay, for at three o'clock that afternoon the orderly reported that his bed was empty. How his gallant spirit drove his weak body up the long climb, across the lead-swept plateau, and into the firing line, no man knows, for none then saw him; but at dusk his

012-4-Bo Ross

## FOREWORD

body was found on the crest where his company had struggled through the day. In some such way Dr. Taylor's unconquerable soul pushed his frail body through all the isolation and shock and strain incident to the part which he took in the establishment of Protestantism in the citadel of papacy, just at that interesting period when the temporal power of the Pope was ended, and Rome for the first time in her history flung her gates wide open to the gospel.

It is difficult to estimate the value of such a life. Our Master does not measure our work, but weighs it. Foundation laying is always slow and inconspicuous. Who can tell how much, in Italian thought, the swing of the pendulum from Romanism towards Atheism has been retarded by such a life as Dr. Taylor's, and how far it is due to his labors that we find the minds of the Italians that throng to our shores hospitable to Protestant ideas! Success and suffering are vitally interrelated. If you suffer without succeeding, it is that others may succeed after you; if you succeed without suffering, it is because others suffered before you.

EDWARD JUDSON.

*53 Washington Square, New York.*

*Life*  
*Mrs. Wm. W. Bishop*  
*12-2-1930*

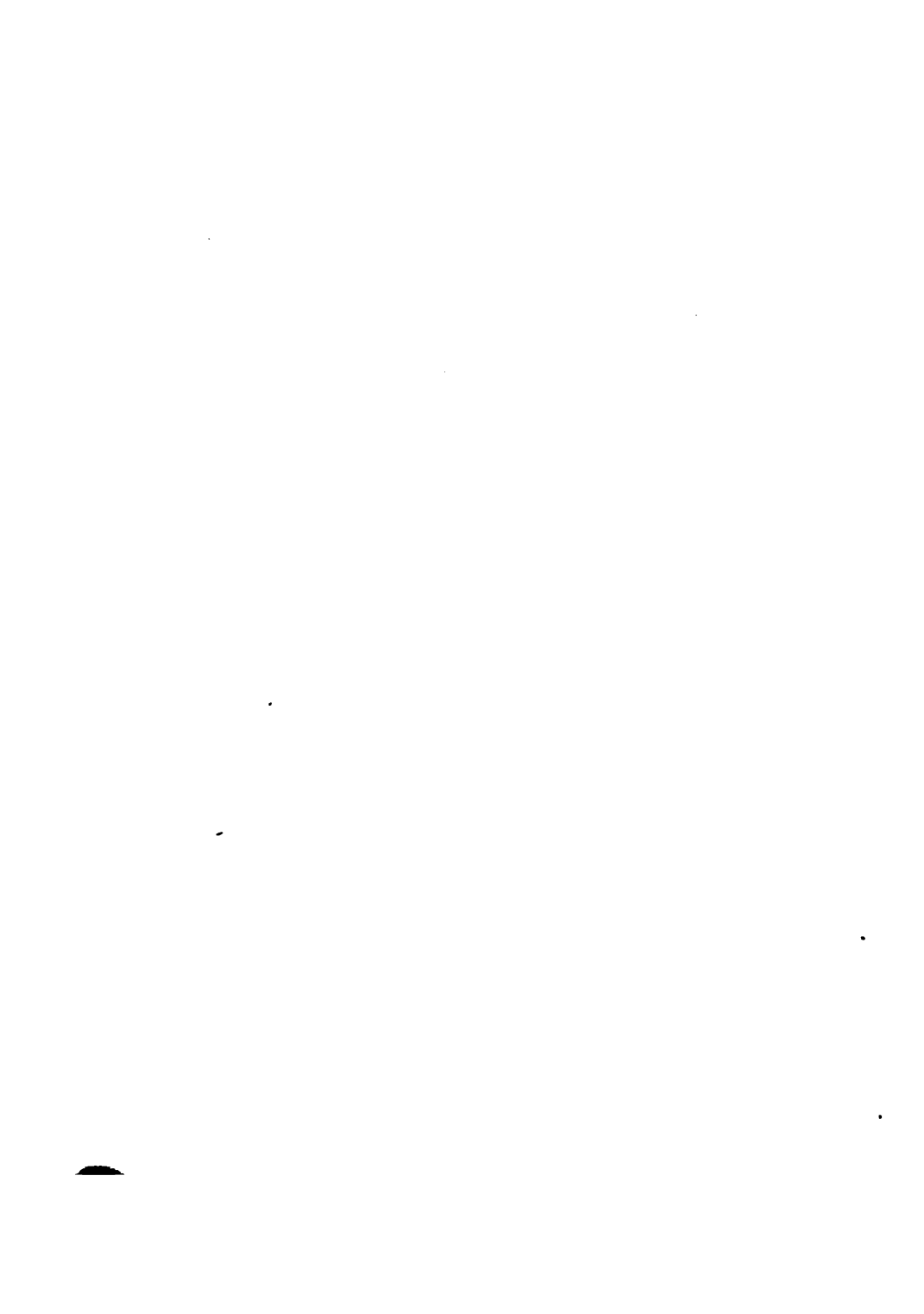
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**LIFE AND LETTERS**  
**OF**  
**REV. GEORGE BOARDMAN TAYLOR, D. D.**



## CHAPTER I

### Early Years

+

HAPPY those early days, when I  
Shined in my early infancy!  
Before I understood this place  
Appointed for my second race,  
Or taught my soul to fancy aught  
But a white celestial thought.

—*Vaughan.*

THE spirit of a youth  
That means to be of note, begins betimes.

—*Shakespeare.*

+

A FEW years ago an American clergyman and his two daughters were journeying from Poland to Italy. They spent a day at the beautiful twin city on the Danube, Budapest, guests of the famous Hotel Hungaria. The next day, on the train, they fell into conversation with a fellow-countryman who had travelled in almost all lands. He, too, had been a guest the night before under the same roof as they. The talk turning to hotels, which have so much to do with our comfort when we are journeying, the stranger declared that in all his wanderings the finest hotels he had found were the "Hotel Hungaria" at Budapest, and "The Jefferson" at Richmond, Virginia. Upon this the clergyman announced, with no small degree of pride and pleasure, that Richmond was his native city.

The clergyman was George Boardman Taylor, and he was fond of adopting Paul's language and declaring that he was "a citizen of no mean city." To the very end of

his life, in his far-away home in the city by the Tiber, he always heard with keen delight accounts of the progress and prosperity of the city on the James. Here in a house on the corner of Fourth and Grace streets, where the Grace Street Presbyterian Church now stands, on December 27th, 1832, he first saw the light, and was named George Boardman in honor of the consecrated missionary who just a little while before had laid down his life in distant Burmah, and who has been called the "Apostle to the Karens." His father, James B. Taylor, though born in England, had been brought to this country when still an infant. He was a man of strong intellect and great vigor and will power, yet withal gentle and mild in his manner. He never had college and university and seminary training, but he wrote and spoke with remarkable force, simplicity and clearness, and was not unfamiliar with the masterpieces of English literature. In 1832 he had been pastor of the Second Baptist Church some eight years. His wife was of the distinguished Williams family of New England, descended from a line of pious Congregational ministers. The second child born to these parents was a son, and the name he received suggests the religious atmosphere of the home into which he had come. The six children who were born into this home, three daughters and three sons, all of whom lived to see their own children men and women, were members of a family where "plain living and high thinking" were the order of the day. During the early childhood of the oldest son, a comfortable house of ten rooms with a large yard and garden was purchased. This yard afforded an ample



space for the children's games, and it was there that George and his sister Jane used to amuse themselves playing college, naming the school, whose patrons they were, "the College of George and Jane," in imitation of a venerable institution not far away. This house is thus referred to in "Richmond in Bygone Days":

"An antique dwelling, half brick, half wood, with the square on which it stood on the south side of Main, between Second and Third streets, was the residence many years ago of Major Andrew Dunscombe, a soldier of the Revolution and a gentleman of the olden time. He was, I think, a Master in Chancery of Judge Wythe's court, and, if I mistake not, he erected Goodall's Tavern (the Indian Queen), since called *Washington* and now *Monument*."

Good books abounded in this home. Most liberally were they provided for the children, regardless of cost, and this in a day when they were far more expensive than they are to-day. Some parents are lavish in their expenditure of money for clothes and food, but they starve the minds of their children. Not so in this home. To the third generation not a few handsome volumes have come down to bear witness to the mental pabulum that these children fed upon. For example, George, on March 15th, 1848, when he was a little over fifteen years old, received from his father Chambers' Encyclopædia of English Literature, in two large volumes. Notice, too, that this was at neither birthday nor Christmas. Buying good books was evidently an everyday occurrence in this home. No wonder that George became as familiar with books as a stable boy is with horses. At four years of age he was reading

the New Testament, thus establishing a precedent which some of his descendants have found burdensome.

When George was a child of seven summers, his father was appointed chaplain to the University of Virginia, he being the second Baptist to hold this position. On the journey towards Charlottesville, the child saw, possibly at Louisa Court House, a jail. He asked his mother why that house had iron bars across the windows. His mother explained that people who took things that did not belong to them were put into that house. All at once the child became very silent and very serious: "Mama, will they put me in there? The other day when you were not looking I took a lump of sugar out of the sugar dish."

At the University, as in those days the parsonage had not been built, the chaplain lived in the house on the Lawn afterwards occupied by Dr. Basil L. Gildersleeve and at present the home of Prof. A. H. Tuttle. Although the chaplaincy lasted only a year, the University made a deep impression upon George, though he never dreamed that years afterwards he would twice occupy the position his father was filling.

When his father went to see the experiments of Professor Emmett in Chemistry, George would go along and the janitor would dust, and bring out for his use, an insulating stool with glass legs. If George's legs were scarcely long enough for the benches in the Chemistry lecture room, they were long enough and strong enough to enable him to accompany his father on many a tramp "over Observatory Mountain and Lewis Mountain, or through the fields, plucking the honeysuckle or wild-ivy

and starting the bird from her nest," the eyes of the father and child "meantime feasting on the red fields inlaid with emerald forests, contrasting beautifully with each other and with the blue sky and distant Blue Ridge Mountains."

After the year at the University Mr. Taylor returned to Richmond to become pastor of the Grace Street Baptist Church, and so, until he left home to teach and to go to the University as a student, George's home was Richmond. Not a few of the anecdotes which come to us from this period of his life breathe that love of adventure and quiet courage which in later life were to help him in many important and trying experiences. Preachers' sons are often supposed to be effeminate and unable to defend themselves as other boys do, nor did his companions make a mental exception in favor of George until one day he kicked down a flight of steps an urchin who had presumed too far; after this, his pluck and grit were not questioned.

From time immemorial Richmond boys have been famous swimmers, partly because James River just above Richmond, with its falls full of treacherous rapids, offers at once a place for natatorial sport and an unusual scope for skill and agility in the water. The boys were allowed by their school teacher to go to the river at recess, with the understanding that if they were not back on time they were to receive a stroke on the hand from the ferule for every moment they were tardy. One day George left his knife on the bank and went back for it, with the result that he was almost an hour late. Before the whole school he stood and took his punishment like a man, only

pleading now and then to be allowed to hold out the other hand for awhile. His grandfather lived five miles or so out in the country, and thither the boy often went for a holiday as well as at other times. It was probably on one of these trips that he was so severely bitten by a dog that the scar on his leg went with him through life.

In December, 1833, Richmond College was moved from the country to the place it now occupies, and when George was still not fourteen years old he was already one of its students. Dr. Robert Ryland was the president of the College, Bennett Puryear Professor of Chemistry, and, for a season, Charles L. Cocke, afterwards the founder of Hollins Institute, was one of George's teachers. In 1846, on a long tour he was making through the South on behalf of the Foreign Mission Board, Mr. Taylor, writing home to his wife and telling how he longed to see his little family, made this reference to his oldest son:

"I would be willing to stroll out as far as the College, tired as I am of travelling, for the sake of looking into George's face. I 'reckon' he is as busy as he can well be. Mr. Cocke says in his letter to me that George *can* be at the head of his class, and it would not at all surprise me if in peeping into the school room I should find him there."

The professor of Chemistry was in the habit of administering occasionally laughing gas to his students. The story goes that upon one of these occasions young Taylor, always a good jumper, and now rendered abnormally active by the gas, cleared the high fence behind which Professor Puryear had, by way of precaution, stationed himself, and gave his teacher a hot chase across the campus to

his house. Dr. Ryland was fond of trying to trap the boys with hard questions. When he asked young Taylor how he pronounced a certain word, the answer he got, uttered in a serious tone, was: "Dr. Ryland, I never use that word." It was at this period of his life that the young collegian was one of a merry party of youths and maidens invited to take tea at the home of one of his father's members. When the party came to the table, the hostess called on him to ask the blessing. What must have been the surprise and suppressed amusement when they all heard him say: "I never do such things!"

While at Richmond College George B. Taylor and William D. Thomas were intimate friends. Both were of a philosophical turn of mind. On their long walks away out into the country, in turn they would speak at the top of their voices to imaginary audiences. In the Mu Sigma Rho literary society, likewise, Taylor entered the arena of debate, his whole being kindling into enthusiasm. In 1851 the third graduating class of Richmond College went forth from their *alma mater*. A programme of the order of exercises is still in existence and gives the list of graduates and the subjects of their addresses as follows: The Reformation, William S. Bland, King and Queen; The Scholar, Morton B. Howell, Richmond; The Influence of Circumstances on Genius, George W. Keesee, Henrico; The Tolerance of Reform, George B. Taylor, Richmond; The Relations of Animal and Vegetable Life, William D. Thomas, Richmond. All of this class have passed away, save Morton B. Howell, who is a distinguished member of the Nashville bar.

After his graduation at Richmond College, Mr. Taylor, then in his nineteenth year, taught for one session in the "Fork" neighborhood, Fluvanna County, what was popularly known in Virginia as "an old field school." This sojourn in Fluvanna was destined to mark an epoch in his life, and the memory of him and his work has not yet faded among those whom he taught and ministered to in other ways. With this his first protracted absence from his father's roof-tree began that series of long, frequent, charming letters to his loved ones which was to continue through his life and to be, for the lives of many, like the clear, refreshing, ever-flowing, life-giving waters from a splendid mountain spring. Through his letters we catch some glimpses of the teacher and his school. Under date of July 18th, 1851, he wrote to one of his brothers:

"The school house is about a mile from here. I walk over in the morning with seven of my sixteen scholars. The boys carry a large basket of dinner, and a jug of milk which is put into the spring to keep cool till lunch time. At the school house I stay till 4.30 or 5. Carry a cane all the time. Occupy my armchair with equal honor to my own station and terror to my scholars. My boys have several times brought me peaches or apples. Hope I may not have to engraft any thing of the peach on them. . . . Six of my scholars are girls! They are. I have them play to themselves. A large snake frightened them at play in the leaves yesterday at recess. They were making houses. I sent one of the boys to kill it. Yesterday after school at the earnest solicitation of my boys I accompanied them to the Rivanna to bathe."

In a letter of the same date to his father he writes:

"I open school at 8.30 and close at 4.30; giving ten minutes recess at ten, ninety minutes at 12, and ten minutes more at 3.15. Don't I have quite a siege? The parents would like it better for me to keep from 7.30 to 5 or later. But that wouldn't be just to myself, and I will not do it. As it is, the confinement and constant engagement is quite enough for me, and I am satisfied some of the children are having their spirits broken by such continued sitting. . . . I can say of the last two mornings:

'I saw the glorious sun arise.'

Had to rise myself at 5.15. Secured nearly an hour before breakfast, which occurs from 6 to 6.15. I want to try to get at least four hours of study every day—from 5 to 6, 7 to 8, 12.30 to 1, 5.30 to 7. Am reading a work on physiology which I have long intended to become acquainted with. Commenced law this morning."

This last statement called forth from his father in reply these words:

"So you have commenced the study of the law? Do you really think you will be employed in the business of pleading before civil courts and on behalf of the earthly interests of your fellow-men? I do not object to the occupancy of your mind in this way, but it would be a matter of thankfulness to me if it was the will of the great Head of the Church to employ you as a pleader with men to be reconciled to Him."

It was to be as the father wished, and when one sees the devout, strong religious feeling which breathed in several

letters written even before his life in Fluvanna, the wonder is, not that he became a preacher, but that he ever thought of the law at all.

With his younger brother, James, one of his pupils, he lived at the home of Silas B. Jones, whose children were in his school. The only complaint Mr. Jones had against the teacher was that he could not sing! Mr. Taylor made himself useful elsewhere besides in his school. It was a time of great temperance agitation and enthusiasm, and he was much in demand for temperance addresses. Once at a temperance rally and barbecue, just as he was about to conclude his address, the one in charge of the arrangements pulled his coat-tail and asked him if he could speak awhile longer, as the ox was not yet fully roasted. He was equal to the occasion, as his supply of suitable anecdotes was abundant, and his speech flowed on till dinner was ready. His voice was heard in the church as well.

Indeed, the brethren were so much pleased with him and his exhortations—if his addresses were not to be called sermons—that one day, when he was absent, the Fork Church licensed him to preach. So his career as a preacher may be said to have begun. Like Dr. Jeter, he used to say in later years that he always planned to take a good long time and deliberately decide whether he would preach, but having once gone to work, he was so busy preaching that he never had time to decide whether he would give his life to preaching. The following extract from one of his letters is not so much out of harmony with the foregoing as it might seem at first blush:



"I have been to two candy pullings within the past week, and pullings they were, too, and in a different from the ordinary sense. For when the candy attains some degree of whiteness everybody snatches from everybody else and grab game is the order of the evening. The first time I enjoyed myself considerably, but on the latter occasion I left off my Christian dignity and participated in the prevailing vapidity and frivolity. I have been ashamed and mortified ever since. Only wish that those who saw my levity could be cognizant of my remorse too."

The next three years of his life Mr. Taylor spent as a student at the University of Virginia, which seat of learning had then been established some twenty-seven years. The affection which Mr. Jefferson had for this school is gauged by the fact that one of the three things he selected for his tombstone concerning himself was this: "Father of the University of Virginia." The broad and thorough scholarship, the honor system and the elective scheme of studies are some of the features incorporated by Jefferson which have helped to make the Virginia University a mighty force, especially in the South, but also to remoter bounds. Mr. Jefferson called from Europe the first professors. Among them was George Long, who after several years returned to his native land to occupy a chair in the new University of London. He carried with him, however, as a souvenir of this land, a Virginia wife. Jefferson's plan had been that the professors should occupy the upper rooms of the pavilions, as the residences on the Lawn were first called, the students to gather for class work in the rooms below; but as the pro-

fessors would not follow his plans and remain bachelors, the classes were soon driven to seek other quarters. Mr. Long suggested, as his successor in the chair of Ancient Languages, Gessner Harrison, one of his students, then only twenty-one years old, and he was elected. "In the opinion of many, who from a long life and distinguished position have had opportunities for judging, Gessner Harrison may be said to have done more than any one man, with the single exception of Mr. Jefferson, in raising the standard of education throughout the South." While Mr. Taylor and his fellow-students were greatly influenced and impressed by Gessner Harrison, there were other giants in those days, such as William H. McGuffey, Albert T. Bledsoe, William B. Rogers, J. L. Cabell and John B. Minor. Not only the professors but the place itself was inspiring. Many have been reminded of Italy as at sunset they have stood at "Monticello" and looked towards the University and the Blue Ridge beyond; then the buildings, each modelled after some classical edifice, were characterized by a unity and harmony scarcely found anywhere else on this continent at that time or for a third of a century thereafter.

Here, then, Mr. Taylor spent three very busy, three very helpful years. He had never been strong physically, and the many burdens he assumed during these years not only cost him his Master of Arts degree, but probably sent him out to his life work handicapped. One is amazed to learn from his letters what he undertook and what he accomplished. Of course he gave first place to his studies. Honesty, if not religion, dictated

this. Mathematics was by no means his *forte*, yet an allusion in one of his letters reveals the fact that Dr. Bledsoe had given him on his report a good mark for this study. In Latin we find him one of twenty-seven who passed while thirty-seven failed. He tells in one of his letters how Dr. Harrison called on him once, the day after he had been away and missed a lecture. He says:

“The morning after my return here, Dr. Harrison took occasion to question me on the lecture before, delivered during my absence. It so happened, by good luck, or Providence, that I had gotten the points from a fellow-student, so that with my general acquaintance with the subject I was able to answer quite satisfactorily. A very desirable thing, when one is so seldom questioned.”

In the class of Moral Philosophy Mr. Taylor must have taken particularly high rank, and he was one of a coterie in the class who thoroughly enjoyed the discussion led by Dr. McGuffey of the great problems which present themselves in the realm of moral and mental science. Mr. Taylor was a leader in the Washington Society, taking many of its honors, and upon the back door of this hall can still be read, unless it has been very recently erased, his name, put there not by his hand but possibly by some over zealous friend. He was president of the Washington Literary Society during the session of 1853-4, and on February 22nd the anniversary orator. On this occasion Washington's Farewell Address was read by R. M. Mallory, of Brunswick County, Virginia.

He was a distinct factor in the Christian life of the University, being most tactful and successful in his

efforts to win his fellow-students for Christ. A gentleman, now living, says that when as a youth he was a clerk in a book store in Richmond, a student of the University of Virginia came in, asking for certain religious books. He had been directed to these books by George B. Taylor, his fellow-student. He became a Christian and has for many years been a distinguished professor in one of our Southern colleges. Nor were his labors for Christ confined to the University. He seems to have taken an active part in the church in Charlottesville, making missionary talks, teaching in the Sunday school, and now and then, towards the end of his course, preaching. He tells, in one of his letters, as follows, how he went back to the neighborhood of the Fork, some twenty miles away, to preach:

“I feel Mondayish rather and excusably I think. Saturday, after attending lectures, I rode on horseback to the Fork . . . and yesterday after preaching came back through any quantity of rain and mud, arriving here, by a most fatiguing ride, after dark. The wonder is that I am not sick to-day. I was agreeably surprised to find any congregation out, as the morning was so rainy and threatening. We had a snug little time. I talked from the Parable of the Pharisee and the Publican.”

Yet other calls were made upon him for work along similar lines. In one letter he writes:

“To-morrow A. M. we have that Sunday-school meeting, and I have engaged for a funeral service of a colored woman in the P. M.”

In another letter he tells of sitting up with an old man who was sick, saying:

“I have watched with him two nights—a service most cheerfully rendered, except that in these days of standing all-day examinations, and preparing for them, one is hardly able to sit up at night and be very vigorous during the day. They thought the old gentleman was dying the other day and called me in to witness his will—a thing I never did before. While sitting up Sunday night I took a general review of my life and found it pleasant to call up many bygone scenes. I could distinctly remember much of the distant and long-forgotten past and could see in their old appearance many objects which have greatly changed.”

In still another letter he speaks of attending the funeral of a colored man. Now he is taking part in the service of the Lord's Supper at the Charlottesville Church and now returning from preaching in the country. During at least a part of his University life he was pastor of the Mountain Plain Church, and it was at the call of this church that he was ordained to the gospel ministry, the services taking place in the Charlottesville Baptist meeting-house, James B. Taylor, his father, and John A. Broadus, being members of the presbytery. He sat with great delight under the preaching of John A. Broadus, who, after being assistant in Ancient Languages at the University of Virginia for a brief period, was now serving as pastor, the only regular charge he ever had. At this time he heard for the first time Dr. William F. Broaddus, the remarkable uncle of the Charlottesville pastor. In later life Mr. Taylor writes thus of these experiences:

“My first sight of Dr. William F. Broaddus was at

Charlottesville in the early fifties, when he had just returned from a stay, of several years, in Kentucky, and, with an agency for Columbian College, was visiting his nephew and helping him in a protracted meeting. I had often heard Drs. Fuller and Jeter, and was at that time sitting Sunday morning and night entranced under the preaching of John A. Broadus, which for popular power has scarcely been equalled since, even by himself. But here was something quite new in style, attractive and powerful. . . . Honored with an interview, I found Dr. Broaddus quite accessible and genial, and then began a mutual friendship, which, favored also by circumstances, became more intimate than from the difference in our ages would have seemed possible.

'We talked with open heart and tongue,  
Affectionate and true,  
A pair of friends, though I was young,  
And Matthew seventy-two.'

But Dr. Broaddus was not then seventy-two by a good many years, seeming still in his later prime."

Mr. Taylor found time for social life, and through his letters we catch many glimpses of him "in lighter vein"; yet there was also the deeper current of religious thought and a conscientiousness, drawing near at times to morbid introspection and moroseness. The danger-land was, however, never entered, and long before his life had turned towards its decline, his Christian courage and cheerfulness had more than won the day. His letters to his sisters often tell of his visits to young ladies or allude to some of his lady friends in Richmond. To the end of

his life he very greatly enjoyed the society of charming women, and the reply he made once to his younger son, years afterwards, tallies with what may be read between the lines of these letters of his student days. One day he asked this son who his sweetheart was. The son answered rather curtly that he did not have one. To this his father replied: "How then can you be my son, for there was never a time when I was a youth that I did not have a sweetheart!"

He refers thus, to a New Year present some fair one had sent him:

"I should not omit to tell you that I received a handsome pair of slippers from Miss ——-. She made them entirely herself. Says she makes her own shoes—that it's quite the fashion for ladies to do that now. A wholly new idea to me."

A love affair of one of his young brother ministers is thus alluded to in a letter to one of his sisters:

"If you were here, I would let you read a letter I have just received from a young brother minister touching among other points on an expedition recently made 'in search of a wife.' He did not push matters to the point of popping the question. He says, not being favorably impressed—others say, thinking 'twas no use."

In that day athletics did not have such prominence in college life as now, but at least once Mr. Taylor went to his supper with tingling cheeks and keen appetite. Let him tell the episode himself:

"I repent all my complaints as to our rigorous climate and retract all my abuse of the snow and ice. Would you

know why my sentiments have undergone such a change? I will tell you. Last night as I was dragging my weary body home from a walk and as Luna was coming out gloriously, I espied several students sliding (on *ex tempore* sleds) down the hill leading from my room to the Rotunda. The idea struck me to slide some too, so immediately I seized one of said vehicles, crying out, 'I want to ride,' without even saying so much as 'by your leave,' to the proprietor, and had dragged it up to the summit of the hill before I thought what cavalier acting that was. I apologized *ab imo pectore*—that means heartily—the good-natured student said, 'Go it.' I *did* go it, and before reaching the end of my row got fully into the merits of the exercise—called out to 'chum,' with whom I was walking, not to wait for me, I should slide for the next half hour—made for my room and returned with a sled of my own—being nothing more or less than a bottomless 'split bottom.' 'Split bottom' is the *genus*—'bottomless' the *differentia*, to use technical language. The *modus operandi* being to turn the chair on its back, sit on the rounds—where short-legged people sometimes put their feet when using the chair as such, and guide with feet sticking out in front. Boyishly, joyously I played *à la Russian*, dragging up and flying down. The sport was social and I picked quite a respectable acquaintance with the young men engaged, whom I had often seen but had not gotten acquainted with before. The track could not have been finer, a beautiful slide the length of a Richmond square and a wide pavement—the snow beaten hard and smooth. I went into my aristocratic supper with a rosebud on my cheek and



with a lighter heart. So now you know by this long story why I will no more quarrel with the snow. To-day has been very warm and to-night, alas, is cloudy! I fear I have taken my last ride. The place is much too public for day exercise." The words which follow ought not to be omitted: "But here I am writing as merrily away as if I hadn't been at it all day in Chemistry examination and didn't feel exceedingly as Jonah did when in a half-swallowed state, 'down in the mouth.' I'll quit it—write my Spanish exercise and off to bed."

The following paragraph from a letter to a brother many years his junior is in quite another strain:

"I could not realize what my parents and teachers used to tell me, and why should I expect you all to be any better? But, oh my dear boy, I speak it with feeling, do not wait till you are eighteen or twenty before you begin to learn: but thoroughly master your studies, now, every day, and go right on improving the rich opportunities which you enjoy. What I say of intellectual acquirements and habits of study is emphatically applicable to Christian character. Begin *now* and daily seek by *prayer* and *watchfulness* to *restrain your evil passions* and cultivate habits of piety. I rejoice that I can write to you as a believer in Jesus, for I know that even amid the temptations of youth the gospel has guiding, restraining, purifying influence. Ever seek to live under that so blessed influence. My feelings have carried me off thus and you must take what I say as coming right from my heart, and not at all in the light of a lecture, though I know you would take even that in good part."

In another letter to the same brother an incident is narrated which reminds us that the country then was even more sparsely settled than to-day. Mr. Taylor wrote:

“I heard something the other day which shocked me much. An old woman who lives some few miles from here, in the Ragged Mountains, and who has been in this room with her chestnuts to sell, was killed last week by a bear. Her body was found on the road to Charlottesville, half devoured and badly mangled. The bear, which it is supposed is a sort of stranger, has been seen several times prowling about. He probably attacked the old woman as she was on her way to town. I told ‘chum’ last night we ought to shut the door and lock it, or maybe he might take it into his head to quarter with us.”

Another incident in his life preserved in a fragment of a letter may not have occurred at this period, but it accords with the spirit of the story just given. Mr. Taylor had gone, from the country home where he was staying, to the post office. Upon starting for the return walk, it being late, he decided to try a short cut across the mountain. All through life he was fond, in his walks, of discovering a new way to come back and his “bump of locality” was so good that he did not often lose his way. Here is the story, however, of how once he was lost:

“My conductor left me ‘solitary and alone.’ He told me something about keeping down a fence, crossing a branch, ascending a hill and then striking the road. Mind you, all this time I had no path even. My good man told me, moreover, that if I should not succeed in finding the way, there was a house not far off where I might

obtain a guide, or, in case of dire necessity, remain for the night. I followed 'the fence,' forded 'the branch' and, tired as I was, climbed 'the hill.' When I had pursued this way as long as directed, and no road appeared, I was sure I was wrong, and was most assuredly quite non-plussed. I determined to make for the house as suggested. Now an old bachelor lived in this domus—he almost as lonely as myself. In spite of a ferocious dog (which 'they' afterwards said they wondered didn't bite me) I made my way to the log cabin—excuse my calling it house before. Here I paused at the door, which was stretched most invitingly open. I looked in; all were abed, asleep, and in the darkness. 'Halloa! ho! say, mister, wake up, here you! I'm lost,' so I cried out. The worthy lord grunted in reply: 'Come in, stop till day.' Half asleep yet, he! 'Thank ye, sir, can you send one of your darkies to escort me to Mrs. Massie's? I'm only a mile off and anxious to reach there to-night.' Emit grunt No. 2: 'Don't know—s'pose so.' Here I passed my fingers over the face of my watch (it was too dark to see my watch, being very cloudy), and was surprised to find it ten o'clock. This decided me to stay, so I said: 'I rather guess I *will* stay—anywhere, chair, chest, or on the floor.' Grunt No. 3: 'There's another bed, if you can find it.' 'Mister, I'm so dry. Where's the spring? Or the pail?' 'There—here—no, behind you.' Bless me, if you could have seen me, groping there like a coal-black blind negro in midnight in a dark cellar, you would have (just what I did in spite of my awkward fix and painful fatigue) laughed. The water attained, I quickly seated myself

in the door to cool—for I was drenched (like a drowned rat) with perspiration and panting like a wounded deer. Mine host with equal nonchalance recomposed himself to sleep. Finally I undressed, placing my watch and other valuables in my hat—and that on the table near the wide-open door. Never did a bed feel so acceptable to tired limbs, though I went to it candleless and supperless. I was too aching to sleep though, so I amused myself by making ‘astronomical observations,’ not through the roof, for there *was* a loft, but through the door, and obliquely through the cracks in the sides, which were plenty and plenty large. To close in a word, however, a long and what I fear you have thought a tedious story, bright and early next day I rose, and, without seeing anybody but a darky, pursued my way to Spring Valley, arriving just in time for breakfast. . . . Ever since my adventure (which you must admit to have been *sui generis*) I have felt like a foundered stage horse—stiff, etc. I hope to recover before I try such a tramp again—must have walked at least eighteen or twenty miles. I close, warning all who may read this against ‘short cuts’ across the mountains.”

## CHAPTER II

### Baltimore Pastorate—Marriage

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'Tis not a cause of small import  
The pastor's care demands,  
The work might fill an angel's heart—  
It filled the Saviour's hands.

—*Doddridge.*

NEVER had man more joyfull day than this  
Whom heaven would heape with bliss,  
Make feast, therefore, now all this live-long day,  
This day forever to me holy is.

—*Spenser.*

+

A PHYSICAL breakdown cut short Mr. Taylor's course at the University. He had undertaken more work than would have been wise for a strong man, and he was by no means strong. No doubt his physical condition accounts in a large measure for many seasons of mental depression, approaching morbidness. It was probably at such a time that he wrote for the *True Union* the following:

"My House! I have no house now; I do not know that I ever shall have; *i. e.*, of the sort which men love so to build and live in; though, I confess, I often, in my thoughts, rear such a one. But there is a house appointed for me, though I do not know in what part of the world it is, or when I shall become its occupant. It is scarcely so high as my head, but that matters not, since I shall

never want to stand up in it. It is dark, for there are no windows to admit the sun, and candles and fires are never lighted. It has but one room, and that not long nor wide. It has no door, for when once I go in I shall not come out again. I shall occupy it alone. 'Alas! no, solitude were a boon indeed. A thousand worms shall be my fellow-lodgers. A silent house! The howling storm, the pattering rain, the din of business—none of these shall reach my ear. A peaceful house! Then this head which has ached so often shall ache no more. Most probably my house is not alone, but is one of many tenements in some great silent city. Reader, a house like this awaits thee also."

When his friend, Rev. Z. Jeter George,\* read these lines, he wrote to the author of them, reminding him of another house which was his, whose maker and builder was God; not a dark house, but made bright by the Sun of Righteousness.

Not long after he left the University, there came a call to the pastorate of the Franklin Square Baptist Church, of Baltimore. This church had been organized in October of the preceding year and five months later had occupied, for the first time, the lecture room of the meeting-house in process of erection. Upon this occasion the sermon had been preached by the Rev. Dr. J. W. M. Williams, pastor of the First Baptist Church. Mr. Taylor accepted the

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\*Rev. Z. Jeter George, after his university life (during which time he was pastor of the Mountain Plain Church), became pastor of the Manchester Church. His career of great promise was ended by an early death. His funeral was preached by Rev. Dr. J. L. Burrows.

call and began his work towards the fall of 1855, he being the first pastor of the church and the church being his first regular pastorate. At that time the Baptists were not strong in Baltimore. Yet several of the pastors were very able men, one of them being the matchless pulpit orator, Richard Fuller. They did not have in those days many meeting-houses, but the one in which the First Church worshipped, known as the "Old Round Top," was a noble edifice and served as one of the landmarks of the city.

Upon going to Baltimore, Mr. Taylor became a member of the family of the Rev. Dr. Franklin Wilson, whose wife was Mr. Taylor's first cousin. Mr. Wilson was a man of means, and had recently moved into "Oakley," an unusually handsome home which he had built on the outskirts of the city. A weak throat soon after his graduation disqualified him for the active work of a pastor, but his piety, culture and ability made him to the end of his life (which, notwithstanding the early prophecy of the doctors, was a long one) a most potent factor in the religious well-being of his native city and of his own denomination. From his earliest childhood he had been fond of books and study, so of course his library was large and well selected, and the very atmosphere of his home at once literary and religious. This, as can easily be seen, was a most congenial home for the young pastor.

Mr. Wilson bought, and with Mr. Taylor edited for several years, *The Christian Review*. This periodical was established in 1836, and had had among its editors such distinguished men as Dr. Bamas Sears and Dr. S. F.

Smith. The high intellectual plane of such a publication and its religious character well accorded with the ability and aptitudes of Mr. Taylor's mind. He was nothing if not philosophical and metaphysical, and withal fond of composition as well as of public speech. Just at this period of his life, too, the output of his mind found natural expression not only in the pulpit but perhaps even more appropriately in the pages of such a review. As he had not attended any theological seminary, Baltimore became his self-made theological seminary. During this period he thought through, as far as any man can be said to do so, the great problems offered by theology and philosophy. He mastered the Epistle to the Romans, if any one can be said to accomplish this task, and while he had many seasons of mental agony and distress, nevertheless he came out into a peace and trust which were to go with him through life, growing stronger and stronger to the end.

There was the lighter, the brighter side to his life. The very fact that he was by no means strong physically—a fact he could not be ignorant of, since headaches and languor, if not more serious spells, were often his lot—made much open-air exercise absolutely necessary. So we find him taking frequent walks. In his longer rambles he had very often, as his companion, Rev. John Berg, an Englishman, who was thoughtful and pleasant in conversation. When the walk was not too extended for the short legs of a small boy, his cousin, Appleton, counted it a high privilege to go along, and the young preacher was so gentle and kind that his habit of sermonizing as he walked



did not annoy the child. Nor was it alone upon these walks that Appleton enjoyed the companionship of his cousin, so far his senior. The boy loved to go to "Cousin George's Room," and here he passed many a happy hour. Mr. Taylor was willing to take time and pains to amuse and instruct the child, now telling him stories and now suggesting ways in which Appleton could amuse himself.

The life of the household was in many ways most delightful. At the table, and in the evening, the important events and books of the day were apt to pass under discussion, and the progress of the city along material as well as religious lines was always of great interest to the people at "Oakley." Frequent drives to various places in the suburbs of Baltimore were taken, and now and then longer trips were the order of the day. Gustave Burger, an ingenious and kindly German, who was the gardener and general utility man, became a valuable and valued member of the household. With his coöperation many schemes were carried through which delighted Appleton, and were not without interest for the older people. For example, a balloon was constructed, sent upon a voyage, recovered, and started out upon a second flight; then one year there was a Christmas tree, which, even in Baltimore, preëminently a city of Christmas trees, must have been unique and worth more than passing notice. Mr. Taylor, with his Virginia bringing up, was so partial to open fireplaces and wood fires, and so expatiated on such a method of heating, that he not only was allowed to introduce the open fire in his own room, but also succeeded in persuading Mr. Wilson to

have in the library, in addition to the furnace, a wood fire, brass andirons and all. Even Baltimore, at that day, or at least the outskirts of Baltimore, did not have some of the comforts of our present city homes, however humble; Mr. Wilson provided water for the household by a cistern, but this supply being inadequate for bathing, the house had no bath-room. It so happened that Mr. Taylor's first winter in Baltimore the weather was very severe, and, as all the streets around "Oakley" had not been paved, it was often through mud and mire that the faithful trio made their way with a commendable zeal to the various meetings of the young church.

The work of the church went on well. It is probably often, if not always, true that a preacher does not do his best work in his first pastorate, or in the first years of his first pastorate. It seems certain that Mr. Taylor improved as a preacher after leaving Baltimore, but perhaps this gain was in the way of a more popular style, rather than in the subject matter of his sermons. He may have been inclined to preach over the heads of his people, and as he was studying the book of Romans and thus the deep things of the gospel, it is probable that his sermons took tinge and tone from his studies, nay, from his mental anguish and agony. It has been seen already that he had a fondness for children and the gift of attracting and helping them. This talent was to receive large development and to be used with great blessing in later years. In Baltimore he began preaching to children. The House of Refuge, of which institution Mr. Wilson was a trustee, with its many young people, even more

than his church, gave scope for Mr. Taylor's ability to reach the heads and hearts of the young.

During his Baltimore life Mr. Taylor was invited to make the first alumni oration ever delivered at Richmond College. The subject of his address on this occasion is characteristic of the man, and preëminently so of this period of his life. One who was a student at Richmond College at that time, who heard the oration, and who since then has risen to distinguished place, both as a public speaker and a preacher, thus describes the occasion :

“On entering the place for the performance I saw on the platform a small figure of a man with soft, mildly reddish hair, a fixed stoop in his shoulders, with a face which bespoke the student, and an eye which was deep in its blue and seemed made for emitting kindness. He did not please me as he came forward to speak and his voice was not quite satisfactory, but he was young and did not assume nor shiver. He was manifestly there to say something. His theme was ‘The Thinker,’ and from his first word he seized me; I had heard no man so young who seemed to know things so well and could frame them so wisely. With it all was an evident dissatisfaction with himself, unexpressed and yet most evident. . . . I did not meet the alumni orator on the occasion of his address, but I saw men and women shaking hands with him in a pleased way and knew that he hit the nail on the head.”

In May, 1857, Mr. Taylor attended the Southern Baptist Convention in Louisville and was elected one of the recording secretaries of that body, a position to which

he was reëlected at four succeeding sessions. On this trip he was much with his friend of college and university days, Rev. Z. Jeter George, and discovered in him the ability to introduce with tact the subject of religion. Mr. Taylor says:

“During our association together in Louisville I was much impressed by his disposition to speak with unconverted persons on personal religion, and by his happy manner of securing their good will, and then introducing the subject. We were with a number of lively young ladies, and I remember that my first thought was that Jeter had entered too much into their conversation; but I subsequently was led to believe that he was really aiming, and not without prospect of success, to do them good. A few weeks before his death, he told me of a letter received from one of these young ladies, in which, to some of his earnest inquiries, she replied that she could not be indifferent to her own soul, when he, a stranger, had manifested such anxiety for its salvation.”

During the latter part of his Baltimore pastorate, Mr. Taylor filled one Sunday the pulpit of the Baptist Church in Fredericksburg. This visit was a most eventful one for him, since here he met for the first time her who was ere long to become his wife and to be for the rest of his life a noble inspiration. Upon a return to Fredericksburg for the express purpose of seeing the lovely one who had charmed him, alas, he

“ . . . rings the gateway bell  
And learns her gone and far from home;

“He saddens, all the magic light  
Dies off at once from bower and hall,  
And all the place is dark, and all  
The chambers emptied of delight.”

He was not, however, easily foiled in his purpose, so hearing that the family was at a certain watering place in the Virginia mountains, he sets out thither. He is just too late! The family has gone on to yet another of the many Virginia Springs. Possibly again he was too late, but finally his perseverance was rewarded. Nor was his suit for the fair one's hand less successful. In due time the engagement was announced and on the morning of May 13th, 1858, the marriage took place at “Hazel Hill,” the home, on the edge of Fredericksburg, of Mr. J. Warren Slaughter, his wife being a sister of the bride. It would be hard to find anywhere a more beautiful home than “Hazel Hill.” It is approached from the town, after the stately gateway is passed, through a long avenue of noble trees. In front of the house the grounds fell away in terraces to “Hazel Run,” and in the rear a typical old-fashioned Virginia garden, with vegetable beds all having borders of box or flowers, sloped gradually towards the broad waters of the placid Rappahannock. The house itself, with its large hall, spacious rooms, broad veranda, ample greenhouse, covered ways to the kitchen, quaint attic and lofty belvedere was indeed the home of

“Free-Hearted Hospitality;  
His great fires up the chimney roared,  
The stranger feasted at his board.”

It was here on a lovely morning in May that Susan Spottiswoode Braxton became Mr. Taylor's bride. She

was a daughter of Carter Braxton, her mother's maiden name having been Elizabeth Teackle Mayo. She was a great-granddaughter of Carter Braxton, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and was one of four sisters famous at once for their beauty and their charming personality. It is said that Oncken, the famous German Baptist, declared that Sallie Braxton was the most beautiful woman he saw while in America. A distinguished gentleman, for many years an honored citizen of Richmond, was wont to tell how, when a boy, he used to watch with bated breath as Sallie and Susan Braxton passed up the aisle at old Bruington Church in King and Queen—a vision of beauty he had never seen equalled in all the years thereafter. One who came to know best of all the bride of that May morning, some years ago wrote these words, telling in part the story of her earlier days:

“Mrs. Taylor was the second daughter of the late Carter and Elizabeth Mayo Braxton, and was born at ‘Hungers,’ the family residence, Northampton County, Virginia. Most of her childhood and early youth was spent in the country, where she enjoyed few formal educational advantages, but under the guidance of a singularly wise and cultured mother, read extensively the best works of fiction, poetry and history which formed her taste and were for a permanent possession; while, by associating with the refined and intelligent, she acquired that general information and those graces which schools rarely give. When she was about sixteen her father and mother died in quick succession, leaving her, with five sisters and a brother, in

the care of a maiden aunt in Fredericksburg. Upon Susan and her eldest sister, the late Mrs. Slaughter, rested much of the responsibility of training the younger children. From her earliest childhood she had learned to love the Saviour, and now with her sister she was baptized in the Rappahannock by Rev. Samuel Smith, pastor in Fredericksburg. Thus they followed the example of their mother, who, reared an Episcopalian, became from conviction a Baptist and was immersed in Norfolk by Dr. Howell. Even those who do not hold Baptist views can admire the heroism of a girl, who, obedient to what she felt the voice of duty, identified herself with the little Baptist Church, poor, and worshipping in a mean building on the river-side, and in a measure cut herself off from those who were her natural associates. From the beginning she was an active worker in the church and full of the missionary spirit, while she was generally loved and admired in the town for her piety as well as for her charms of person and manner."

On the wedding trip Baltimore and Richmond were visited. Young people nowadays might think that going to a prayer-meeting would be untimely on the wedding journey; not so with this preacher and his bride. One who was at that time a Richmond College student writes thus of this occasion:

"Just before my graduation I was one night at the Grace Street Church prayer-meeting and found this young minister present with his bride, they being on a visit to his parents. How modestly proud he was as he presented that fair treasure of his soul to his old church

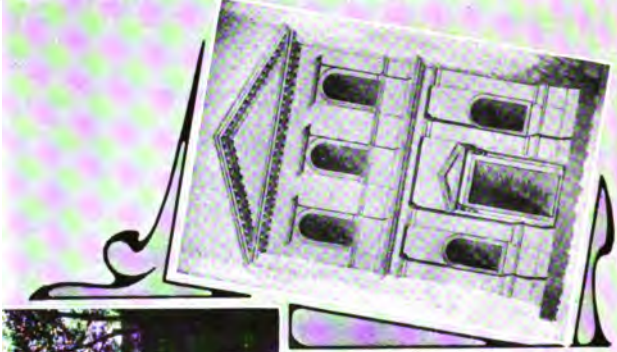
friends, and was met with joyous congratulations on every side!"

The wedding journey went well, the worse mishap that befell the young couple being the burning up of the wedding bonnet, which caught fire from the lamp on the hall steps. All were so thankful that the bride's fair face escaped unhurt!

Some months before his marriage, Mr. Taylor had resigned his church in Baltimore to accept a call to become pastor of the Baptist Church in Staunton, the chief town of the beautiful and famous "Valley of Virginia." It was thither, therefore, that Mr. Taylor now took his young bride. The story of the years spent in Staunton must be left for another chapter.



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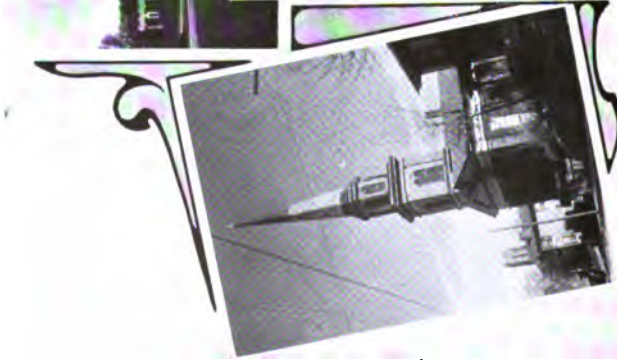
ROME CHAPEL



ROTUNDA (University of Virginia)  
FRANKLIN SQUARE, BALTIMORE



STAUNTON CHURCH



## CHAPTER III

### First Pastorate in Staunton—The Civil War

✦

HE taughte, but first he followed it himselfe.

—*Chaucer.*

UNDER the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day;  
Love and tears for the Blue,  
Tears and love for the Gray.

—*Francis Miles Finch.*

✦

HAD Mr. Taylor's first pastorate been a prophecy? Was he always to fill difficult positions? The soil of Baltimore from the first has been peculiarly barren for Baptists. Staunton in these early days was a difficult field for the Baptists, though now one hears no longer the old saying that Baptists and sweet potatoes will not grow west of the Blue Ridge. How hard was the field to which he gave the best years of his life! "Beautiful for situation," the long line of the Blue Ridge to the east and the billowy Alleghanies to the west, Staunton lies in the heart of Augusta, one of the largest and one of the most fertile counties in the Old Dominion. It is a mountain town, though not "cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd" by the mountains; they are far enough away to gain the "azure hue," of which the poet Campbell speaks. The surrounding country is famous for its splendid wheat, fine cattle

and fruit. In the town are located two admirably managed state institutions, each with extensive and attractive grounds, one for the deaf, dumb and blind, and the other for the insane; and one or more schools for the higher education of young women, drawing students from many Southern States, have for years flourished here.

The story of the origin of the Baptist Church in Staunton and of the beginning of Mr. Taylor's work there is best told by his pen. At the 50th anniversary of the Staunton Church, celebrated at the meeting of the General Association, November 15th, 1903, Dr. Taylor in his historical sermon said:

“ . . . In the wise and beautiful economy of nature, seeds, even the tiniest and frailest, are not only wonderfully preserved, but widely distributed, travelling free on trains and wains, and as unconsciously scattered by all animals, and especially by the birds of the air, as by the winds themselves. So it is with the realm of thought and spirit,—opinions, doctrines, having wonderful vitality and many ways for their dissemination; and as with natural seed, so it is with that of the spirit, there being the precious, the imperfect, the useless, and the hurtful, tares and wheat competing with each other till the day of separation. We are apt to think of the evangelist or the press as almost the only agents in bearing to new places the Word of God or any peculiar form of doctrine, practice, or worship, losing sight of the fact that a large part of this work has been done by the immigration of individuals and peoples carrying with them to their new homes the religions which were a part of their

lives. To limit ourselves only to Virginia, we see how the English brought to Eastern Virginia their Episcopacy, which for a time was established even as in the old country; the Scotch-Irish to this beautiful valley Presbyterianism, and the German Baptists the doctrine of believers' baptism. Let me ask, in passing, if our denomination ought not to seek closer relations with these our brethren, so near to us in doctrine and practice and so honorable in the affairs of life? In the *Roanoke Times* the excess of taxes paid in was explained by the specially honest returns made by the Dunkards, or German Baptists, of the county, to whom that enterprising newspaper paid a merited tribute as upright, excellent citizens.

“In like manner individuals removing to new regions have borne with them their religious principles and proclaimed them where they were not known. Thus came into existence the church in Rome to which Paul wrote his great epistle, a church composed of those who heard Peter's sermon on the day of Pentecost, or of those who received the gospel in other times and places, and who for their earthly interests had removed to Rome, then the world's chief centre. Thus was born our sister, the first Baptist Church of Charlottesville, chiefly through the influence, the prayers, the labors of one or two heroic women. Such also is the case of this Baptist Church in Staunton, owing its origin primarily not to any minister, but to the Providence of God, which led several Baptists, chiefly from Albemarle County, to cross the Blue Ridge and settle here—men and women who, instead of abandoning their religious principles, as so many do in similar cir-

cumstances, held them firmly, so that neglected New Testament doctrines and practices were planted, and to-day flourish not alone in Staunton, but elsewhere in this Valley.

“Let this be a lesson to you, my brother, my sister, if business or marriage or health should lead you to some other place. Stand to your colors, hold fast, profess and proclaim those truths which you have learned from the Word of God, so shall you be blessed and a blessing. Yea, and what a lesson is here for teaching our children and indoctrinating our members, so that they may be fully persuaded as to the system of doctrine and duty and ecclesiastical march which we, as Christians and Baptists, hold from the Holy Scriptures, and that they may be ready to give an answer to every one that asketh them as to the faith that is in them.

“But there was another coöperating cause in the formation of this church. In the latter part of the first half of the nineteenth century the Goshen Association, one of the oldest in Virginia, composed of some two-score of churches in the counties of Spottsylvania, Caroline, Orange, and Louisa, began to carry on independent evangelizing work, and, under the leadership of Littlebury W. Allen and James D. Coleman, raised large sums and sent missionaries to various strategic points. One of these was Staunton.

“When we think of the great work done by the State Mission Board, it seems strange that places so important as Harrisonburg, Winchester, and Staunton should have been so long neglected. A partial explanation is found in the fact that what is now West Virginia absorbed most

of the means contributed for State missions. Our older ministers, too, rather shrank from towns and cities, preferring to labor in the country. It is pleasant to me that my own father, at a very early date, not only plead for evangelizing this part of the Valley, but when chaplain of the University of Virginia, in the session of 1839-'40, came over in the stage and preached at least once in this city. But now the set time for planting a Baptist Church here had fully come, and the chosen instrument was the Rev. S. B. Rice, M. D., who had been pastor of Mount Moriah Church, in Amherst County, and of Adiel, in Nelson.

“During the meeting of the Baptist General Association in Richmond, in the year 1886, I had a pleasant conversation with the Rev. A. B. Brown, who said that he was about to prepare a sketch of the life and character of the late Dr. Rice. It seems that the two men had once been intimate, Brown, who was the younger, preferring, although an Episcopalian at the time, to attend the ministry of Rice. It was also in part through the elder man that Brown, with his eminent worth and gifts, became a Baptist. The biographical notice in question was never written, as in a few days after our conversation he who was so wonderfully endowed for the understanding and delineating of character, and who had in this case the requisite knowledge and personal affection, became himself the unconscious subject of the loving and mournful eulogies of his brethren. It is an irreparable loss, but we know that Dr. Rice was a man of imposing presence, and that he had the gifts and experience necessary for

the pioneer work which he came to accomplish. Through him the resident Baptists were, in October, 1853, gathered together, forming this church. Thirteen members united in the organization. Thenceforward the bulk of his time and strength was given to raising funds for the erection of the church house, which was seen to be a prime necessity. Brains and hearts certainly mean more than bricks, but as Thomas Jefferson, who was calling from the old country able professors, saw the need of buildings before opening our State University, so a local habitation was felt to be essential to the mission of this church. After the brethren and sisters here had done what they could, Dr. Rice travelled all over Eastern Virginia, largely in a private conveyance, visiting not only the town and city churches, but those of the country as well, telling of the labors and sacrifices specially of one of the members here,—how her skillful and busy fingers wrought ever in the interest of the building that was to be. At the laying of the corner-stone Dr. J. L. Burrows delivered an address; Dr. B. M. Smith, of the Presbyterian Church, offered prayer, and Rev. L. W. Allen, in his own peculiar way, told the people not to despise the Baptists because few and almost unknown in the Valley, for over the mountains they owned a large share of the land and the negroes, too. The building rose slowly, some prophesying that it would never see completion. To me in the year 1855, passing through the town, the work seemed suspended, but later it was reported to the Albemarle Association that the lecture room was ready for use, and in it I believe a Sunday school was gathered.



"In the summer of 1857, Dr. S. B. Rice having concluded his labors, and at the close of my own pastorate of two years in Baltimore, I was invited to become pastor of this church. Asking the advice of Dr. Jeter, I said: 'There are, I believe, no leading members.' 'That does not matter,' replied my counsellor, 'if they are following members; you do the leading,' and most beautifully did the brethren here from the first help and cooperate with their young pastor, there being then, and for nearly the whole of my pastorate, no kinsman of Diotrophes.

"My pastorate of the Franklin Square Baptist Church, Baltimore, had not been without blessing to others, at least a few of the numerous converts being my very own spiritual children. To me it was a period of great distress, but of great usefulness, for the theological problems which, as Sir William Hamilton says, emerge first in philosophy, had begun to trouble me while still a university student, and they went with me to Baltimore; but by the great mercy of God I was led during that period of storm and stress and fiery temptation to a sufficiently satisfactory solution of those problems, though leaving, indeed, as one ever must, a certain insoluble residuum for faith, certainly in this world, perhaps also in the world to come, for a finite creature can never comprehend, though he may apprehend, the Infinite One.

"I came, therefore, to Staunton with new courage and new hope, my preaching, too, becoming less apologetic and more boldly that of a herald, who, believing, therefore spake.

"Never had a youthful minister kinder or more appre-

ciative members than those I found here. Few they were, indeed, a mere handful, but good as gold. To speak only of the departed, there was Simpson F. Taylor, a hard-working, simple-hearted man, who had accumulated a modest estate by managing farms in Albemarle County. He loved the gospel, this church, and its minister with an affection that held nothing back, and made me feel from the first that he would share equally with me all that he had, according to my need. He made little figure in the community, a humble, unobtrusive man, but he was a devoted Christian and a pillar in the church. What he and his wife were is best told by the fine character and excellent work of their son, John H. Taylor, who, an exception to the proverb, has been for two-score years 'a prophet in his own country,' serving, among others, the Laurel Hill Church, in which he was converted. William H. Peyton, in his business relations, had been thrown much among worldly men, and not without injury to his piety, but he had the root of the matter in him, and he was a generous spirit, susceptible through affection of great development both as to gifts and graces. For a long time he found it impossible to shape his lips to say the word 'brother,' but that was acquired, and he learned to pray and exhort most acceptably in the prayer-meeting and became a capital Sunday-school superintendent. Under loving pressure of the truth, he came to feel the inconsistency of owning the bar of the Virginia Hotel, and after first restricting it, he finally, as the only way recognized as possible, parted with the hotel itself, in which how many ministers and others had been enter-

tained *gratis*! He was ever a friend to every good minister and his pastor's right hand. The last time I saw Brother Peyton I recognized that he had outrun me in the heavenly race, and was able to strengthen my own faith by his simple trust under pressure of illness and face to face with the last enemy. The aged Brother Anderson, a slave of Simpson F. Taylor, had for years made it his prayer that a Baptist Church might be planted in Staunton, and, like Simeon, lived to see the answer to his prayer. Two other colored persons, free born, Mrs. Laura Campbell and her venerable mother, members of this church, esteemed in the whole community, were the excellent of the earth, helpers of my joy, earnest listeners to the preached word, ready to every good work. One other name must be added, that of Alexander Pope Abell, who had indeed returned to Charlottesville before I came to Staunton, but whose work I found in a good Sunday school.

"The summer of 1857 is notable and dear to me as the season in which I was called to the sole remaining pastorate of my life, and in which God gave me her who was destined for more than a quarter of a century to be the greatest possible blessing of my life, a blessing to this church, and to our church in Rome. About the first of November in that year the brethren informed me that the building was finished, and begged me to come at once, and almost exactly forty-six years ago, simultaneously with the coming of the Episcopal minister, Mr. Latané, and the Presbyterian pastor, Mr. Baker, I preached the first sermon in the then new church. From that day an era of pros-

perity began. The Sunday school increased in numbers and efficiency. Congregations were large and attentive, and several stray Baptists were hunted up and gathered in. Several persons who had been immersed by an itinerant Campbellite minister were accepted as members, the church, at my suggestion, having decided to accept without rebaptism such as had been immersed on a profession of personal faith in Christ without having imbibed any of the peculiar views originating with Alexander Campbell. This is mentioned simply as a fact in the history of the church. There being still a debt on the building, though not at all pressing, I made short collecting trips, chiefly between Sundays, and secured a considerable sum.

“Before the popular interest due to novelty had seriously waned, the cause received a new impulse through a protracted meeting begun with the preaching of Dr. John A. Broadus and followed up with that of Dr. Cornelius Tyree. It was a time of great blessing, and many who proved themselves valuable members were added as one of its precious fruits. Mr. and Mrs. Summerson, Mr. J. B. Hoge, and the Misses Pemberton were among the converts of that revival season.

“From having enjoyed a certain popularity the Baptist pastor now became, with some, very unpopular. Let me explain. After I had resigned the care of this church in 1873, Mr. Latané, who had also resigned the care of the Episcopal Church, said to me: ‘A meeting of ministers was called early in your pastorate to make you leave Staunton, although I explained to them that it would be

impossible, but you, Dr. Taylor, hearing of the call and knowing nothing of the object, came to the meeting, which put an end to the project.' It is certain that in this instance ignorance was to me better even than bliss, for it served me as no wisdom could have done, and from that time fairly good and in some cases intimate relations with the ministers were established, and after a while the Protestant ministers of the town met every Monday night at each other's houses to sup, to pray and plan for the religious interests of the community. There was also for a time a partial exchange of pulpits. Thus the Baptist Church became an element of peace in Staunton. Before its coming there had long been a notorious lack of good feeling between Presbyterians and Episcopalians. This was changed for the better in the presence of a common adversary, and later the era of good feeling embraced all the churches of the city, and has lasted until to-day.

"I was not yet twenty-five years old when I came to Staunton, full of the audacity of youth. It was perhaps that audacity alone which led me, carrying out a suggestion of my great master, Dr. Gessner Harrison, to attempt the catechising of the church. In fact, despite the protests of various sisters, I did carry the church through Dr. Boyce's catechism for adults. Perhaps it would have been wiser to give, instead, a course of lectures on Christian doctrine.

"The young pastor had his petty embarrassments, some of which are now viewed with amusement. There was an old woman who had the habit of mounting into the pulpit to ask him the most trivial questions. Once, however, he

had the better of her. On one of his visits to her house she said: 'I have had a revelation, and wish you to tell me whether it is from God or Satan.' 'State your revelation.' 'It is revealed to me that I must preach.' 'What do you mean? Stand up in the pulpit as I do and address the congregation?' 'Just that.' Laying my hand upon her arm I said: 'Satan, my sister.' 'Do you think so?' 'I am sure of it.' 'Well, then, I give it up.' Well were it if many of the false spirits of to-day were as easily laid!"

Elsewhere Dr. Taylor wrote as follows concerning the first Sunday of his Staunton pastorate:

"I preached in the morning the dedication sermon from the text, 'Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thy house and the place where Thine honour dwelleth,' and at night, my introductory, as pastor, from the words: 'As much as in me is, I am ready to preach the gospel to you that are at Rome also,' little dreaming, by the way, that this was afterwards to be literally fulfilled in my history."

A letter to his brother pictures his life soon after going to Staunton, one of his sisters being at the time a visitor in his home:

"Our life is so quiet, so utterly devoid of incident and the town is so dull, that really I often feel that there is next to nothing to write about. Our days pass somewhat in this fashion: We all manage to get up a little before breakfast, which is not early, varying from 7 to 7.30 o'clock. That over, we adjourn to the parlour and have family worship, in which I am reading the Psalms (in course—this morning's was the *OVII*), and a part of which is singing. Mary is a great help in this exercise,

though I have learned never to balk at raising a tune. After worship I generally go into the garden for vegetables. This is one of the pleasures of the day. Occasionally I run over to market, just after breakfast, for butter, eggs, etc. When I want butcher's meat I have to go by 5 o'clock. Such matters attended to, I spend the balance of the morning in my study, which is generally not less than from four to five hours. I might accomplish much if I felt well and were able to study, but this recently has not been the case. Not more than every other day can I apply myself as I would like. I am hoping to circulate in the mountains during September and return with renewed vigor of body, and elasticity of mind. The ladies sit in the parlour or in one of the chambers, sewing and chatting. I frequently read aloud to them. Have just finished reading in this way Foster's 'Essay on a Man's Writing a Memoir of Himself.' I have also read a good deal from Bryant, my favorite poet.\* Have you a copy of his works? If so, read his 'June' over about twenty times and you will then realize what a glorious thing it is. . . . At night we all sit together in the parlour, reading, chatting, and the like. Family worship closes, as it begins, the day. So much, my dear brother, for my outer life. My inner life it were hard to describe. It is made up of temptations, sins and tribulations common to man. I sometimes feel that I have little to live for here and but slight hope of a happy eternity, but, thank God, this is by no means a prevailing

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\*This was not the verdict of his later years, when Tennyson, Wordsworth and Browning were perhaps his favorite poets.

state. From what we read in the Psalms and in the biographies of great and good men I suppose such states are not peculiar to me. If I can only maintain my integrity. It is the fear of losing that which often is the most distressing thing of all."

The next letter, begun at the White Sulphur Springs but finished at Staunton, shows how busy he was, though far from strong in body. At the first of these places his brother James was with him. W. H. Peyton, referred to in this letter, and his brother George L. Peyton had charge at various times of the Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs, the Rockbridge Alum Springs and the Virginia Hotel, Staunton, and were liberal and hospitable to a degree:

"We walked, talked, rolled tenpins and drank sulphur water to our hearts' content. . . . In the evening we drove to Lewisburg, where I preached to a large and attentive congregation. . . . The next morning we proceeded to the Blue Sulphur Springs, distant thirteen miles. This is the property of which I have spoken so often with reference to Baptist Male High School. It has just been sold, with furniture, etc., for \$26,000. . . . It is a lovely place, dirt cheap and perfectly adapted, and I could not but feel a sentiment of disappointment that it is now probably out of our power. . . . Saturday morning at 6 o'clock, leaving Mr. Slaughter's party, Sue and I set out for home—rode thirty miles in the stage and the rest by rail, reaching home at 7 P. M., both, as you may judge, sorely fatigued. . . . To-morrow morning I expect to leave for Mechanicsville and preach a week, though it suits me very illy to do so. . . . I had



a large congregation this morning—many Episcopalians, their house being closed.”

The next letter, to his mother, is very cheerful and calm, although he had a pin down his throat which three doctors tried in vain to dislodge:

“Drs. Waddell and Baldwin and Fuqua have all tried in vain to extract the pin, but cannot even see it. I, however, feel it distinctly enough. It is very disagreeable, and irritates my throat, but I suppose will not be dangerous. . . . I got Mr. Mason’s rockaway, and Sue and I spent the time till dinner visiting some of our country folks. Found one lady—the head of a family—rejoicing in her new-found Saviour. I hope soon to baptize her. We had a charming ride and returned with a fine supply of apples. . . . Sue and I are very happy with our friends, but, as should be the case with all married people, are very contented and happy when left alone. . . . I baptized two colored men Sunday A. M., and owing to some mistake about the depth of the water got drenched, and having no change of raiment walked home wet, but didn’t take cold. . . . I wish you had some of our nice partridges. Mr. Peyton sends them over nearly every day. They are so fat, nearly as much on them as chickens. They are very abundant. Mr. Peyton and some friends killed sixty-six the other morning. . . . I expect to come down at the railroad meeting, when I can travel free. I am not troubled with a plethora of funds.”

In the early summer of 1859 Mr. Taylor and his wife had their first great sorrow. Bessie, the little baby, who

for several all too short months had brightened the home, passed from them, Mr. Taylor, at the time of her death, being absent in Charlottesville, where he made a public address. A letter to his sisters tells about Bessie's death:

"I embrace the earliest opportunity to give you some particulars of that event which is of such mournful interest to us all. Susan will probably not write to-day. . . . We have both been sweetly sustained by our Heavenly Father.

"Early last week our little darling was a little unwell. . . . Wednesday we decided to call the doctor. . . . Dr. Waddell came and said, and evidently thought, the little babe was but slightly indisposed. . . . The next morning I left for Charlottesville. I said to Sue, 'I never hated so to leave home. I have a great mind not to go. I certainly would not but for feeling bound to fill my appointment. I will come directly back unless detained, and then I will not go away again, and we three will be so happy together.' . . . About 11 o'clock Friday, she seemed fretful, and, after a little, Sue concluded to send for the doctor. . . . He said little baby was not much sick. . . . At 6 o'clock the baby was evidently much worse. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Peyton and Drs. Waddell and Baldwin were sent for, and in a short time all came. It was then apparent that the end was near, and twenty minutes before eight the darling baby sweetly fell asleep in her mother's lap. . . .

"I made my speech in Charlottesville to a large and attentive crowd. But my heart was at home, and I could not forbear alluding in my remarks to my wife and child.

I spent the night at Brother John A. Broadus's. The next morning at worship I said in my prayer: 'And now, O Lord, Thou knowest what are the scenes through which we may be called to pass this day. O may we be in all things resigned to Thy holy will!' While we were on our knees the servant left the room to answer the doorbell, and as we rose he handed me the dispatch announcing Bessie was 'very sick.' At the table, to win one of Mr. Broadus's little daughters, who was very shy, I had told her a good deal about my little Bessie, which seemed to interest all three of the children. Now, Mr. Broadus said: 'Children, Mr. Taylor has been telling you about his little daughter, and now the telegraph has told him she is very sick.' Little Annie went with me into the study. I told her to go and pray for Bessie, which she promised to do.

"In half an hour after, as I walked up to the University, the telegraph agent called me and put into my hand a dispatch for my brother: 'Little Bessie Taylor has just died very suddenly, etc.' I pursued my walk as one stunned. I had not thought *that* possible, and mercifully I could not realize it.

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"The baby had changed a little, but not much. She wore a sweet smile, and it was pleasant to stand and gaze upon her darling face, and upon her hands so meekly folded on her breast. To do that and to kiss her again and again—to pray—to talk with Susan—to read Baxter's 'Converse with God,' and the Bible, these were my principal employments that afternoon and night and yester-

day morning. . . . How everything we see and do reminds us of her! Here is her empty carriage. We will not put it away. We love to think of her even though our hearts bleed and our eyes constantly fill up with tears. . . . I had gotten a temporary cradle and had ordered a beautiful one to be made. It was to have been brought home on Saturday afternoon. At that very time the man who was to have brought the cradle brought instead the *coffin*. . . . The funeral occurred at 4 P. M., at our church. . . . Brother Latané read Ps. xc and I Cor. xv, and gave out the hymn, 'As vernal flowers that scent the morn.' The house was crowded with a tearful, sympathetic audience."

Later in a letter to his parents he writes about this great sorrow:

"We have both been enabled to pass through our suffering with a calmness and peace that I had not dreamed of. This, I would fain hope, is the Lord's doing. . . . One thing I know: whatever of peace I feel is from no lack of sensibility, for there is no hour when my thoughts are not of our darling and I cannot think of her but with a swelling heart."

Later in the same summer he planned to take his wife with him on a trip out in the mountains of Western Virginia. He wrote thus of the trip:

"The doctor confirmed me in my plan to take her with me to the Western Association. The trip is mostly by stage and I have free tickets for her and myself on nearly all the stage routes, so that our expense will be much

reduced. I invited Mary to accompany us, offering to pay her expenses at the Blue Sulphur."

A letter later in the same summer tells, among other things, of the High School, which under Mr. Taylor's fostering care was to grow into a flourishing college:

"We both, too, enjoy having the little boys. Of course their presence suggests sad thoughts. But since our little Bessie came and went, I love all little children better even than formerly. I feel, too, so tenderly to them. It used to annoy me when a baby cried in meeting, but now it only awakens feelings unutterably tender. . . . You will have heard of the good prospects of the Alleghany High School. There were over forty students present the first day, and many more coming on. . . . By the way, we had a pleasant little episode Tuesday night in the way of a collection, according to appointment, to pay for introducing gas, and altering the chandelier. After some devotional exercises I mentioned the subject and laid down my 'V,' and then the money—notes, checks, gold and silver—kept coming up till we had \$133.75 on the table, nearly the needed amount. This was done in three minutes, and then we went on with our praying and singing. The money we *do* raise here is raised as easily and as pleasantly as at any place I ever saw."

An extract from a letter, written at Marion, Va., to his wife shows how active and zealous he was, not only in Staunton, but in the regions around, notwithstanding frail health:

" . . . I am now much better except my throat.

. . . I have not been able to preach. . . . Saturday night was devoted to colportage. I made the only speech on that, talking forty minutes, and though I spoke with difficulty, the people listened very attentively. I raised in pledges over \$130. . . . I have just been to the post office and taken out your kind, precious letter. . . . I hope you will receive this promptly—it makes my fourth to you.”

In the first part of his life in Staunton, Mr. Taylor and his wife kept house, renting one place after another, and also boarded for a while at the Virginia Hotel. One letter tells of his planning to buy a lot and build:

“I am thinking seriously of building a dwelling near the meeting-house—not that it is desirable on all accounts to build or even to buy, but it is hardly a matter of choice with me. We will soon have to leave this house and it seems impossible to rent. I have been looking for months without success.”

On October 31st, 1859, he writes to his brother:

“I have bought a lot for \$600 near our church. Shall build at once, ready for spring.”

This plan was carried out and a commodious brick house was erected and occupied for several years. The house was paid for in Confederate money and at the end of the war, Mr. Taylor, feeling that he was morally bound to pay for it again, in the severe stress of those trying days had to let the property go. In the letter just quoted he tells of a slight but painful accident:

“I was walking to church yesterday A. M. in great haste, and fell, bruising my knee and tearing my pants,

and cutting my thumb against the curbstone so as to break the nail half down. I had but a minute to rush into Byron's store and pin up my pants, brush off the dust, soak my thumb in spirits of turpentine and bind it up with a piece of the nether end of one of Byron's old shirts. Managed to get through the day, but at night my thumb was so inflamed and painful that I could not sleep, even with the assistance of laudanum. . . . But I was not prevented from marrying a couple this A. M., fee only a dollar. The whole party came here, only three in all. I talked so affectingly that the groom cried. As the couple went out the old aunt lingered to say: 'Young, foolish.' Think I, 'twere well if there were no couples *old* and foolish."

Before the spring of 1860 the Alleghany High School had become Alleghany College, with very bright prospects of success. C. R. Mason, referred to in the following letter, was a successful contractor. He built a large part of the Virginia Central R. R. (now the C. & O.). He was with Stonewall Jackson, making himself most useful to the great commander by his wonderful engineering skill, and if he had had educational advantages probably would have won a national fame. Allusion is also made to Dr. Charles L. Cocke, the founder, and for over half a century the president, of Hollins Institute, Virginia. Under date of April 16th, 1860, Mr. Taylor wrote to his brother:

"Monday morning I ascertained that by leaving *then* and in a freight train, and pushing a little, I could return within the week. This I promptly decided to do. So, hastily paying a couple of necessary visits and attend-

ing to sundry items of business, I packed my valise, kissed and blessed Sue and started. We stopped often and went slowly, so did not reach the railroad terminus until four o'clock, having gotten dinner with a family at one of the depots en route. . . . At the depot I presented Mr. Mason's order for a conveyance, and in a few minutes a fine pair of horses pranced up with a buggy. Wasn't this grand? I drove to Covington and spent the night with a member of my church, who had recently moved out. He insisted not only on keeping me, but paying for my horses at the hotel. The next day I drove forty-four miles to the Blue Sulphur. . . . In the afternoon the rain fell heavily and I got tolerably wet despite all protection. But I did not suffer from it materially. . . . The meeting of the Board occupied the whole of the next day. . . . The students\* are a noble-looking body of young men. They use Baptist Chorals, and it was glorious hearing them sing. We shall report ninety-four matriculates, several being preachers of promise. I attended two recitations, and was much gratified, especially with the class in Demosthenes. Thursday morning I addressed the students. . . . They heard me with fixed attention. . . . As for the grounds, I fell more in love with them than ever. In the first flush of their spring glory they are a paradise indeed.

"The meeting of the Board was an important one. They accepted the charter and adopted the title of Alleghany

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\*One of these students, J. W. Carter, became a most able and eloquent preacher; was pastor of the Parkersburg, W. Va., Church, and of the First Baptist Church, Raleigh, N. C.



College, and organized, electing me President of the Board. They also wished me to take charge of the Institution, but this I declined, and they committed the whole question of faculty to Brother Cocke and myself. . . . We think of adopting one feature which will be popular—to have a summer session, extending from 1st of March to 1st of December, giving the winter months as vacation. On Thursday afternoon I left, coming to Lewisburg to supper, and after supper driving nine miles to the White Sulphur. Friday morning, reached the railroad, by a drive of thirty miles, in time for the mail train and reached Staunton to supper, finding my dear Sue well and happy, and scarcely expecting me before the next evening by the freight.”

In a letter to his brother at the University he writes:

“I think highly of your abstract, but didn’t know six-hour speeches were allowed in society. You say that is your last appearance in society. Sue says: ‘Because he has said all he knows in this speech.’ ‘This is a joke.’ Last Sunday week I preached one of my best sermons, ‘the glorious gospel of the blessed God’; and followed it with another last Sunday—not quite so good—from ‘Only let your conversation be as it becometh the gospel.’ In the last, I quoted a column from Macaulay on the Puritans from his article on Milton, which you are familiar with.”

On the very eve of war he writes to his mother:

“ . . . It was very trying, at a time so big with events, to have no mail, but I just concluded to take things quietly and plodded away with sermons, gardening and

the like. . . . I am trying still to pursue the even tenor of my way. But it is very hard when times are so stirring in sister states, and a general civil war impends over our land. . . . I am indulging hope now that our miserable convention will at once pass an ordinance of secession, if they have not already done so. O! if they had only done this weeks ago and thus averted war. . . . B—— is getting quite himself again. He will be a year old in a few days. He pushes a chair around the room till he is in a profuse perspiration. . . . He has three teeth. Bless his little heart—playing with him after dinner is a sweet recreation. And when I jump him to the ceiling, he fairly shrieks with pleasure. He is truly one of the greatest blessings of my life.”

A few days later he writes to his brother:

“ . . . I wish you would buy and bring me a half bushel or so of the North Carolina potatoes, also some bananas, if they happen to come in your way. Vegetables are very scarce with us. . . . You will think me as troublesome as old Brother —— and —— with my commissions. You know the latter always watched with eagle eye for any one going to Richmond, so as to send for a cake of soap or a pound of nails, which were sure never to suit. . . . Have been preaching miserably lately. This morning by hard work and the grace of God, retrieved myself.”

In May 1861 the Southern Baptist Convention met in Savannah, Mr. Taylor being one of the recording secretaries, and he tells of his trip, including a visit to Charleston, about a month after Fort Sumter had been taken:

“ . . . I liked many things about the South. But I came back with a heightened appreciation of Old Virginia. We were told we could not see Sumter. I determined to try, and addressed Governor Pickens a note, which secured not only admission, but the quartermaster's boat for our party. The Governor and *everybody* seemed glad to do anything for Virginians. We all agreed the day, spent in visiting the several forts, among the most interesting of our lives. I brought back several souvenirs—as palmetto branches, and badges, shot thrown into Sumter, pictures of Beauregard and Davis. Everywhere in the South the tenderest sympathy is felt for the border states, and though the battle may be fought on our soil, the brethren south will stand by us to the last. All are anxious to fight, and that in Virginia. And already nearly everybody is in arms. From Richmond to Charleston is one camp. . . . B—— has learned to walk alone and is so beautiful. I never thought him so till now. I wish you could see him. Do you remember Pisistratus' brave uncle in 'The Caxtons'? I have felt so proud of you and thought I would some day point you out to my boy as the brave soldier. . . . Our town is a rendezvous for troops, and companies are constantly encamped here. Yesterday every church had a company that came and left in file. . . . This morning I have been setting out plants. My place is lovely. I have a happy home, for which I trust I am thankful. But now I long to be with the men who are going to fight for their country. I am renewing my offer to be a chaplain. It is not probable I shall succeed, as there are so many applicants

and so few chaplaincies—only one for each brigade. . . . I have bought Alfred's pistol—mean to teach Sue to shoot."

A company of Home Guards was organized in Staunton. When the time came to elect a captain—this was done by the candidates standing up side by side so that the men could form in line behind the man of their choice—to Mr. Taylor's surprise he was nominated. He was inclined not to stand as a candidate, but, upon advice of some of his members, did so, never thinking of being elected over the other candidate, who was a prominent judge. Once up, Mr. Taylor felt some interest as to who was ahead, but had no way of knowing until he heard a fellow shout out: "The parson's a-getting 'em." He was elected. He at once secured uniforms for his men, bolts of grey cloth, and bushels of brass buttons coming from Richmond, and being made up by the women. Nor did he fail to drill his men. In the presence of one of his members some one remarked that they should never have elected Mr. Taylor as captain, since he knew nothing about military tactics. Quick from his loyal member came this answer: "Mr. Taylor may not know anything now about military tactics, but if there is a book on the subject in town, by to-morrow he will know all about it." It is this company to which reference is made in a letter to his brother, which also gives other items:

"My company is much reduced. We are still in service and detail daily a guard. I suppose it is now certain we shall not go, as our quota of volunteers is made up. I may go as chaplain, though there is plenty to do here.

Last night I preached to the soldiers at the hospital. Tomorrow I have three services—expect to preach to the troops in the A. M., and have a prayer-meeting for them at our church in the afternoon. We have rumor now of a battle near Rich Spring. . . . We had two soldiers here to dinner to-day. . . . I have married three couples lately—twenty-five dollars in all. Very well, as I have received no salary for ever so long. By the way, I would send you some money if I knew you would receive this letter—and will do it when I hear the pony express is reliable.”

The next extract is from a letter to his brother who was in the army:

“I ship to-day by mail train a basket for you, via Millboro, and have written to the quartermaster there to forward it promptly. It contains biscuits, cakes, loaf, ham, dried beef, flask of whiskey, bottle of Jamaica ginger, shoes for Lieutenant M—— (for which I paid \$3.50—they are the article made here for officers), shirt, socks, paper and envelopes, books and tracts. The ham is from Mrs. Linda—the other things from Sue and me. . . . The books I selected for their *interest*. In case you have to throw them away, no matter. But you can probably leave a bundle at some house to be kept till called for. I think Arnold would entertain me more than any book of its size that I know. I meet my company this P. M. to pay them commutation for rations. I anticipate a rich scene.”

About this time he added to all his other work that of teaching, taking charge of the Staunton Academy. The purpose of this was to supplement his small salary.

He writes to one of his brothers, under date of October 9th, 1861, as follows:

“ . . . I am going to try and send you some salt, in a paper by pony express. We have not been able to buy it here at all. I have sixteen scholars, and several more coming. Last week I was quite discouraged, but now think I shall have as many as I want. It is a worrying life, but has its pleasures. With the discontent natural to man, I often regret not being with you or James in the army. . . . Last Friday I broke school at twelve and took the girls to Natural Bridge. Preached at Lexington Sabbath, and came home after preaching, getting home by 9 P. M. Fast line. This is in school—I must close.”

Early in 1862 Mr. Taylor wrote to his brother:

“B—— has quite recovered. He is very hearty and eats three and one-half buckwheat cakes (with cream, not butter) for a meal; will not sleep during the day, but after supper gets his night gown and begins to undress. He gets into bed with a chuckle, and lies there while I sing ‘The Hebrew Children’ to him, and generally before I get to ‘the weeping Mary’ he is fast asleep. . . . On that pretty day last week I took Sue and B—— to ride in the rockaway. It was glorious overhead, but a sea of mud beneath, till we got out of town on the macadamized road, where it was comparatively dry. . . . Yesterday was pleasant. . . . At night the house was crowded. I have tried recently to preach very practically and pointedly, principally to Christians. . . . I have lately been led to much heart-searching by ‘Pilgrim’s

Progress.' I can truly say: 'Tis a point I long to know, etc.' For what will all present good avail me, if I am at last lost, and what difference will any earthly sorrows make, if I may at last gain the celestial city? . . . By the way, there is no paper here, so if you either have a supply, or can get it at reasonable prices, please send me some in the bundle. . . . We were caught this morning nearly out of wood. I am going to haul a few sticks from my school house till we can get a load."

Again he writes to his brother :

"I will avail myself of Brother ——'s going, to send you a line; also a pair of socks, and some reading, religious and entertaining. Perhaps I may get some goodies, but we have nothing in the house. . . . The religious books, read if you possibly can, and lend or give to others. The others, I thought, might make some weary hour pass less wearily. . . . The socks, if you don't need, you can give away, or you can readily sell them for fifty or seventy-five cents, in which event pocket the change. By the way, I have asked —— to let you have any money you need."

On May 25th, 1862, he wrote to his parents :

" . . . We learn that a battle is probably now proceeding near Richmond, and I cannot but feel the profoundest solicitude, mingled, however, with strong hope that God will preserve our loved Richmond. . . . I try patiently to commit the issue to Him. This lovely morning I preached from the words: 'The Lord God is a sun and shield.' I enjoyed preaching and closed by a reference to Richmond. O! that God may prove a shield

to the city of my first and second birth. I had not felt well for a few days, which I attributed to the hot weather and being so much in the offensive air of the hospitals. So, expecting to preach twice to-day, I took yesterday as a day of rest. In consequence I feel much refreshed."

The next letter, dated Camp, near Dublin, Va., and addressed to one of his brothers, tells of a battle:

" . . . Since we have been in service, our company has enjoyed some little experience in active warfare. Our first encounter with the Yanks was at Giles Court House. This was a rather small affair. Our force was nearly double theirs, notwithstanding which they stood and fought us for an hour and then succeeded in getting away with small loss. The next morning, while we were on the outposts with our gun, the Yankees brought up a piece and drove in our pickets, and from behind a bend in the road opened a twelve pounder upon us. We could not see the effects of our shots, but one of our pickets, who was stationed so as to see the enemy, told us that we exploded two or three shells right among them. At any rate the *Union Lovers* soon 'shut up shop.' My hopes of military renown have, however, found an early grave.

"You have perhaps read some accounts in the papers of the battle of Lewisburg. I had the honor, or dishonor (as you please), of being engaged in that disastrous fight. It was one of the most complete, disastrous, 'bull-run' defeats of the war. I have been surprised and grieved beyond expression to think that we had such incompetent generals and cowardly soldiers in our army. The defeat was due in the first place to General Holt's ordering the



troops in a position where the enemy had every advantage, and secondly to the cowardice of the men who would not stand till reinforcements could be sent to their aid. Our *rifle gun* was ordered down into the town, not two hundred yards from the enemy, and no sooner had we reached *this* position than the regiment supporting us broke and retreated in the greatest confusion. We had no officer with us, and not wishing to retreat without orders we stood by our gun till nearly every infantryman had passed us, when we saw that retreat was all that remained; but being in a very narrow lane, it was only with greatest difficulty we could turn the horses around. We tore down the fence and reversed the limber amid a storm of bullets, but had we then stopped to limber up the gun we would certainly have taken a trip to Columbus. The Yanks were not over thirty yards from us when our sergeant ordered us to leave. I cannot express to you my feelings when I was thus forced to turn my back upon my country's foe. Men, white with terror, were seen panting as they ran, and every scene of the day tended to shake our faith in Southern chivalry or Yankee cowardice. Your old command 'Stonewall' is indeed, if accounts are true, working wonders in the Valley."

The following extract from a letter, dated June 15th, to his parents, shows that Mr. Taylor was now chaplain of a regiment (it was the Twenty-fifth Virginia):

" . . . Yesterday p. m. we were called on by General Jackson to observe with religious exercises a season of thanksgiving for our late victories. On about an hour's notice I preached to the 25th and 13th regiments from

Psalm CXXIV. I had a fine crowd, who were very attentive, and I enjoyed the service. . . . I am on the river bank, to let my horse graze, and hoping to have privacy in the shade. But four other persons have been lying around. They are all busy reading my tracts which I have given them. Yesterday I spent some time distributing tracts, etc., and getting acquainted in my regiment. . . . Monday I went to Staunton. . . . Yesterday but against grain, but for conscience' sake, started back to camp. En route heard the army had left. I struck across the woods, and managed after dark to meet them at the new camp. Supped at ten and then bivouacked for the first time. To-day we came on to this place by a bridle path over Jarman's Gap, the wagons coming by the Rockfish. No one dreams where we are going. My brigade is camped right at Mountain Plain Church."

His letters to his wife from camp were numerous and long. A few sentences from several of these letters help us to see his work and privations, and anxiety for his wife and children. On July 7th from Camp Nameless, near Charles City Court House, he wrote:

" . . . Sunday morning, though only half rested, and against the protestations of the family, I started, my horse having been left by Brother W——, to find my mythical regiment. O! it was an awfully hot day; my skin was burnt sore, and my brain seemed to boil. On, on over a sandy, shadeless road I pressed. . . . Late in the evening . . . I found our division and then my brigade and regiment. The Colonel seemed glad to see me, and gave me some sugarless tea (taken from the

Yanks), which much refreshed me. . . . In a few moments I was preaching to a large and attentive crowd, and, notwithstanding my hot ride of thirty miles, I enjoyed the service highly."

On July 18th from Louisa Court House he wrote to his wife:

"You see by the date of this we are again en route for the upper country; whether the Valley or not we cannot certainly tell. This is a dismal day. . . . O for seven-league boots that I might step over to Danville and for an hour at least . . . hold your hand, look into your eyes! . . . For the first time I felt like a pastor, and, besides preaching, gave the men a talk. . . . At 11 I heard William Thomas at the 13th, and in the P. M. John Jones preached for me. Then how joyfully did I turn homeward [*i. e.*, towards his father's home in Richmond]. . . . Brother Prichard was expecting to leave the next morning, but as I offered him a congregation and a ride over one of the battle-fields, he gladly consented to remain another day. So Monday A. M. I got him a passport, and, failing to secure a horse, hitched mine to the broken-down buggy (which even Alfred had abandoned), and started out. For a few miles I momentarily expected a breakdown, but courage increased with experience, and we made the trip of twenty-odd miles with comfort and safety. . . . We had a narrow escape of life or limb. As we were proceeding on the narrow road, raised in the Chickahominy swamp, a runaway team and wagon came dashing upon our rear at a fearful speed. We had just time to get out and lead our

horse down the embankment, when they passed, the wagon passing within a few inches of our vehicle. . . . We reached the camp in the P. M., a little before I designed to have service, but found the troops gone. Through the trees a short distance off we could see the long line in motion."

On July 22nd, in camp, near Liberty Mills, Orange County, he wrote to his wife:

"More constantly and more tenderly than I can convey to you have I thought of you since I last wrote. . . . I hope you will remember in reading this unconnected epistle the circumstances under which I write; that I am sitting on the ground, and am jostled and even more seriously interrupted every half minute. . . . We have gone into camp here, drill grounds selected, and drills ordered, as if we might remain for a few days at least. Still we might move at any time."

In July he writes to his mother from Staunton, whither he had gone from camp for a brief visit:

" . . . Rested sweetly, but excited at the idea of leaving for Staunton. Waked early Friday morning and was soon, with numberless commissions, en route for Gordonsville, where I left my mare with Brother Cowherd and came hither. I prayed that God would smile on my visit, and so He has, as never were two days more profitably and pleasantly spent. I have lately *felt* God's great goodness to me. He has indeed made my cup run over. I think sometimes my heart runs over too, which in turn sweetens the joy of every blessing."

Here is an extract of a letter from Staunton to one of his brothers:

"I do not think of you now with exactly the same feelings as when you first entered the service. Then, I was positively unhappy as I lay down in my pleasant bed. Now, I know, by experience, one can sleep very comfortably on the ground. . . . B—— is very well and full of life. He insists that his name is not James but George—says he has the same name as his pa. He is a very good boy. . . . Our hospitals have much diminished the number of their patients, sending off large numbers, to try to clear out the smallpox. Still I have enough to do. I distribute a great many religious papers from Virginia and the South. I also attend funerals of soldiers who die. I am favored in being permitted to keep my horse at the government stables. I am glad your mare is better broke; I heard of her tricks at several places and feared you might get hurt."

Unable to get permission, even by applying to the Secretary of War, to go to the Virginia General Association meeting in Richmond, in 1863, he writes to his brother:

" . . . In case I cannot attend the General Association I enclose the following contributions: Staunton Church and Sunday school, \$540.79. . . . George rides behind very well—rode ten miles the other day on a stretch. He is getting quite into the merits of the war—prays for the sick soldiers, and that God will send the Yankees home—says Lee is a good man and so is Jeff Davis—and all I assure you in no parrot strain. He is now playing soldier, with a canteen around his neck."

On May 29th, 1862, he wrote to his wife from Winchester:

“ . . . I left that evening. . . . Tuesday morning I joined Brother Fry, and we trudged along very leisurely, as I specially was heavily loaded. . . . As we were dining, Tom Peyton and Johnnie Hoge passed in a two-horse buggy, bound for Winchester to buy goods. They took my saddle-bags, and I subsequently got part of my *roll* on a wagon. Yesterday we came over forty miles. . . . At Strasburg we saw the enemy's fortifications, where it had been supposed they would stand. From that point to this were strewn the evidences of their precipitate flight—haversacks, camp kettles, half-burnt wagons, hundreds of letters and newspapers. . . . We stayed last night at Cedar Creek, where began the running fight which lasted till this place. . . . This morning we came on with a Colonel who took us to and over the battle-field of Kernstown. . . . Went to a store, where I bought you two dresses and one for B—— or Sally, with all necessary trimmings. . . . The running foe tried to fire the town, and burnt some buildings, but we certainly got large stores, ammunition, guns, wagons, horses, etc., besides all sorts of knicknacks from the sutlers' establishments.”

In these letters many of the marked characteristics of Mr. Taylor shine out; his deep religious nature, his generosity, his sympathy with men, his energy, his intellectual vigor. Some years later Mr. Taylor baptized Mr. Mason, to whom he alludes in the next letter, the ordinance being administered in Christian's Creek, as Mr.

Mason desired to be baptized in running water rather than in the church baptistery. This letter, dated December 7th, 1863, was to his brother Charles:

“ . . . Brethren Abel, Walton, Hoge and Hughes and Mr. Mason have been spending the evening with us and have just left. Mr. M—— told me that the authorities, to-day, impressed every hog he had (about 100), but had spared my four which he was keeping for me. What a noble man he is! Sometimes I almost hope he is a Christian. We had to-night some conversation about preparation for eternity. I feel encouraged and stimulated to greater private effort, with him and with others, to impart spiritual good. How prone we preachers are to preach about eternity, but out of the pulpit to speak only of time! Brother Walton goes to Richmond to plead for Alleghany College. His success so far is remarkable. If nothing unforeseen occurs, we shall completely succeed. We have need of great patience, but I look yet to see our school a fountain of good to Western Virginia. I have given him a bundle, consisting of blanket for Jemie (a very fine one), oil cloth for you, and mother's shoes. . . . He [the baby, George] was almost as happy Saturday night, when I brought home father's portrait, exclaiming, 'O my grandpa is come!' It is an excellent picture; cost me only thirty dollars, and I would not sell it for one thousand, so that I begin to think that Confederate money is not so bad after all. I only regret that I cannot invest ten times the amount in getting similar portraits of mother and all my dear and handsome relations. It is not the lack of money that is

in the way. . . . Brother A—— was going after the corpse of a medical student, who was at his house when we were, and who probably heard no warning but mine before his death. This fact, with attending circumstances, decided me to discard my preparation for Sabbath morning A. M., and preach to the unconverted. I was up late, attending to getting passports for Mrs. K——, and other ladies, who were going down the Valley, and then up very early Sunday morning to get them off. I laid down worn out and fell asleep, waking five minutes before eleven. I hurried up, . . . feeling poorly prepared. Imagine my feelings at seeing the Presbyterian congregation going almost *en masse* to our church. But I tried to cast myself on the Lord and try to save souls—told the people about my having changed my sermon and why I had done so. At night I preached to a jammed house; baptized five persons, making some remarks. I came home tired and hungry; met the new housekeeper [of the Virginia Hotel], Mrs. D——, and, accompanying her into the store-room, begged her for some milk. She gave me, with astonished looks, mother's great big mug full of rich, cold milk. How delicious the draught, especially after I had added sugar (O Vicksburg!), and some of Susan's whiskey. . . . Now why give you such minutiae? Simply because I have often heard that this made a letter interesting, and I want to try the experiment. Following out the idea: we had turkey for breakfast this morning. It is indeed a novelty, but who shall say it is a bad conceit? Certainly not one who enjoyed his breakfast as I did this morning. They intended to have the turkey for supper last



night, but changed. Query—Isn't turkey *always* good? Query again—Why shouldn't we get some fashions from the Dutch, and not all from the French? I saw Schaffer buy a *lot* of the bipeds the other day and the coop is in sight of my window. I *find* my own wood now, and so do others, it would seem; for, painful evidence of depravity, a good cord was brought on Friday and is now half gone! Schaffer will raise to \$180 per month 1st of January. I am positively scared. . . . But then Schaffer will give us any quantity of *sauer kraut*, and teach us to speak Dutch *gratis*."

In the summer of 1860 the buildings of the "Blue Sulphur," where Alleghany College was located, had been burned. This disaster, together with the war, ended the institution, which had had such a successful beginning, and which gave such promise of large growth and usefulness. How arduous and successful Mr. Taylor's efforts were for the College is proved by this extract from a letter to his wife describing his work for the College:

" . . . I came by stage to this place, and procuring a horse set out on a trip through the country, from which I have just returned. A most fatiguing one it has been, the horse a hard trotter, the country exceedingly broken. . . . I have also been quite successful, averaging \$400 per day. . . . Now I only lack about \$1,000 of securing Greenbrier's quota. . . . The worst of my experiences this week has been my not hearing a word from home, not being able since Tuesday to mail you a letter. This has been a sore privation, but a

necessary one, out of the region of post offices as I have been."

The next letter was written on June 16th, 1864, when once again Mr. Taylor was keeping house. This is to his brother Charles :

" . . . Do not be surprised at father's reticence on such a subject. He was equally reserved to me when I was where you are. Nay, whenever I have been in similar embarrassment. He is so from principle—thinking it best for one to work out such a problem alone with God. He is so from the perfect refinement of his nature, which makes him shrink from intermeddling (even when asked) with the finer issues of the soul, even when, nay all the more when, they are those of his near relations. And, after all, you will find more and more—the mournfullest thing in life—that in almost everything we have to go by ourselves. In a lesser sense we have to follow Him who 'trod the wine press alone.' Specially in deciding questions of personal duty I have found precious little help from my best friends. They can pray for us—be sorry for us—possibly give us some general advice, but after all everyone must for himself solve the problem. But the Holy Ghost, if sought, will lead us into all truth and duty. . . . Last Wednesday I rose early and went with B——, encountering ten fences to Brother Summerson's, got a horse, which B—— rode home entirely alone bareback, I on 'Yankee.' I spent the day in ploughing my corn and potatoes, and in hauling two loads of wood. Whether it was fatigue, hollering 'Gee,' 'Haw,' or cooling off too fast, I don't know, but I soon got so hoarse

I could hardly speak, and since have been used up generally. It was a terrible day's work. But I thought I ought to work the corn. . . . I have lately read a good deal in Dr. Johnson. He was a great and good man. I have also read much in Macaulay, Carlyle and Mackintosh. I am surprised at my style not becoming better. . . . Send me an essay of two pages on the foundation of the obligation to veracity, and I will do anything you tell me."

Under date of July 4th, 1864, he writes to his brother Charles:

" . . . The cherries are nearly gone, but they have been much more delicious as they have become more perfectly ripe. . . . My old Yankee rip has improved finely. I have ridden him three days—one day nine miles—and he bids fair to answer for my riding. It is certainly much better than trudging with a sore heel on a hot day. But I fear he is too high strung for the buggy. . . . I was trying last night to teach George and Alice about the soul (s-o-u-l), but found their ideas all of s-o-l-e, and desisted in despair. I said, 'George, what is it in you that loves me? Is it your hand? Your foot?' 'No, Pa, it's my love.' . . . Monday, Ewell's corps came and encamped all around us, Breckenridge's, Rhodes' and Gordon's divisions all within half a mile, and the two former within three hundred yards. Colonel Winston, commanding Daniel's Brigade, a worthy Baptist, had headquarters near our spring. . . . We had him, and several members of his staff, two chaplains and a good many soldiers, Joe Ficklin and Carter Braxton, to

take meals with us, besides which Sue was giving milk or bread, or sewing on buttons or something for somebody all day. It was rather worrying, but we both enjoyed doing something for the 'ragged soldiers,' as George called them. . . . Our men were almost uniformly well-behaved. Colonel D—— insisted on giving us a guard, who, however, was hardly needed, and did little but protect one cherry tree, which I reserved. The rest were filled all day, well picked, and highly enjoyed by the men. . . . After our men left, we got some invaluable soap grease; I bought some utensils. We could have gotten hundreds of dollars' worth had we descended to the grab game as many did."

Mr. Taylor had in his church more than one member who was generous and kind to the pastor; the following extract from a letter refers, among other things, to a handsome gift from one of this number:

" . . . I have just had the present of a fine cow from Mr. Peyton. I feel uncomfortably grateful. I wrote you of my preaching on the Eternity of God. I subsequently lighted on a subtle disquisition on that theme by Addison in the Spectator."

It may be well to quote from a letter to his brother Charles, written in September, 1864, in order that later on the reader may see how Mr. Taylor eventually gained a victory over morbidness:

"Though but yesterday I mailed you a four-page epistle, I will not resist the inclination to pen a few lines more to-day. I have enjoyed the summer hugely, principally in the opportunities afforded for quiet study. I fear they

are over, as the weather requires a constant fire, and I can't afford an extra one for myself. I think I would afford it so far as the *money* goes, but I have great fears about getting fuel in sufficiency this winter, for chamber and kitchen. . . . In all the brightness of yesterday I was gloomy, miserable. To-day I have felt peaceful, if not happy. There is one good thing in these miserable fits, they drive one to prayer—such prayer as one does not offer morning and evening, when it is partly, at least, from habit, or principle at best. The prayers I most enjoy, or rather those whose blessed effects I feel most, I put up on horseback, as I ride in solitude, after the cares and temptations of a morning in town. 'Out of the depths have I cried unto thee.' I am conscious there is something morbid in many of my exercises. Yet I cannot away with them any more than I could with headache or dyspepsia. . . . I feel my mind is what a human body would be, were the skin off—it shrinks and shivers at every contact. . . . For mother's sake I will give you our bill of fare. Bacon, snap beans, boiled corn, coffee, baked apples and milk. A very good dinner. Often do I say, 'When all Thy mercies, O my God!' But don't think us extravagant. *Vide* our butterless breakfasts and suppers, often for days together. Gravy is very good. . . . I have just had a new illustration of the line: 'Maidens, like moths, are taken with the glare.' We have raised two roosters—a long-legged, brilliant *game*, and a short-coupled, sturdy Conestoga. One had to go up. I voted the game, but going into the kitchen found Sue had doomed the Conestoga, and the fellow of gay

plumage will be cock of the yard in future. . . . Yesterday was another of my *happy* days. . . . I spent a couple of hours foraging—found a little silver quite influential. Then proceeded to hospital—then got wagon and had sugar and my rations brought out—found a fine quarter of mutton, bought some weeks since, had preceded me. After a hearty dinner of Conestoga pie . . . went to Reserve Camp hard by, and preached from the words 'It is finished,' to a remarkably attentive congregation. On returning home, did not lose my placidity, though called on to administer quite a thrashing to—an apple tree, the fruit of which our ladies are now peeling to dry."

Mr. Taylor had now for some time been living at the Kinney place outside of Staunton. The letters of this year show that the suffering caused by the war was increasing. This letter was to his brother:

" . . . Getting leave of absence for a few days gave me more trouble than one ought to have to cross the Atlantic. . . . Got a half-fare ticket to Rockbridge Baths of M. G. Harman, paying for the round trip thirty dollars. Saturday after a rather earlier breakfast of flannel cakes, accompanied by Sue, George and Sally, I walked, with carpet bag in hand, to the gate and sat on the bridge till presently the stage with four noble white horses hove in sight—said horses trotting nimbly enough, but not prancing, as the picture on the way-bills and advertisements represents. Took an outside seat and enjoyed every inch of the ride. It turned cold, but Brosius (driver) loaned me overcoat. . . . We reached

Brother D——'s house by three o'clock. . . . At dusk Brother D—— came in from furnace, and six or seven girls, just from Jump Mountain. . . . Sunday A. M., a good deal stuffed up with cold, I started on a Morgan stallion for Goshen. You know the wild beauty of the scenery. I could not enjoy it, for soon it began to rain and it was more than I could do to keep dry. Preached to a very small congregation indeed. I wondered any one was out, as it rained steadily from nine to two. . . . Monday . . . rode back to Baths. Tuesday A. M. took a bath before breakfast—rather imprudent. . . . A stage was brought out solely to bring me over about eight miles to intercept regular stage on the Greenville road. Had rather a stupid ride to Staunton, relieved by Hazlitt's Table Talk—a pleasant book, though not the sort you can remember. . . . Aunt Fannie goes down Saturday. We shall send mother a bag of dried apples—our own work and very nice. . . . She must count on me for a turkey when I come. . . . You have no idea how hard it is to find anything. And to my surprise, at Goshen, I found butter six dollars."

The next letter, addressed to his mother, and dated March 1st, 1865, helps one to realize that the end of the war was approaching:

" . . . On Monday we had a grand mass meeting, and raised 8,000 pounds bacon, 140 barrels flour, and \$100,000 as a contribution for the Government. Yesterday news received that the Yankees are approaching in heavy force. I came home and commenced hiding my things, principally all the meat. I put it in half a dozen

different places, and by night was about the tiredest man you ever saw. . . . We think the Yankees will probably come."

The next letter refers to the close of the war. During the war Mr. Taylor was very active as a preacher and took an important part in the revival of religion, which swept over the Army of Northern Virginia. During one of his absences in the army, his family being refugees in Danville, his third child was born, lived a few weeks, and died before news could reach him of events so near to his heart. Of Grace, this little one who was cut off like a flower, he used to say: "Whom not having seen I love."

A few weeks after the surrender of Lee at Appomattox, Mr. Taylor wrote as follows to his brother from Richmond:

" . . . Your telegram after the evacuation was gratefully received. . . . Unable to hear anything from father's family, and feeling a deep anxiety, besides a curiosity to see the outside world, and a desire to discuss 'the situation' with somebody out of Staunton, I determined to make my way to Richmond. . . . Three weeks since I left home and came very comfortably, making the interval between Mechum's River and Keswick, twenty miles, on foot, and with a hand car. . . . I have just made a hurried trip to Baltimore, where I received a most cordial welcome from my old friends, and had a delightful time, though I was quite sick for two days—in fact I have been 'donsy' ever since leaving home. I bought a good many articles of necessity for our folks here and for myself, and received one or two presents. The June meetings have been unusually interesting. I



have never heard more good and less poor speaking. . . . Last night I aided in the ordination of Thomas Hume, Jr., who takes charge of the First Church, Petersburg.

“I was glad to hear that you had so promptly gone to work. It was a wise and noble step, and will be greatly conducive to your happiness. In times like these, we need to be actively engaged to keep from being unhappy. For my part I accept the facts as indicating God’s will, and acquiesce with a peace of mind I had not thought possible. Perhaps it is a fulfilment of the promise, ‘As thy day is so shall thy strength be.’ Still I confess that ever and anon the sad facts come over me with fresh power, and almost crush and paralyze me. But it is all right, and we must remember that we are chiefly connected with a kingdom which is ‘not of this world.’ . . . I am not without fears for the future. The North is now as clamorous for negro suffrage as they were for emancipation. Then I fear for the negro himself, lest he be crushed between the upper and nether millstone. But I have faith that God will overrule all things for the best interests of His cause and people. Dr. Sampson spent an evening with us. He thinks the South has achieved a moral and substantial victory—that slavery will essentially continue, and that we will bear our full part in the affairs of the country. I feel a deep solicitude for our late President, and bear very hardly the dismemberment of our old Mother State. But because a Christian, I hope to be a good citizen.”

## CHAPTER IV

The "Reconstruction Period"—University Chaplaincy—Trip to Europe

✦

AH, happy hills, ah, pleasing shade,

Where once my careless childhood strayed.

—*Gray.*

✦

If times were hard with the people of the South during the war, the situation was in many respects more desperate in the years which immediately followed. Certainly this was the case with Mr. Taylor. The hardships which he and his wife, neither of them very strong in body, had to bear, made a serious draft on their constitutions, yet how cheerful was their spirit, how earnest their work, how large and kind their hospitality! Let Mr. Taylor's letters go on with the story. As will be seen from this first letter, the family moved, in the fall of 1865, from the country, to rented rooms in town, remaining there until Mr. Taylor purchased the old "Harraff House," which had been built in 1796. To his mother he writes:

" . . . Thursday, busy taking down bedsteads, packing books and otherwise preparing to move. . . . In the p. m. rode some thirteen miles on horseback to marry a couple. Had a fine supper, and pretty pleasant time, but got only five dollars. Had fully intended to remain all night, but on thinking how necessary I and



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MILEY, ABOUT 1871



my horse would be the next morning, I determined to brave the long, cold and lonely ride. I reached home about midnight, with a fine bundle of cake, and Sue and George got up and made a fire and sat with me in their night gowns, while I warmed. Such moments are among the pleasant episodes of life. Friday and Saturday were devoted to moving, our ever kind Mr. P—— sending his great big wagon, and a hired one with my horse also running. . . . We are in the second story of the 'Old National.' One immense room has been cut into four. . . . The main inconvenience is having but one entrance and having no store-room or closet. We have a nice new cooking stove, and shall eat in the kitchen this winter. The servants have a nice room, elegantly furnished, upstairs. Brother J. B. Hoge and family occupy the rest of the floor. There are, besides, perhaps a dozen different families from garret to cellar . . . and the provost marshal has his office and quarters down stairs. I do not repine, indeed am conscious of being better off than I deserve and have no doubt we shall be happy here, but you can readily see I shall be in some respects far from comfortable. . . . Now I must tell you of an annoyance which would have tried the patience of Job. You know I made a fine crop of oats. It, with some hay, was hauled over here, and with some difficulty was stored in my basement stable. The last of the four immense loads was just fairly in Saturday p. m., when knock, knock at the door. In walked the town sergeant! 'You will have to remove all that provender at once. Against town ordinance.' I got a respite till to-day, then went out and

sold my provender at a sacrifice. I am so used to such things, have scarcely been worried. Have to-day sold one cow and arranged temporarily to keep the other and horse at a neighboring stable. I start in the A. M. for Lexington, to remain several days."

The next letter records the birth of a fourth daughter, Mary. Reference is made to Rev. A. H. Sands, a preacher and also an able lawyer and author. Sally Moore, to whom reference is made, was the child who, born November 6th, 1863, had died of diphtheria, August 14th, 1865:

" . . . During the past ten days I have been a constant sufferer with rheumatism. I could scarcely, for hours together, move myself on the bed, and in fact could not be moved without suffering. I have found partial relief from cupping, and the application of spirits of turpentine. Yesterday A. M., a little after midnight, Susan . . . became the mother of another daughter. George is overflowing with happiness. I am thankful for the babe, and that it is robust and perfect and pretty and that Sue is so well, but my joy is very sober. Not only are my thoughts constantly of my golden-haired Sally Moore; but I feel how probably we will keep this little one only long enough to love her and to make parting a pang. This, however, should only guard me against an *idolatrous* love. If a friend loans me a lovely flower to bloom in my window, should I forbear to enjoy it simply because he may some day recall it? Specially if I knew that he is a wise and good friend, and will not take the flower back, unless it be for its good and my highest happiness in the end. Specially if I am assured he will

one day give it to me again to keep always. What a solution of difficulties could be afforded by the constant remembrance—the deep conviction of the oneness of the two lives, this and that side of Jordan—of the nearness and narrowness of that stream!

“Urged by J. B. T. Jr., A. H. S. and others, I came home resolved to make a fair trial of writing out sermons. Have written out two. Am rather pleased with result. But it is still an experiment. Of this I am satisfied, it is *at least* no more labor—I question if 'tis as much to write out a sermon as to prepare it equally well without writing. I shall be very glad some day to have you and others, who can judge and are candid, hear me and tell me how I can be most effective—by writing or by not writing. . . . During my sick spells have been reading Sterne. Uncle Toby is such a character, and the quotations from the book are so general that I thought it not wrong to read it. It is a book full of wit and humor and eloquence and human nature, but in places tiresome and often vile and impure. . . . Have lately read several of Wayland's sermons. He is distinguished for Doric simplicity and stateliness.”

After the war, Mr. Taylor was in the habit of preaching on Sunday afternoons in the basement of his church to the colored people. In a letter to his brother he says: “Last Sunday I baptized six colored persons. My colored congregations large and interesting.” The following sentence is but one of many evidences of what a faithful pastor he was: “I have solemnly resolved to attempt sixty

pastoral visits this week, preparatory to going to Scottsville next week to help Long in a protracted meeting."

In a letter dated February 10th, 1867, he writes to his brother:

" . . . During the past week I have been reading 'Eece Homo.' I find much in it to differ from, still I think it a book to do some minds great good. . . . I have set to work in good earnest to finish 'Coster Grew, or the Young Machinist'—mean to finish it in a few days. This and my sermons and my visits will absorb me for a few days."

Before this time Mr. Taylor had published "The Oakland Stories," a series of four volumes, "Kenny," "Cousin Guy," "Claiborne," "Gustave," for young people, the scene of these books being laid in Baltimore. They were written on the same general plan as the "Abbott Books," yet with an individuality of their own. They had a wide circulation and must have given much pleasure and done great good. "Coster Grew," a Sunday-school story with a healthy, religious tone, appeared in a short time, and has proved so popular that it is still published. It was followed by "Roger Bernard," another Sunday-school story of about the same length.

In a letter to his brother Charles, under date of July 15th, 1867, he alludes to Dr. B. Sears, the agent of the Peabody Fund:

" . . . Friday night, by invitation, I took tea at General Echols' with Dr. Barnas Sears, and on Saturday I had him to dine with me. . . . He is very affable, catholic in spirit and interesting in conversation.



. . . Yesterday I preached three times, besides conducting Sunday school and colored people's meeting, and to-day feel as much like a cabbage as a man."

In his anniversary sermon in Staunton, already quoted from, Mr. Taylor thus referred to the coming to Staunton of two distinguished men:

"The removal to Staunton, just after the war, of the Rev. Dr. Barnas Sears, who had baptized Oncken, and been president of Brown University, and later of Brother John Hart, M. A., of the University of Virginia, was a providential blessing to the Baptist cause here. For the first time in its history this church had members, the peers in every respect of the first citizens. They were both men of very high character and position, and as church members their influence was the best possible."

The next letter, dated August 6th, 1867, refers to the completion of the railroad to Covington. This road, now known as the Chesapeake and Ohio, extends, to-day, exactly as its name says, from the Chesapeake Bay to the Ohio River:

" . . . I also attended the picnic and speaking at Covington, in honor of the railroad opening to that place. . . . We spent the night at Brother Abraham's, and the next day was occupied in a grand Sunday-school celebration. I spoke an hour before dinner on 'the hand,' and Dr. B—— after dinner on 'habit' . . . Sunday was a heavy day with me; I attended five services, besides communion."

The "Lyceum" mentioned in the next letter had in it the leading lawyers, the ministers and other literary people

of the town, and Mr. Taylor keenly enjoyed the meetings, taking an active part. He writes to his brother Charles:

“ . . . In the P. M. I heard a colored brother preach. I may have been prejudiced against him from knowing of his trying to bite off his master's nose . . . but he did not edify me much. Friday night we had quite a spirited debate at the Lyceum, in which I participated, on the morality of drinking spirits as a beverage. We whipped out the liquor men, fair fight. . . . *Vale, vale, sed spero non longum vale, carissime frater. Georgius Apis Sartor.*”

At this time, in order to supplement his salary, which was small and inadequate, Mr. Taylor taught, for one or two sessions, a select private school. It is certain that he was overburdened with work. Allusion is also made to Rev. W. E. Hatcher, D. D., for many years pastor of the Grace Street Baptist Church, Richmond, Va. To his brother he writes:

“ . . . We expect Hatcher to deliver his lecture here on the 26th. . . . Our choir is also in high practice for a concert for benefit of our church. . . . I give Dwight Sears two lessons per week in Cicero and two in Xenophon. He also recites four mornings a week in a Natural Philosophy class. . . . My school jogs on. Sometimes I feel that it will worry my very life out of me, and perhaps involve me in difficulties with somebody. . . . But I could not have lived without the pittance it affords, and I trust patience is being cultivated. . . . I have never known such pressure as I now feel.”

The next letter, also to his brother Charles, is dated April 4th, 1868:

“ . . . This week George and I have been sleeping upstairs. . . . The new boy, alias Carter Braxton, is pronounced by experts to be a No. 1, and even I am impressed by his blended talent and amiability.

“Last night, by special request of the Lyceum, I repeated my lecture. Being very unwell, I was much exhausted and spent a wakeful, restless night, in consequence of which I have been wretchedly sick to-day. . . . I am in receipt of a letter informing me of my appointment as agent and chaplain of Hollins Institute. The appointment to be a permanent one. . . . I have little or no idea of accepting, though I may take a tour for them in the summer.”

In the next letter he alludes to the meeting, in May, 1868, of the Southern Baptist Convention in Baltimore, and to speeches made by Rev. Drs. A. M. Poindexter and J. L. M. Curry. Dr. Curry was member of Congress before the Civil War; agent of the Peabody Fund, and minister to Spain under President Cleveland:

“ . . . Father, mother, J. W. Jones, T. E. Skinner and I stayed at Brother Wilson's, *i. e.*, nighted and breakfasted there, for we dined at the church. . . . The meeting was as spiritual as any I have ever attended, indicating wonderful vitality on the part of our people. . . . The best speeches of the meeting were by A. M. Poindexter and Curry, both of them being very powerful. I didn't say a word during convention, nor make a motion. I get more and more diffident every year.

. . . I teaed one evening with Sheldon at his hotel. He rather urged me to write for the *Galaxy*."

In the summer of 1868 Mr. Taylor made a trip to New England in the interests of Hollins Institute. He wrote concerning this trip:

"I found Bellingham a small, quiet village made up mostly of farmers owning from ten to twelve acres in the neighborhood. . . . I preached at 10.30 and 5.30. . . . I made a brief statement to the congregation about Hollins Institute, and Mr. Massey followed, warmly commending it; whereupon an elderly man rose and, interrupting him, inquired whether it admitted *colored* girls. Mr. M—— evaded the question. I rose and answered it. I was informed that it was the *habit* of this man thus to rise and ask questions, and that in this instance he did not represent the public feeling. . . . Called at Cousin Elisha Appleton's. . . . His wife, a lovely Christian woman, as cordial and graceful in her cordiality as our best Virginia ladies. William H. Appleton, aged twenty-six, graduate of Harvard, just completing his law studies, and appointed Tutor of Greek at Harvard for next session—a very fine fellow. The other son, graduate of Brown and Assistant Professor Chemistry there, absent. . . . In the main I declined, while North, to answer challenges, thinking discussion useless and dangerous. But on this occasion we had a very spirited but entirely friendly talk, and I think I gave them some new views. . . . Being a poor man I deemed that economy demanded I should go to Newport, which I did, and bathed in the surf in a pouring rain.

The sensations and emotions among the most delightful I ever experienced. I sang and danced and jumped and hallooed and laughed. I could not help it."

The next letter, addressed to his brother Charles, tells of a very different kind of trip from the one just described :

" . . . Monday A. M., on one of my farm horses, I started for Deerfield. I had anticipated your company on that ride with peculiar interest. I had along two books which I proposed we should discuss en route and at D——, 'Bishop Meade's Life' and I. Taylor's 'Physical Theory of Another Life.' The former I am disappointed in. What relates to him personally is fresh and pleasant, but so much about the trial of Onderdonk, etc., disgusted, or at least wearied, me. The latter I have long wanted to see and am now perusing with interest. H. Hatcher was to have been at Deerfield, and I went, as much as anything to have a good time; but he failed to attend, so I had at once to take the laboring oar, which was the more pleasant, as that is a neighborhood where I am 'much thoughted of.' I preached five times; four persons were baptized . . . I came home to-day, riding nearly all the time in the rain."

On January 2nd, 1869, he writes to his brother Charles :

" . . . We ought to speak—I mean intimate friends—more frequently on their religious experiences, and when they do so it should be simply and naturally, as on other themes. . . . I have just put into clear shape a difficulty I have often found in writing such a letter as this. I have nothing but trifles, and these so numerous that it is hard either to discriminate or to write

them all. So I frequently in disgust don't write at all, or, if I do, only in the baldest style. Would you be interested in hearing that the shirt I was to put on to-morrow was put on the stove and burned to death, and that thereupon I held my peace; that our cook has left, and for two days Sue has officiated, George and I doing chores; that a beggar came here night before last purporting to have been baptized by Spurgeon, and telling me a horrible story of his misfortunes, and that I gave him a supper and then, taking him down town, paid my last half dollar for his lodging; that I have finished 'R. B.,' and am merely putting on some finishing touches (a bull!)—via, can't you, without trouble, send me a few selected prose or poetical mottoes, to put at the beginnings of the chapters?—that my text to-morrow is 'the joy of the Lord is your strength'; that by loss of ———, ———, etc., my salary is not likely to be over \$500 this year! that I have been very good for nothing this week?—that we have begun to have only two meals *per diem*? No, I am sure these things cannot interest you, so I close."

When Mr. Taylor's father was chaplain at the University of Virginia, the term of service was only one year. Now it had for some time been two. Mr. Taylor's name having been mentioned in connection with the place, he wrote as follows to his brother Charles, then a student at the University:

"I have shrunk from replying to your inquiry touching my acceptance of the chaplaincy. Hence my delay.

"While I could not be an applicant—much less a competitor—for the position, I should certainly be gratified

to have the appointment conferred on me. Moreover, while I think it would be discourteous to my church for me to say absolutely, in advance, that I would accept the office, if it were tendered me; and while, indeed, I could hardly decide positively such a question, unless it were fairly before me, for decision; yet, on the other hand, my estimate of the position, as offering opportunities of usefulness and of personal improvement, is such that I certainly feel as much inclined to it as one ought to feel to any place which has not been offered him. This I say very frankly; and add my *opinion*, that were I cordially invited to be chaplain of the University, and were there no obstacles in the way of which I am now ignorant, the attractions which I have mentioned would even induce me to sever a pleasant pastoral connection of twelve years' standing, and assume duties, which, though pleasant, yet seem to me peculiarly responsible, and from which I shrink with unaffected diffidence."

The following letter, dated February 15th, 1869, and addressed to his brother Charles, refers to Rev. Cornelius Tyree, a noted Virginia pastor evangelist at that time:

" . . . The truth is our meeting has absorbed all my time and thoughts for a fortnight. . . . We have had preaching twice daily. Brother T—— preached well to large and attentive congregations. . . . He is quite a study. With by no means broad mind, or great originality, he has, by making preaching a specialty (which every preacher should do), become a very good sermonizer. To this is added great earnestness of spirit and manner. He made a fine impression here; and Dr. Sears,

who heard two or three of his best sermons, liked him very much. . . . Brother T—— stayed at our house and was very little trouble, and on the whole a pleasant and profitable companion. . . . At night we had the largest crowd I have ever seen here. I had considerable liberty—preaching very colloquially, with little gesture. Of the latter I am trying to use less and less. My earlier performances, in this regard, must have been very ridiculous—as are some of them now. . . . We have had one or two rather remarkable instances of Divine grace—the reclaiming of a very wicked man; the subduing of a proud girl, who a few days before declared nothing on earth would induce her to be immersed. . . . Elder T—— is very delicate and considerate in his treatment of a pastor, and I don't think my hands have been weakened by the meeting, though the people were wonderfully carried away.”

The next letter refers to his election to the chaplaincy of the University. Dr. Socrates Maupin was at that time the chairman of the faculty, and Dr. James L. Cabell the distinguished professor of physiology and surgery. He is writing to his brother Charles:

“I received a very kind (official) letter from Dr. Maupin, and one equally kind from Dr. Cabell. I have just replied to each, to the effect that I will consider and decide without unnecessary delay. The fact is that while I have a feeling that I will go, I must consider and pray before reaching a formal, final conclusion. . . . You feel a natural pleasure at the appointment; but you can hardly realize the pain I suffer in even the thought of



leaving here, specially since the last meeting, and its precious results. . . . Pray for me. I feel almost overwhelmed with a sense of unworthiness, weakness and responsibility, and the delicacy of my position.”

Before the following letter was written, which by the way is illustrated, as his letters were now and then, with several little thumb-nail pen sketches, he had accepted the University chaplaincy. This letter also is to his brother Charles :

“ . . . I have done very little this week. Have been very unwell—partly my own imprudence; and I have this day resolved, in the fear of God, to be more careful in obeying all the laws of health. . . . To-day I have attended (unofficially) two funerals from Presbyterian Church, and gone to grave both times. One, the funeral of Mrs. McClung, aged eighty-eight, one of my first friends in Staunton, sister of old Dr. Archibald Alexander, whom she much resembled. Sue has sore throat, from walking in the March wind, which is always peculiarly severe on her. . . . George has been for some time very anxious to be baptized. I have thought some delay judicious, but I trust he is a child of Jesus, and I don't mean to refuse permission to him to follow the Saviour. ‘Roger Bernard’ was promptly accepted by the A. B. P. S., and paid for, though it will not be issued for some time. . . . I somewhat expect to be off on third Sunday, preaching and baptizing at Craigsville.”

The origin of “Roger Bernard” is interesting. Robert S. Prichard, a nephew of Mr. Taylor, while engaged in running the blockade between the United States and the

West Indies, had some very thrilling adventures. He wrote out the story of these adventures, but was unable to secure its purchase and publication. Whereupon Mr. Taylor used the story, and wrote "Roger Bernard," which was sold for \$175.00, the nephew receiving a liberal proportion of this amount. In all, up to this time his "unpretending volumes," as Mr. Taylor called them, had brought in about \$1,000. The next letter refers to another book, which he was working on in competition for a prize offered by the American Baptist Publication Society. This book, "Walter Ennis," while it did not win the prize, was a most interesting and inspiring story of the early struggles of Virginia Baptists for religious liberty. He writes to his brother:

" . . . I am somewhat troubled in thinking of my preaching at the University. To use MS. will be to sacrifice power as well as to involve a deal of drudgery in writing. Yet, on the other hand, I tremble at venturing before such an audience trusting to the inspiration of the moment for my words and sentences. . . . Now I propose that you and I write jointly for at least *two* of these prizes, dividing equally the proceeds. I am sure we can get one or two of them. I will go on now and do what I can reading and writing. You do what you can thinking and plotting, and in July you can come over here and I will put the thing right through. I have finished Campbell and am now on Rives' 'Madison' and 'Semple.' "

The next letter, to "Dear Charles," is dated March 19th, 1869:

" . . . John William Jones spent yesterday and

last night with us, and Elder P. C. Hoge took tea with us. We all had a pleasant evening. Jones had designed to deliver a pay lecture on 'Religion in the Army of Northern Virginia' for the benefit of his church. . . . He expects to deliver it in Richmond and elsewhere. . . . Many of the people are waking up more and more about my leaving, and would guarantee a good salary promptly paid would I now consent to stay. This is both pleasant and painful. Of course the die is cast, nor do I know that I would have it otherwise. But it is a characteristic of this life that every gain is bought by a loss. . . . I find it difficult, if not impossible, to do what you suggest, *i. e.*, prepare sermons now to use at the University. I must just go on preparing and preaching as usual. Then I will use at the University whatever I have that will do, but working it up to suit the time, etc."

Lizzie Hume, referred to in the next letter, was the wife of the Rev. Dr. Thomas Hume, Sr., of Portsmouth, and Mrs. Taylor's sister. She was famous for her beauty and charm, and her piety was of no less high degree. Her illness was a shadow on the Staunton home for many months. This letter, dated March 24th, 1869, is to "Dear Charlie":

" . . . We greatly fear from letters to-night that Lizzie Hume, who has been long sick, will not recover. In one aspect, very sad, but she is a bright Christian and heaven is better than earth."

During the following summer Mrs. Hume died at her home in Portsmouth, her sister, Mrs. Taylor, being with her to the end. Then in a very brief time little Carter

Braxton, Mrs. Taylor's infant child, also passed away in Portsmouth, and was buried in beautiful Hollywood, Richmond, beside his little sister, who had been born and who died in the dark days of the war.

The same summer Mr. Taylor made a trip to the "Eastern Shore," as that district of Virginia lying between the Chesapeake Bay and the Atlantic Ocean is called, where he attended a district association, went fishing and visited with romantic pleasure the birthplace of his wife. The letter about this trip is dated August 19th, 1869:

" . . . We left the steamer at Cheriton, vulgarly called Cherrystone—but it is an Indian name, as are most of the names on the Eastern Shore. We were met by brethren and taken to the home of Brother Wilkins. They gave me a specially cordial reception, Mrs. W— having once been an inmate of Susan's father's family. She reminisced of her saving Sue from drowning, when the latter, a little child, fell into the water which came up to the garden wall. I sat down to a good dinner, and was soon regaling myself on a gosling, which I soon found to be as much an institution on 'the shore,' as even fish and other water gentry. . . . The next day the old man and I, with a negro and John More—the typical form of the race of fisherman—went out and spent the A. M. fishing, near Cobb's Island. We got a couple of bushel baskets full. I had the pleasure of hauling up several as long as my arm. It was quite exciting. . . . I was sick all the time, which impaired, though it did not destroy, my enjoyment. At first, a general cold, making me stupid. It then attacked my speaking organs, and I

became very hoarse. Under these circumstances I spoke on missions, and almost totally lost my voice; nor have I since regained it, or indeed gotten decidedly better. This was, and is, a sore trial, as preaching or much talking, even in the private circle, was out of the question. A great many inquiries were made for you by parties who still affectionately remember you. This is not strange; but it did seem a little so to be grasped by the hand and asked why I had so long delayed my return to the shore. In vain my protestations that this was my first visit there unless in a preëxistent state. It would not avail. The people were not to be fooled that way, and they would remind me of the meeting at Red Bank, etc., and when I would utter the talismanic words 'my brother,' a curious expression would creep over their features. I am sure had you murdered anybody I must have swung for it. . . . The last night I spent on the Eastern Shore was at the home of old Mr. Nottingham. On our way to take the boat, he took me to the ruins of the fine old mansion where Sue was born, and which belonged to her father. I gazed upon it and walked over it with deep and romantic interest."

In a letter to one of the family, September 16th, 1869, he writes:

" . . . I ran over to the University yesterday, and was gratified at my reception by the professors, and at my expected home. If we can have health and the Lord's comforting presence, we shall be very happy there."

The move to the University was made towards the end of September, 1869. Parting with the good people of

Staunton and the Staunton Church was painful, and it was with deep sorrow that the church saw their dear pastor leave. The reception at the University was most cordial. At that time, among the members of the faculty, were John B. Minor, John Staige Davis, George Frederick Holmes, M. Schele de Vere, Francis H. Smith, Charles S. Venable, Basil L. Gildersleeve, William H. McGuffey, James L. Cabell, William E. Peters, and John S. Mallet, and the faculty and University was not too large to be in some ways like a large family. It was a most delightful place to live, and from the very first Mr. and Mrs. Taylor most thoroughly enjoyed the life in their new home. They were located in "the parsonage," on the edge of the University grounds. At that time the present chapel had not been built, nor the splendid Madison Hall. Religious services were held in the chapel east of the Rotunda, while the only quarters the Y. M. C. A. had was a small room on East Lawn, a lecture room being used for their Sunday afternoon services. During the first year at the University Mr. Taylor's brother Charles, and Robert S. Prichard, a step-son of his sister Jane, both students, were members of the parsonage household.

In speaking of his going to the University of Virginia, and events just before this move, Mr. Taylor, in his memorial sermon, in Staunton, said:

"It was hardly to be expected that the perfect peace of church and pastor should not one day be threatened and partly interrupted. A trouble, mercifully neither extensive nor prolonged, came at last in this way: Our congre-

gation of colored brethren, besides occupying a gallery at the morning and night services, had a meeting of their own every Sunday afternoon in the lecture room, attended by me on the two Sundays of the month when I did not have an appointment at one of the State institutions here. It was an equal pleasure to preach to our colored congregation, hear their characteristic exhortations, and join in their tuneful songs. The two leaders—James Payne and an older brother—were men respected in the community and of undoubted piety. A new-comer, who joined this church after the close of the war, proposed in a small church meeting that the colored brethren be required to pay rent for the use of the lecture room or go elsewhere, and both then and afterwards the proposal was urged with appeals to race and class prejudice. This I opposed with all my might, and thenceforth I had reason to know that I had an adversary in the church. The colored brethren, who probably never heard of what had passed, were only too willing to leave us, which they promptly did, and our church had another daughter. On my part there was the greatest need of self-control and patience, and by God's mercy there was no rupture, no rift within the lute to make the music mute. But it was a time of great trial to me, and of great suffering and anxiety, and when in 1869 I was called to the chaplaincy of my *Alma Mater*, the University of Virginia, it was a relief, especially as I left a united and devoted church, who felt that the honor offered their pastor was in some sense their own.

“This was really my first invitation to another field. More than once I had been wanted elsewhere, but in-

fluent brethren said: 'Oh, do not call him; he is in his proper place, and ought not to leave Staunton.' This was wrong on their part, though well meant and true as to fact. Dr. James W. Alexander well said: 'A call should never be crushed in the egg. It is a tribute and an encouragement to a minister; and it may help him where he is for the people to know he is wanted elsewhere.' Dr. Robert Ryland used to say that in his long career in Richmond he had never received a call to another field. The reason in his case was patent: he could not be spared from the college and the great work in the African Church. After the war the colored people came into politics in our Southland. I was once at the courthouse when whites and blacks addressed the mixed crowd. Ah, what is that I hear! Two of the colored deacons of our church were speaking, and their speeches gave me a pleasant surprise. There was no bitterness in their hearts or on their lips. Their words were those of respect and kindness. They had no complaints to make as to the past. As to their religious privileges they said that they and others had had all that could be desired in our church, and had been lovingly cared for by its pastor. Brethren, those words were music in my ears and a solace to my heart.

"Brother William Harrison Williams succeeded to the pastorate of this church. He was a fellow-townsmen of mine, citizen of no mean city, a graduate of Richmond College and of the Seminary, and had served the Fredericksburg Church and the First Church in Charleston, S. C. Gifted and trained both as preacher and pastor, he did here, with the aid of his excellent wife, a good



work, the Sunday school specially increasing in numbers and efficiency and the gifts of new brethren being brought into exercise. A career of usefulness was before him in this field, where he might have grown, as he did elsewhere, in grace, in power, and in noble service even to the end. But in this almost perfectly pacific church he had trouble, and chiefly through the brother already referred to, who caused it elsewhere, both before and after his relation with this church; nor did a protracted meeting held by the noted evangelist, Mr. Earle, seem to bring peace. I almost thought the contrary, although there was a gain in the membership."

The following letter is written from the University, under date of September 26th, 1869:

"Yesterday, though half sick from sleeplessness, cold and morphine, I 'diked' and went to Charlottesville on cars to attend to some business. . . . Called on Drs. Maupin and McGuffey, and chatted a few moments with Professors Smith, Venable, Mallet, Holmes and Minor. I had purposed going to hear Long to-day . . . but it has been a close, rainy day, and the air, though warm, very damp. So I have kept very close. Susan thinks it a good thing I could not go out. I read the Epistle of St. James in Greek, George accompanying me with King James, who was by no means a saint. . . . Aunt Aire [the colored cook] came to-day, and we have a load of wood, so that things are fairly going; though not so fairly as when I get my cow and some butter. I say with the Frenchman, 'A butterless world is no world for me.' . . . I do hope soon to get better. For two

or three days have found it pleasant to lie down every moment I was not going about."

Thus the life at the University began. The circle at the parsonage formed a delightful *partie carrée*, what with study, books, conversation and work, very resourceful, yet entering thoroughly into the social and intellectual life of the college and of Charlottesville. Mr. Taylor did, probably, during his University life, the best preaching of his life, though he continued to suffer much from weakness and sickness.

In the summer of 1870 Mr. Taylor and his brother Charles decided rather suddenly to take a trip to Europe. In a financial way it was not an opportune time for Mr. Taylor to take such a trip, but he did not know when again he might have such a vacation, and then his thirst for knowledge, and love of adventure, no less perhaps than a hope for renewed physical vigor by a complete change of scene, helped towards the decision which was reached. When, however, the time came for Mr. Taylor to leave the University to meet his brother in New York, he was sick, quite sick. His wonderful spirit won the day. He started with pillows, fearing that he might have to turn back at New York. As was the case so very often in later years, the travel on the train helped him; he did not turn back at New York. J. C. Williams, to whom he refers, was his cousin, a prominent broker in Richmond and treasurer of the Foreign Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention. He wrote:

"Dear Charlie— . . . I now hope to get off to-night, and that you will meet me at Gordonsville, as I

will hardly be able to take the journey to New York alone. In case I go, I will telegraph you, and this is only to give more definite information. In case of our missing each other, rendezvous at Sheldon's. If you can't come to-night you can contrive a note to meet me at Gordonsville. Please ascertain if I can get \$300 or \$400 from J. C. Williams on same terms. I haven't yet made my final arrangements on the subject, though will hear from F. W. to-day, if he is at home, and think, too, I can certainly get it in Charlottesville. I have been flat on my back and able to attend to nothing."

These lines will show both the suddenness with which this trip was undertaken and the indomitable spirit which did not give up the trip when less than twenty-four hours before starting time he was sick and without the necessary money. He and his brother sailed on the "City of Brooklyn," of the Inman Line. Mr. Taylor proved a most excellent sailor and keenly enjoyed the motion of the vessel, the sea air and scenes. He wrote long letters home, enjoyed his Bible reading and preached perhaps more than once to the steerage people, besides having much religious conversation with individuals. From the "City of Brooklyn," Atlantic Ocean, July 14th, 1870, he wrote to his wife:

" . . . How you would laugh could you see me! I am on the upper, fore-deck, tucked away in the top of a ventilator, which just affords room for me and my ink-stand and is very comfortable, except that my legs are *dangling*. . . . But my *hand* I must not raise from the sheet or away it would go to demoralize the porpoises

with my wit, and poor Sue would be that much the loser. . . . In fifteen minutes after we started I was reminded of the dangers, of the poor sailors at least, by seeing one fall perhaps forty or fifty feet from the yardarm to the deck. He broke his arm and was otherwise terribly mangled. The only wonder was that he was not killed."

They landed at Queenstown, spent a day visiting the Lakes of Killarney, and then, hurrying on, reached London late Saturday night. The first thing Mr. Taylor did in London was to find his way to Spurgeon's Tabernacle, and the first words he heard Spurgeon speak, in his opening prayer, ran somewhat thus: "O Lord, we have been tossed about all the week on the ocean of care and worry; may we this day rest in Thee!"

Their plan, when leaving home, was to visit Germany. The first news, however, upon landing was that the Franco-Prussian War had broken out. After some sight-seeing in England they set out for the continent, substituting France and Italy for Germany. They were in Paris at a most exciting time and had several thrilling adventures. One day Mr. Taylor was on the top of an omnibus, when the angry crowd came down the boulevard with a German whom they had caught. The traffic on the street stood still. The people on the omnibuses stood up and shouted. Mr. Taylor was afraid to sit still, or to stand up and shout. His light complexion and reddish beard, and his inability to speak French, increased his danger. As soon and as quickly as he could he slipped down from the top of the 'bus.

From Berne, August 8th, 1870, he wrote to his wife :

· “My last was a hurried note written at my banker’s in Paris. . . . I was quite heartsick at getting no letter and at the idea of starting on a three weeks’ tour during which I could not possibly hear from you. . . . As I feared, our delay prevented our leaving and spending the night at Fontainebleau. . . . We decided, however, to move to a hotel near our station, as the train left early. This we did against the protest of host, who insisted there were no hotels in that locality. At this I laughed in my sleeve. . . . He also insisted on calling a cab for us, saying we could not go on a ’bus with our luggage. . . . Here again I knew better, and we soon were for three or four sous each safely deposited at our destination. Rejecting larger and more showy houses, we put up at a small but neat house kept by a Swiss. It bore, however, the lofty name Hotel de l’ Universe. . . . Early the next morning we were up and got a bowl of delicious coffee, then repaired to the depot, a few steps off, and were soon rapidly gliding through an interesting country. All the time my eyes were drinking in the new and beautiful and ever diversified scenery. We breakfasted and dined on the train from bread and cheese and sardines, supplemented by fruit, which is abundant and cheap. Nearly all the way we had an entire compartment to ourselves. . . . A little after dark we broke our journey, having travelled over 300 miles, at Pontarlier, the frontier town between France and Switzerland. Here our passports were examined and reexamined by the French officials. It was quite funny. After examining them at the station,

one of them followed us to the hotel and repeated the process. As he did so I pointed to the spread eagle on mine and in pantomime told him I was under its wings and he dare not touch me; whereat he was convulsed, and thinks I to myself, the eagle has pecked me long enough, she must protect me now. . . . Our recollections of Pontarlier are not flattering. We had laid over there in order to see the next few miles by daylight. Richly were we repaid. . . . At four o'clock we took the train and came to this place, making this our stopping place for Sunday. . . . I spent a peaceful, happy and I trust profitable Sabbath. We went to the cathedral, and to our joy found it Protestant; the singing, to the fine organ, congregational and devout; the preacher earnest, though we could not tell what he said. Then a stroll. Then in my pleasant room a season of religious service. Then heard a sermon at the English service; another stroll; dinner, *table d'hôte*, at five; another stroll and reading till bedtime. . . . The air is thick with the rumors of the war, and people excited."

On August 12th, 1870, he wrote to his wife, describing among other things his trip across the Alps:

" . . . Yesterday was a day long to be remembered by me. We rose at four and were on the *diligence* till ten at night; much of the time on top, nothing to obstruct our view of the grand and lovely scenery. Up, up we went, winding round and round, now on galleries built out from the mountain side, now over stone bridges, now through tunnels cut through the solid rock, till, after six hours' hard climbing, the summit was reached, vegetation

and the goats and cattle being left below, while near us, but still towering above, was the snow and ice which never melt or disappear. The cold became quite intense, but I managed with my good wrappings to keep comfortable. We were drawn most of the time by seven horses. There are no reins to the leaders, they being driven by the voice and a long whip. Such cracking of the whip I never heard. It was like pistol cracks and unintermitting. Every few miles was a 'Refuge' and at shorter intervals were crucifixes and figures, large or smaller, of Christ on the cross. Indeed these had been quite numerous after we passed St. Maurice, the line between Protestant and Catholic Switzerland."

The rest of this drive, when he had his first view of Italy, is thus described by Dr. Taylor in his "Italy and the Italians":

"It was in the summer of 1870 that I first saw Italy. I was comparatively ignorant of her history and treasures, but with a mind open to impressions. My entrance was over the Simplon on the top of a *diligence*, and on those Alpine heights, despite abundant wraps, I suffered from the intense cold: but one after another of these was thrown off as we swiftly descended, and all were thrown off when Italy was reached, although 'the shades of night were falling fast.' Into the court of a spreading inn we suddenly dashed, and while the horses were changed, I sallied forth to use in the purchase of fruit the few Italian words acquired during the day. I may say in passing that I was only a summer tourist and had no more idea of spending a quarter of a century in Italy than I now have of a flight

to the moon. With a fresh team we were soon bowling over a road as smooth and level as a floor to the rhythmical beat of the horses' hoofs and the music of their bells. On one side lay the island-studded Lake Maggiore and on the other rose vine-clad terraces crowned with many a villa, while the moon, riding high in the heavens, shed a mystical glory on the novel and lovely scene; I seemed to be in fairyland, and the feeling was only increased when a few hours later I was supping at Arona in an arbor illuminated by the moon and by Chinese lanterns hung amid the foliage of the trees."

The travellers went as far south as Rome and then turned their faces towards England and home. From Paris Mr. Taylor wrote to his wife on August 28th, from the little Hotel de l' Universe:

" . . . Our heart was made glad by receiving your letter of July 31st. . . . After devouring our letters C—— and I parted. . . . About 10.30 at night I reached the Place de la Bastille, near which is this hotel, and struck out boldly for it. But, lo and behold! I could not find it. I spent an hour in looking for it and then had to give it up, though I knew I must be within a quarter of a mile of it. I took an omnibus and went three miles or so to an entirely different part of the city to our former hotel, and spent the night. The next morning as I was sitting down to breakfast in walked Charlie, who, as I had expected, had felt pretty uneasy about me, thinking of La Morgue, arrests, etc."

The next day (August 29th, 1870), in a letter to his sister, Mrs. Fannie Ficklin, he wrote:



“ . . . Paris is in great excitement. Many think the Prussians will soon be here. All strangers are hurrying off, fearing the railroads will be cut, even if the Prussians do not get here. We see a great many people going with furniture, etc., evidently gotten up in haste. It reminds me so much of Confederate times.”

Before sailing Mr. Taylor, leaving his brother, made a little journey to Nottingham, where he found a number of his kin people, and to the village of Barton-on-Humber, his father's birthplace. Two brief letters tell something of this trip:

“Nottingham, Tuesday, 6.30 P. M.—Dear Charles: I had a pleasant trip here; put up at a good hotel and kept close during the rain last evening. This morning sallied forth and, by the blessing of God, in answer to prayer, found, after diligent search, all our relations. I dined and shall spend to-night at the house of father's first cousin, George Gascoyne Taylor. I go to-morrow A. M., eight o'clock, to Barton. Shall probably hear from you before I leave here, as I understand the Liverpool mail is open at seven A. M. If necessary and possible, I shall leave Barton to-morrow evening. I have been tramping about in the wet and am not well, but hope, with prudence, by the Divine mercy, to rejoin you in good health. I trust you have been favored and guided in your decisions and arrangements. . . . Be very careful in L—. It is said to be a bad place. . . . I write this on the Bible of our great-grandfather, George Taylor. Your loving brother, G—. Particulars when we meet. Be

economical. I will not have over four or five pounds when I reach L——.”

The next day he wrote as follows :

“‘Sheaf and Stack,’ Barton-on-Humber, Lincolnshire, September 7th, 7 P. M., 1870.—Dear Charlie: Your kind and eminently satisfactory letter was received by me this morning as I proceeded to the station. I left Nottingham at eight, accompanied by my cousin. We stayed three hours at Lincoln, visiting the magnificent cathedral, attending choral service, walking by the castle and over the city and . . . talking, . . . mainly of Australia, where he has been for years. We then came hither, arriving about four o’clock. He showed me the grave of our great-aunt and great-grandmother and the house where our great-grandparents lived and where probably father was born; also the house where grandfather served his time and worked at his trade. We then got a good dinner and he left. It has been raining heavily since, keeping me indoors. I have been suffering with cold. . . . I am not uneasy, but feel the need of great prudence. I have on now a pair of my host’s slippers. I am stopping at the Wheat Stack—a wee inn, but very comfortable and homelike. I will have a deal to tell you when we meet, as you will me. . . . I go to Hull to-morrow, then to some towns—don’t know yet which. . . .” Then in pencil these words are added: “September 8th, 8.30 A. M.—I write from the grave of our great-grandmother, in nearly the oldest churchyard in England. I am well; have your second letter. My plan now is to spend the night at Sheffield, spend a few hours in Manchester to-

morrow and reach L—— either to-morrow night or Saturday A. M. God bless you. . . . Am much pleased with your arrangements.”

During Mr. Taylor's absence his wife had with her her sisters Mrs. Ficklin and Mrs. Slaughter, and their children. A trip to Europe then being a rarer event than it is to-day, no wonder that Mr. Taylor's return was a great occasion and that the children were delighted beyond words at the Sheffield knives, Paris trinkets and many interesting pictures which the traveller distributed with liberal hand. Better far, however, even in the opinion of the children, were the accounts of all the fine things he had seen beyond the sea.

Soon the session began, and on October 13th, 1870, Mr. Taylor wrote to his brother Charles:

“ . . . I have spent this A. M. mostly walking up the O. and A. railroad, getting up a sermon on Ps. xxv: 7 for Sunday night. Have just finished a letter to J. B. T. Jr.; he is coming up here with his little cripple boy, for Dr. C—— to operate on. . . . The death of General Lee deeply affects me. His character is a reproof and I stand awed and subdued. I mean to preach (probably from II Sam. III: 38) in reference to the event. I am much more free from pain and annoyance than when I wrote, and have besides put myself regularly under Dr. D——. Morning prayers finely attended.”

The next letter is headed “Carissime Frater,” under date of October 24th:

“ . . . Mrs. Slaughter left this A. M. Her presence has been like sunlight—like an angel's visit.

She combines such matronly dignity with youthful vivacity—is so pious, amiable, sympathetic, appreciative. Her children, too, are very interesting. . . . To-day I was invited to address the Methodist Sunday school at some early day, and promised to do so.”

In the next letter the Barksdale alluded to is now Judge W. R. Barksdale, of Halifax County, Virginia. It bears date of November 27th:

“Dear Charles— . . . You can't imagine how quietly we are living, we four, with but one servant, and just now George is in Richmond. Sue or I make two fires every morning before breakfast. My old study is occupied by a man and his wife, the former sawing my wood, which I have *been* doing. . . . While at Halifax I met Barksdale, who seemed as glad to see me as I was to see him. . . . I am delighted to hear that he has taken a bold and decided position as a Christian and a Baptist; superintendent of the Sunday school, and in short becoming *the* man of the little Baptist interest there. . . . C. Read is worth his weight in gold. . . . The event of last week was a lecture before the Christian Association by Dr. Armstrong on 'Discoveries in the Great Pyramid.' He stayed with us, and was very agreeable. We breakfasted at Colonel Venable's. The lecture was a success. One hour and twenty minutes *ex tempore* and using a diagram with my (your) cane. . . . I should be through my first round of visits and advanced in my studies and writing, but for constant interruption, mainly by sickness. I have lately had a serious throat trouble. Could not preach last

Sunday; had to get two Methodist brethren, one of whom preached nearly an hour and a half. For some days almost lost my voice and was invalid generally. To-day I have preached twice, but my throat is weak and no power in my voice. . . . Having been away and being so unwell, I sent George down to the stockholders' meeting."

The next letter, addressed to his father and mother, refers to the birth of a son and to other matters in the life of the family. It is dated December 25th, 1870:

" . . . The baby (still nameless), is—I say it with gratitude, not pride—unusually well and good and quiet. . . . Almost each day some delicacy has come for Susan from our neighbors; generally, too, in sufficient abundance to give us all a taste, if not a feast. . . . The Venables and Davises have sent the children very pretty presents. Mary has said again and again: 'Oh, I am so happy!' Now, ordinarily when people stop to *talk* about their feelings, they are not so very intense, but in this case the mouth spoke out of the abundance of the heart. I omitted in my meteorological introduction to say that the cold has deprived us of gas and, we fear, frozen our apples. The last is a misfortune, as we have several barrels and well nigh live on them. . . . And now I will take another half sheet mainly for the sake of speaking of father's expected visit. I need not say it will not be in any sense an intrusion. On the contrary, it will be peculiarly pleasant, as well as perfectly convenient, to have him, and we would not have him not come for anything. Susan had repeatedly spoken of his

coming, and is delighted at the prospect, thinking she may even see more of him and enjoy his company more from being confined to her room."

Mr. Taylor's brother Charles was now Professor of Latin at Wake Forest College, North Carolina. In a letter to him he says:

" . . . Dr. A—— said while in prison he read the whole Bible through every twenty days. . . . The Publishing Society offers to pay me \$250 for a book on England, bringing out religious and Baptist items. . . . Susan is to me better and sweeter every day. I often tremble at the thought of losing her, but though we live in a world of death, it is not well morbidly to dwell on what may come. . . . I am preaching almost entirely *ex tempore*, though trying to keep a record of what I say, so as to be able to reproduce it. But I can't look the people in their eyes. *What shall I do?*"

On the first Sunday in each month many of the University people go to Charlottesville, a mile away, to attend their several churches, and to celebrate the Lord's Supper; this always made the chapel congregation smaller on these Sundays. On January 1st, 1871, Mr. Taylor, writing to his brother Charles, alludes to Rev. Dr. Moses D. Hoge, for more than half a century the pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, Richmond, Va., and a most brilliant preacher:

" . . . The Christmas has passed quietly. We thought of you. . . , . George dined one day at Mr. J——'s. . . . He also enjoyed the snow and ice.

Even I did not disdain to get in a bobsled and be sent over the big pond, *à la telegraph*, by a fine skater. . . . I preached this A. M. a new sermon, written out, from Matt. xx: 28. I did not expect any congregation, the day being so exquisite, and communion in town too; but we had eight professors and a sprinkling of students and others. To-night I preached from 'Go to, ye that say,' etc.—an old sermon revamped. The chapel unusually crowded, but the air was better than usual, and hence I am not so utterly used up as I am sometimes. . . . I succeeded in inducing the proctor to get from Baltimore a ventilator for the chapel. I have just written to Dr. Hoge to come here and preach a week. . . . Pray for us. . . . When you come you can see my fine boy. . . . Susan is, at this moment and much of her time, spending strength and feeling anxiety as only a mother ever does in this world. Pray for her and the child."

Not uncommonly Mr. Taylor, acting upon a suggestion of his brother Charles, wrote a letter which went to his brother James, then pastor at Culpeper Court House, and next to his parents and sisters in Richmond, and finally to his brother Charles at Wake Forest, North Carolina. The following was such a "circular" letter. The A. E. D. alluded to is Rev. A. E. Dickinson, for many years editor of the *Religious Herald*. It bears date of January 30th, 1871:

" . . . After our glorious weather, we have been having some rather trying to delicate folks. . . . But George has enjoyed the sliding and it has made the

students young again, to the great damage of split-bottoms. . . . Last week I read Mansil's 'Limits of Religious Thought.' It is a noble book and did me good. . . . I am reading for recreation 'Tales of the Border'—ten volumes—from library. . . . I wish A. E. D. would come and give me a week's preaching, beginning on a Sabbath."

The next letter, dated February 8th, is also to his brother Charles:

" . . . I have been very good-for-nothing, suffering with weakness, indigestion, etc., and Dr. D— has prescribed ale for Sue and myself, and I have sent to Richmond for a cask. Yesterday morning Harrison Williams came and remained until to-day. . . . Last night he and I went to Dr. McGuffey's to attend a sort of theological club which meets there once a week. I enjoyed it very much and got some material for sermons, I think. I talked a good deal and the young men insisted I had added much to the occasion, and urged me to attend, which I think I will do. . . . The memory of my summer is a constant delight. I shall certainly go again, if the Lord opens the way."

The next letter is of February 19th, eight pages of letter-size paper, and to "Dear Charles":

" . . . Coming from Halifax, I had a talk with Daniel Witt. He said if he were not a Christian then he did not think he ever would be. I have something of the same feeling. I am full of sin and weakness and blindness; still if I have not looked to Jesus, I don't see how I ever can or shall. But what *progress* one might



make were he faithful and under the guidance of the Holy Spirit! The idea has forcibly occurred to me this week, as if it were a brand-new thing, that the only way to resist temptation, even the grossest, is to be in a high spiritual state. We generally run the mill with too low a head of water. Yet we are straitened in ourselves, for we may draw from a fountain that is infinite and perennial. . . . Next Sunday John William Jones delivers here his lecture on 'Religion in the Army of Northern Virginia.' . . . By the way, I have been intending to tell you that when I preached on 'Bring me up Samuel' I went to Dr. Cabell's to borrow a sermon of Dr. J. W. Alexander's on the same words. They had mislaid the printed copy, but Mrs. C—— had the original MS. and lent it to me. You can't think with what affectionate interest I regard it. No man that I ever saw came nearer to my heart than he. . . . I believe Sue has never wavered (this for J. B. T. Jr., and mother) as to calling our boy James, but what else, has been the question. I think lately 'Spotswood' has been in the ascendancy. . . . Sue reminded me of Mr. Earle yesterday, saying each day was happier to her than any preceding. Our babe is a wellspring of joy in the house. We think as much of him as if he were not No. 7. By the way, did you see that exquisite little piece in the *Watchman and Reflector* on 'No. 10'? I sent it to Professor Smith when his tenth came, but he impudently suggested to me that I keep a copy. I am so glad you have Dr. Poindexter with you. Next to father, he is more like a father to me than anybody in the world."

The next letter is to his father, under date of February 22nd:

"I have been unanimously called to the pastorate of the Staunton Church. . . . They propose to pay \$1,200 salary and more, if more can be raised, besides the \$100 for preaching at the Institution. Such men as Peyton, the Hoges, Summerson, etc., are very enthusiastic. Hart also is represented to have spoken most warmly in favor of me and of my coming. . . . So it is also said that persons of other churches and of no church have expressed strong desire for my return, and some have subscribed, promising to pay the amount as long as I stay. Of course all this is very gratifying and I do feel thankful to Him who has brought it to pass. The action of the church was without any idea whatever as to what my decision might be. Mingled with the pleasure I naturally feel at such an expression from the people whom I served so long, is a painful sense of the grave responsibility involved in coming to a decision. The question is complicated by the fact that, while no action has yet been taken, I am positively assured that if I will sanction, the Lexington Church will call me and that I will be appointed adjunct professor in Washington and Lee University, the church and college respectively assenting to my sustaining the double relation. In the absence of any other intimation of Providence, I suppose that to one or the other of these positions I might go. But which?"

Referring to some articles on the trip to Europe by his brother Charles, in the *Religious Herald*, Mr. Taylor writes to him:

“ . . . Your minute description of that day at Killarney (which I couldn't have written to save my life) impresses me with the value of keeping a diary in traveling, which you were then doing and I was not, and also makes me realize what my state was. The first week after I landed seems a dark dream of physical pain, vague apprehension and utter depression, relieved with bright gleams from the novelty and beauty surrounding me and from your kind sympathy. If you ever failed at all it was only because one person never knows or can know precisely how another feels. I was conscious of trying your patience often by my unfortunate peculiarities which were intensified by physical weakness and pain. But I suppose it is always the case that the nearest and most loving friends need to bear with each other, and I believe we both have been and will ever be glad to do that. But of my trip *as a whole* my recollections are exquisitely pleasant. Some things even not perfectly agreeable at the time are now only bright and pleasant when remembered. I can truly say the memory of much that was seen and experienced is a perpetual joy, a never-failing solace and recreation. The best evidence of this is that I more than ever desire to go again and fully purpose it, if the way ever opens. . . . But if we don't travel much more here it is refreshing to think of a boundless universe and an eternity to gratify our love of adventure, motion, novelty, etc. I am convinced that we often make heaven too bald a thing, just as philosophy exalting God makes him almost a nonentity. . . . I

walk a great deal. My favorite walk is up the O. and A. railroad."

In a letter on March 12th, 1871, he writes to his brother James:

" . . . Nothing but a sense of duty brought me home, but the result proved my conviction was right. I found a very ill student, whom I have been visiting twice daily. It was feared he would not live, and his father, mother and sisters have been with him. It is now hoped he will recover. I got several points for my sermon from his sick-bed. . . . I have appointed prayer-meetings at 7.30 A. M., and urged the entire congregation to attend. I think I see some tokens for good, and humbly trust we are on the eve of a blessing. Pray for us. The morning meeting I owe in part, possibly entirely, to you. Always tell me what you think. . . . You have no idea how utterly weak and good-for-nothing I was a few weeks ago. Your gardening has quite stirred me up to begin. We have turnip salad daily, either from our garden or Dr. Davis's, and salsify in abundance from the former. These, with jole and nice corn beef, constitute the chief of our diet. We have not yet reached the luxury of fish. I should not omit that in my absence Sue received a present of \$50 from Carter."

The next letter, bearing date of March 17th, 1871, shows the esteem felt in Virginia by the white people for colored people, who were really worthy. Laura Campbell, referred to in this letter, was a colored woman, and a member of Mr. Taylor's church. Her husband was a

barber in Staunton for years, and they were both greatly respected :

“My dear Mother— . . . We have had preaching each night and a prayer-meeting at 7.30 A. M., both well attended by students and the families. Brother W—— has preached acceptably, and with considerable pathos. . . . There are a few cases of avowed seriousness and many are thoughtful. . . . We all dined one day at Dr. Davis’s. . . . Yesterday, summoned by telegraph, I went over to Staunton to preach the funeral of Laura Campbell. No one could be missed more by Sue and myself or be a greater loss to the church. The house was crowded, the lower part with colored, the galleries by white persons, including many of the most prominent citizens of the town. Six or eight gentlemen acted as pall-bearers. . . . This morning, being rainy, . . . I attended prayer-meeting alone. To my surprise and pleasure chapel was nearly full. The Smiths, Cabells, Davises, Minors, Gildersleeves, and Harrisons have been quite regular at these morning meetings, as well as other families. Professor Peters has kindly suspended his 7.30 to 8 exercises during our meeting, stating the reason, and Mr. Minor this morning postponed his examination half an hour, so as not to interfere with our meeting. . . . Rev. Dr. C. H. Read, of Richmond, is expected here next week to preach before Y. M. C. Association, and will probably remain and labor, should the interest demand.”

On March 25th, 1871, he wrote to his mother :

“ . . . I to-day signified my acceptance of the

Staunton call. . . . During the day I was so urged to continue the meetings and preach myself that I decided it was my duty, and announced accordingly. . . . Last evening the congregation seemed very solemn. . . . This A. M. we had a charming prayer-meeting and well attended."

In a letter to his brother Charles, on March 29th, 1871, Mr. Taylor refers to the series of meetings. Mr. Wilson, of whom he speaks, was the Rev. N. Wilson, the brilliant pastor of the Grace Street Baptist Church, Richmond, Va.:

"Wilson stayed with me just a week. . . . He is a fine sermonizer, giving striking, yet natural, divisions with very fresh filling in. His delivery is in every respect excellent, and he has much pathos and unction. I should call him a born preacher. He made a very pleasing impression, but not powerful, except by one sermon, which was one of the most affecting I ever heard from any one, anywhere—on the Crucifixion. He says it is his best, and cost him weeks, if not months, of work. . . . Finally you will ask what are the results. I answer, I cannot tell. But I am sure Christians are greatly revived and stirred up, students and others, and I think that spiritual and active piety have been placed upon a higher and finer position. Several students are expecting to join the various churches."

On April 9th, 1871, he writes again to his brother Charles:

" . . . After writing my last I went on for two or three nights, preaching myself. . . . Two young

men will be baptized, two or three join Methodists, one Presbyterian . . . and from fifteen to twenty will be confirmed Friday by Bishop Whittle, whom I have invited to preach here at the same time."

On May 14th he writes to his father and mother:

" . . . The day is transcendently glorious. . . . Dr. Davis sends us lettuce and dressing daily, and has this week sent sturgeon. He is too kind. How much we shall hate to leave this sweetest of places and this dear, dear people!"

On May 21st he writes to his brother Charles and tells of preaching the funeral of a colored man who was much esteemed:

" . . . Do you remember Uncle James, who was always in his place at chapel? He fell dead last Tuesday. He had expressed the wish I should preach his funeral, which I did Wednesday P. M., at the colored church (Delavan). Two colored ministers participated in the services and Drs. Cabell and Minor were present, and a large crowd of colored persons. . . . Suffer a suggestion here. Prepare with care three or four funeral sermons, ready for occasion. It is well not to say much about the deceased, unless the case is remarkable, and if a pastor don't begin, it will not be expected. If it is his habit, he will sometimes be in an embarrassing position—a conflict between conscience and what is expected. It is a good plan, I have found, to write carefully what you propose to say of the party. Otherwise one sometimes says too much, or at least not just what he would choose. Finally, except when the deceased was such that any

allusion to him is very instructive and stimulating, I prefer to begin with what is personal, and then preach my sermon as such. What think you? . . . At the grave the colored people sang two hymns, while the grave was deliberately filled up. I have never seen the whole thing more decently and solemnly and impressively done. Drs. C—— and M—— and Maupin, Gildersleeve, Peters and Smith and family went to the grave.”

On June 16th 1871, he wrote to his father:

“ . . . Since my return I have been the victim of dyspepsia, suffering great discomfort for hours after eating what seemed to me very innocent meals. I am now trying the strictest dieting as to quantity and quality. I have been reading Whateley’s Memoirs, just out, two large volumes and mostly made up of his letters. Very interesting. . . . I am sawing my own wood.”

During the summer of 1871 Mr. Taylor preached at Staunton, his family remaining at the University of Virginia until September, when the move to Staunton was made. He writes, from Staunton July 25th, to his brother Charles:

“I left University yesterday, having spent three pleasant days there, talking with the family, fondling my children, playing croquet, calling on Dr. Davis’ family, seeing Long, J. A. B., etc. . . . I came over on the freight. Being misinformed as to the time, I reached the depot after the train had started, and had barely time to jump on a flat loaded with lumber. At Ivy I was invited by the engineer to take a seat with him, which I did, and had a charming ride.”



From the University of Virginia he wrote, on August 1st, 1871, to his mother:

“Father seemed so unwell Saturday morning that he decided to get off at Staunton and stay with me, which I was very glad of. We were most kindly cared for at Miss Mary Bledsoe’s. . . . Yesterday we came on together, Fannie being with us to Charlottesville. He had half purposed to keep on to Richmond, but I, feeling it very desirable he should see Dr. Davis again, succeeded in stopping him.”

He wrote to his mother about the move from the University. He alludes to the Misses Ross, who kept for years at the University of Virginia a most popular boarding-house:

“ . . . We expect to devote to-morrow to moving our goods to the car. After accomplishing this we shall go to the Misses Ross’, where we have been kindly invited, and where we will be most kindly entertained. To-night we shall sleep on pallets, but I trust will sleep soundly. Thursday we hope to leave for Staunton.”

Thus came to an end the two years at the University of Virginia, years which were ever remembered most pleasantly, not only by Mr. Taylor and his wife, but also by the older children.

## CHAPTER V

### Second Pastorate in Staunton—Departure for Rome



Go thou to Rome—at once the Paradise,  
The grave, the city and the wilderness.

—*Shelley.*



THE Staunton Church, which had been so loath to have Mr. Taylor leave them, gave him a royal welcome upon his return. Besides the regular work of his pastorate, Mr. Taylor taught some hours every week in the Staunton Baptist Female Institute, which had recently been established by the distinguished teacher and scholar, Prof. John Hart. For one or two years after the return to Staunton, Miss Annie Prichard and Mr. John L. Prichard, children of Mr. Taylor's widowed sister, were members of his family, the former being a student in Mr. Hart's school and the latter at work in the office of the *Valley Virginian*. With these words of explanation, let Mr. Taylor's letters continue the story.

On September 19th, 1871, he wrote from Staunton a letter addressed to his two brothers:

"While I am waiting for my Moral Philosophy class I will write a few lines. . . . I had looked forward to moving with almost dread, I mean the worry of packing, etc., but we passed through it with comparative comfort. We reached Staunton Thursday P. M., in the

heaviest rain I ever saw, and at once went out to Brother Peyton's. . . . We are mighty pleasantly fixed at Brother P——'s, faring sumptuously, and treated with utmost kindness. Annie and G—— and I ride in to school every morning, and they send for us in the P. M. Yesterday I hauled my furniture into my house, which it shares with carpenters, plasterers and painters. Today the ladies are fixing things, asking us to let them put everything in order, and simply walk in when they are done. We acquiesce. Of course they will find out the nakedness of the land. . . . I preached Sunday A. M., without a scrap, a new sermon from 'My peace I give unto you.' I enjoyed it, and it has helped me since. I resolutely rushed through in thirty-three minutes, though I could have easier and better preached fifty or sixty minutes. I mean to come down to short sermons, as a *rule*. I have engaged for the present to teach two classes per day, giving forty minutes to each. . . . There's dinner—I'm tired, hungry and just a little blue. But this last I never mean to yield to, and dinner and rest will cure the others."

On September 26th, 1871, Mr. Taylor wrote to his mother:

"We spent all of last week at Brother Peyton's. . . . We, however, kept away from our house, being requested to do so by the ladies, who were meantime as busy as bees fixing it and doing we knew not what. Saturday we were notified to come in and take possession. So that P. M., about five o'clock, Sue, Annie, Mary, nurse, baby and I, in a large two-seated buggy, and George in

cart with Oscar and Phil Jeter and our luggage, came in, feeling, I assure you, very funny. This last was much increased by being met by Brother N. B. Hill a square from the house, and told that Dr. Sears would make us a little speech on our arrival. We found the sidewalk and porch and passage and rooms pretty full, and then came a kissing and handshaking, and a buzz of voices; and then Dr. Sears made a sweet, touching, beautiful little address, beginning 'Dear Pastor.' He referred to the sacrifices and sufferings I had endured in my former pastorate—the joy of the people to have me back, and their purpose to care for my wants—said I had fixed my house beautifully, and they had put some things into it, etc.; and that these were not a mere ebullition, but were only the first fruits of what would continue, etc. Of course I give you only the outline of what was, as I said above, a beautiful, sweet, affectionate and complimentary address. I said 'Thankie' in a choked word or two and then we all had a crying spell. Then we were taken around. Almost all the old furniture that was worth it had been under the hand of the cabinet maker, and looked like new. The parlour and study newly carpeted, with same pattern, the former elegantly furnished with carved walnut and haircloth set. Handsome curtains to all the rooms and oilcloth in passage. Upstairs, one room with matting and latter with new set of cottage furniture. In the kitchen a new cooking stove, store-room and china closet neatly shelved and well supplied with eatables and ware of all sorts. Besides, the pictures were hung, our bed covered with new spread, and many nice ornaments

for bureau and mantel. After taking us around, and saying numberless kind things, everybody left, except two or three, who stayed to supper. We had fowls variously cooked, hot rolls, butter, tea, and coffee, and milk, several kinds of cake. As regards the permanent arrangements, I hope you will soon come and see for yourself, but you will be interested in hearing more details as to the pantry. Barrel of flour, six sugar-cured hams, quarter of beef, barrel of potatoes, pile of sweet potatoes, some cabbage, packages of coffee, sugar, spices, apples, perhaps a dozen or more jars of preserves, pickle, etc., three or four jars of lard, a dozen fowls in the coop. My books were all shelved. . . . Yesterday we had lots of company, though everybody had to come in the back door, the front porch being newly painted. Sunday three country members dined with us. . . . Our house is pronounced by everybody handsome and convenient."

Mr. Taylor's letters to his loved ones do not leave us in doubt about the fact that he was a most tireless and conscientious worker, and that he usually worked under the fearful handicap of very frail health, and much physical pain. Under date of October 12th, 1871, he writes to his brothers:

" . . . After spending two days in bed last week, I got up Saturday to go into the country to fill some appointments. The brother who was to have taken me couldn't go, but sent up a fine horse and buggy; so after taking Annie, Mary, and Spotswood a ride of a mile or two, I started with George. We went eleven miles—road, air, scenery delightful. Spent the night at

Brother Collins'. About midnight I was taken quite ill, and after suffering as long as I could bear it, waked George, who brought up Brother Collins, who administered remedies and stayed with me some time, till I was in a measure relieved. Sunday morning I was quite unwell, but determined to try to preach. So they made me a fire in the counting room in the mill, where I could be quiet and toast myself and study and pray over my sermon. We had at Greenville a large and in every way desirable congregation, and I have seldom felt more of the afflatus or had conditions more in sympathy. . . . After resting until four, accompanied by Brother C——, leaving George to go to a neighboring Sunday school, I went some seven or eight miles to a new Baptist Church right at the base of the Blue Ridge and *among the pines* as they say. Ran into a poor but hospitable house, and got a cup of coffee and then preached to a crowded and attentive congregation. Every word I spoke hurt me. . . . Then we rode home [*i. e.*, to Collins'] over the rough road, and in the darkness, and I got to bed by twelve. Monday was spent solidly in pastoral visiting, having worship, though all cost much effort, and at night I crossed over six miles, and preached at Middlebrook. Tuesday, rejoiced at having done my work, I came home. . . . Yesterday I met my classes. . . . I have always had a great prejudice against teaching girls, but I rather enjoy it. I have three classes. . . . In all three classes is a girl of sixteen, who is a candidate for Mr. Hart's highest degree. She is lovely in person and apparently so in mind and heart. . . . Dr. Eyster

is practising on me. I hope he will get me *rectus in pulpito* by Sunday.”

On December 3rd, 1871, he wrote to his brother Charles:

“ . . . I wrote yesterday the last of my four promised articles for the *Herald*. It is an account of my visit to Spurgeon. . . . They wrote asking me to write for *Sentinel* and offering to send that and *Western Recorder*. I agreed, ordering copies for self, J. B. T. Jr. (who happened to be here and said he would like it), and Mrs. Slaughter, who is anxious for reading matter. . . . During this last week I have felt more like a well man (though not perfectly well yet) than I have done since moving over. I am trying to take more physical exercise, which I think is the life of body and soul. Yesterday I walked seven or eight miles, paying pastoral visits, etc. You know I have no *mare*. This morning I was surprised to find the ground covered with snow, and the snow still falling. It thinned our congregation (though it was large for the day), and chilled me for preaching. I have seldom felt flatter, and but for remembering my great enjoyment last Sunday night, I reckon I should conclude I wasn't called. . . . Since I wrote you we have had brief, pleasant visits from father, Carter Braxton and J. B. T. Jr.”

In a letter, dated December 10th, 1871, to his brothers, Mr. Taylor speaks of a recent visit he had just made to Richmond, referring to his sister Jane, Mrs. J. L. Prichard, and to his brother-in-law, Rev. A. E. Dickinson:

“ . . . Mother is wonderfully well and bright, specially when you think what she goes through. Jane

is a wonderful worker, at times seeming stern and severe, but with a world of sunshine under it all. She and I had some sweet talks after all had retired. Alfred is as entertaining as ever. . . . I dined one day at his house with Burrows, Wilson, Jeter, Bitting, Harrison, etc. . . . I was at college twice . . . attending one of H. H. Harris's New Testament Greek lectures. I preached Wednesday night for Wilson. . . . Robert Prichard is very ill, at times suffering much, and I should think sinking. He talked very freely to me—said he was often full to overflowing with happiness, and, in reply to my question, said that while he was utterly at a loss what to think of his case, he would not be at all shocked to know death was very near. . . . Most of the time father was very drooping, lying down and having little to say. . . . Part of the time, too, he was in pain. I am not without hope that he may rally; but I cannot repress the sad fear that he will not be fully himself again. He said to me: 'I say to myself night and day, I must shortly put off this tabernacle;' and added, 'I have no fear or concern on the subject.'"

Three days later he writes again to his brothers:

" . . . I have just written a long letter to father. My heart is always deeply affected when I think of how we have been blessed in our dear parents, and specially now that they are growing old and that father seems sinking under years and toils. I feel not only the tenderest love and solicitude for him and for mother in her anxiety, but also as if I was called as with a trumpet to gird myself anew for life's battle—to try to be a better,



more self-denying, more useful man. My heart also goes out most tenderly to all the others who must, some day, I tremble to say 'ere long,' suffer with me a common and heavy bereavement. . . . For myself I mourn that I have not been to you both more like the 'elder brother' of us all; while I do thank God, not only for my parents, but also that we, their sons, have ever, despite the individualities of each, felt such mutual love and have so clung together, and that I, for my part, have so often derived great benefit from the suggestions and sympathy of each of you. Let us, even more than ever, cling to each other, bear with and help one another."

The great sorrow was even nearer than any one supposed. The first break in the family circle came as the Christmas-tide approached. James B. Taylor passed to his reward on December 21st, 1871, with all his children at his side. His death was, as his life had been, marked by calm reliance on Jesus, and a strong, abiding peace. Long years after this event, Mr. Taylor wrote to a friend whose father had just crossed over the river, saying that life had never been the same to him after his father's death. A resolution passed by the Foreign Mission Board declared that in their opinion George B. Taylor was eminently qualified to write a memoir of his father. Upon this task he at once set to work with all the energy and determination of his being. He realized that it was important to have the book appear as soon as possible and, indeed, by the first week in May the MS. was finished. Yet all through these months he was very far from well. Again

and again his letters tell of his being sick in bed. More than once he was unable to preach. At one time the heavy work upon him, along with the great draft upon his emotional nature, almost gave him brain fever. Once for a week he went off merely to rest, though this was a thing he rarely ever did. His pulpit and pastoral work was kept up, and he even went for a meeting to Charlottesville, and was in another at the University until providentially called home. Scarcely had he completed his manuscript before he was called on to carry, at the same time, the responsibility as the host of the Baptist General Association of Virginia, meeting in its annual session at his church, and the anxiety caused by the extreme illness of his infant son, Spotswood. At this meeting of the General Association the Memorial Movement, which had as its object the raising of \$300,000 for the endowment of Richmond College, in which work Mr. Taylor was to bear a prominent part, was set on foot. It is interesting to remember that at this meeting also a resolution was passed approving of the purpose of the Southern Baptist Convention to build a chapel in Rome, Italy, and calling upon Virginia Baptists to raise the \$5,000 asked of them for this object. How little Mr. Taylor, or any one else in the meeting, dreamed that he would be the man who would go and build that chapel!

On February 4th, 1872, he writes to his brother:

“ . . . The next day I was taken quite sick, and didn't go out of my room for nearly a week—suffered a good deal—had doctor several times—was threatened with brain fever. . . . I am at work again, but very

'shackling', as C. E. T. would say, and will have to bear very lightly on myself for a while. I hope to get on the Memoir again next week." The next day, writing to his mother, he says: "My wish is to avoid the Memoir on Sunday, it being in a manner *work*."

Rev. Dr. H. A. Tupper was elected corresponding secretary of the Foreign Mission Board to succeed Dr. James B. Taylor. An extract from a letter which he wrote on February 21st, 1872, to Dr. George B. Taylor, gives an interesting fact:

"Last evening your letter of the 17th instant, covering fifty (\$50) from your people for Foreign Missions, was received. That the first contribution after my entrance into office should be from the son of my beloved and venerable predecessor fills me with deep and varied emotions."

Mr. Taylor, who was such a letter writer, spoke thus about letters, in writing to the home circle in Richmond:

"O what a privilege these frequent and free communings are! Though not equal to face-to-face interviews, they are inexpressibly sweet. It is not any given thing that is written that is so important, and mightn't be dispensed with, but it is the bringing of souls that are separated into a sort of connection. This paper that I am now touching, these lines I am tracing—you all will be handling and looking on to-morrow night. The thoughts and feelings of my soul, at this moment, in a few hours will reach your souls and cause them to vibrate in unison with mine. I have a pleasing picture of you all as you meet at the table or sit in that cheerful room—of mother

in her chair—of Jane in her school room—of Mary helping mother in the pantry— . . . of Georgie bringing up the mail, and Janie conning her lesson. . . . True two dear ones whom I met, when last with you, are gone. But we cannot sorrow for them. They had begun to be sufferers. Now they are with Christ. We do not know all that this means, but it has a bright, blessed meaning. And though not with us in *body*, the *memory* of them is a sweet possession. In this sense they still abide with me. Indeed father specially seems by my side, and his dying and going away a *dark dream*. I don't yet realize what is the case. Strange as it may seem, I do not. Only now and then I get a glimpse of the truth. *This is God's mercy.*"

To his brother Charles, on February 10th, 1872, he writes:

" . . . I can't say I enjoy munching my stale brown bread while the rest are eating French rolls; but we must eat and drink to the glory of God. . . . For the most part, my plan is to preach old sermons until I finish the Memoir. But last Sunday I preached one new one, which I thought fresh, on a hackneyed theme (Enoch). This week also I have made a new one, 'To Young Men'—Text, Gen. xli: 38. Points—A man in demand. What sort of man. The source of his qualification. . . . But save visiting I spend every available hour on the Memoir. I say available, because some hours I can only be still and suffer. . . . The *writing* part of my work is easy compared with *digesting*, *arranging* and *selecting* matter in letters and diaries. James warned

me against inserting too freely. . . . You and I leaned more to the plan of letting the letters and diaries just tell their own story."

In those days Staunton had no daily paper, but its weekly papers were ably edited. Concerning the sermon to young men alluded to above, after giving an outline of it, the *Valley Virginian* said:

"We have neither the space nor ability to do justice to the good man or the sermon, and have only given the more prominent features of the discourse, without attempting to portray the beautiful sentiments and eloquent ideas of the minister, nor could the beauty and simplicity of his words be sufficiently appreciated without being heard from his own lips. We hope to hear many more such, and to see the good seed he is scattering among us yield a harvest of an hundredfold."

The *Spectator* closed its notice of the sermon with these words: "We fall far short of doing justice to the minister or his sermon."

From Charlottesville he wrote, on March 18th, to his mother:

"There was some interest in the congregation here, and I received repeated calls to come over and preach, so that last Thursday I was constrained to come, expecting, however, to return Saturday or at farthest to-day. . . . My personal preference would have been to keep on with the *Memoir*, and carry out my programme; but the Lord seemed to direct otherwise, and I have lately felt much stimulated by contemplating my father's example, to try

to abound more and more in labors of usefulness at the expense of personal inconvenience and sacrifice."

Just a month later he writes to his mother about his return from the University, where he had gone to preach for some days. Rev. Mr. Long had preached in Staunton for Mr. Taylor, and upon reaching Charlottesville reported that Mrs. Taylor was ill:

" . . . I met Mr. Long and received by him a letter from Susan. The letter was cheerful, and urged me to remain; but Mr. Long spoke in such a way about her as to make me feel very unhappy, and decided me to return at once, which I did, not even going to the University for my trappings. I know not when my mind has received such a shock. It has affected me most painfully ever since. Sue says she begged Mr. Long not to make such a statement, as she knew best, but he insisted on doing it. I feel that I left a fine opportunity for usefulness; but with Mr. L——'s statement and advice I, of course, had no option. Susan has been improving rapidly for the last few days, and now says she feel almost perfectly well; but is still on the bed for prudence' sake."

Five days later he wrote to his brother James. He refers to Dr. H. A. Tupper, who had succeeded James B. Taylor as secretary of the Foreign Mission Board:

" . . . That night I was taken quite sick, with burning fever, with pains in head and limbs and back, and sore throat. . . . I continued in bed all Friday, Saturday and Sunday. . . . Got a Methodist to preach for me in the a. m., and shut the meeting-house at night. Dr. Tupper is a lovely man, and said and did

everything possible to make me feel pleasantly and to help me. . . . Susan is now dressed, but lying down, feeling rather badly most of the time."

On May 2nd he writes to his brother Charles:

"I expect to-day and to-morrow to write the last pages of the Memoir, and finish the work of revision. . . . The last few weeks have been a season of great pressure. I have written every available moment. Yesterday with little interruption from 7.30 A. M. to a late hour at night, and then after retiring could not sleep for thinking of it. I couldn't stand such pressure much longer. Now my heart is filled with a sense of relief and gratitude to God to whom I have daily looked for guidance and strength in the matter; and I am trying to pray for direction and a blessing in the matter of publication."

In a letter to his brother Charles, dated June 17th, 1872, he tells of the session of the General Association, which had just been held with his church:

". . . Everyone said the June meeting was a success every way. The sickness of my child and Susan's anxiety interfered with my comfort and enjoyment, and while I went on the principle of leaving things to the committee I had, of course, a thousand and one to look after myself, so that I couldn't attend very continuously to the meeting. I think a good impression was made alike on the entertainers and the entertained, and that an impulse was given to our cause in Virginia. There was too much bragging, etc., for my taste, and that from men I could hardly have expected it from. The centennial

meeting promises to be the occasion of a great movement among our people. I hope and yet I tremble. . . . Will we raise \$300,000? . . . So I am divided between a sort of triumphant joy and a trembling fear. . . . The handsome Presbyterian Church edifice was dedicated yesterday week. They had a general service in the P. M., and I spoke for the town pastors, and my speech gave great satisfaction. Dr. M. D. Hoge was, both in public and private, very complimentary to me and the Baptists. Said in his speech that he had read my letters about London with eager interest, etc. The next day I got an affectionate letter from William Frazier, thanking me for my address, and begging me to spend as much time as I could at Capon Springs. . . . Our baby is convalescent of his pneumonia, but has the whooping cough, and Susan is almost broken down nursing him day and night for weeks and weeks. . . . I am never well, but hope with rest to improve."

For some weeks Mrs. Taylor and the children were the guests of C. R. Mason's family at their "shanty," near Jerry's Run. Mr. Mason was building the Alleghany tunnel, almost a mile long, and his family, to be with him, were sojourning for the summer in a house on the side of the mountain. The work on the tunnel was being done by convicts, and one of their number was cooking for the family. On July 16th, 1872, Dr. Taylor (a few weeks before this time the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon Mr. Taylor by the University of Chicago and Richmond College) wrote to his brother Charles:



“ . . . I was summoned to my family in Alleghany, my child being very ill. The Lord was merciful, sparing him. . . . I preached to the convicts and others, ‘did’ the tunnel, bathed, read Walter Scott, talked to the Mason girls, and should have had a very pleasant time but for losing my rest, which always knocks me up. . . . Father and Dr. Poindexter are daily with me. Do you not experience that?”

The next letter, to his mother, was from Philadelphia, where he was attending to the publication of his father’s Memoir. He writes:

“I am stopping at a cheap but excellent house, and am very comfortable. Last evening went out and spent the night at Upland with Dr. Pendleton. He and his family treated me with great kindness and cordiality. I met also Professor Osgood and liked him, and a Miss Sally Crozer, granddaughter of the elder Crozer. . . . I sat in the printing office and wept this morning, reading his last entries and letters, and the account of his last days.”

The “History” alluded to in the next letter was a history of Virginia Baptists, left incomplete by Dr. James B. Taylor, and which his son proposed to complete; this, however, he never did. The date of this letter is October 25th, 1872:

“ . . . Since I commenced on the History, it has been very absorbing, engaging every available hour day and night. . . . This brings me to the Memoir. . . . Alfred and I furnished the stereotype plates, which cost, in round figures, \$900. The society manages

the whole business, paying us thirty cents for each copy sold. The sale of 3,000 copies will just pay for the plates. If less are sold of course we lose; if more the proceeds go to the Foreign Missions and Memorial Fund. . . . Tuesday Rev. A. C. Barron came and preached, and made a fine impression. But the next day it began to pour and has done so ever since. It is hard not to be disheartened and depressed. Brother Barron is staying with me. He is a lovely Christian brother, and a man of fine talents as a preacher. I like him much. Yesterday a daughter was born into my house. We call her Susy Braxton. Spotswood is rather delicate, but wonderfully bright and smart, and, except when under the weather, good."

To his mother, under date of November 26th, 1872, he writes, from Covington, Va., making allusion to the movement for raising \$300,000 for Richmond College:

" . . . I left home last Thursday to fill a series of memorial appointments. We have had to contend with very unfavorable weather, cold, snow and heavy rain; but nevertheless we have had a pleasant and successful time. . . . I think I was never more harassed and pressed in my life than from the time of my getting back from Fredericksburg to the time of my leaving on this trip. . . . I am happy and thankful that while my labors have been unusual, almost excessive for me, my strength has not failed, and my health has even improved."

One of the most remarkable evangelists the Methodists in Virginia ever had was the Rev. Dr. Leonidas Rosser.

Reference is made to him in the next letter, which bears date of December 2nd, 1872:

“ . . . Quite a remarkable meeting is in progress here in the Methodist congregation, under the preaching of Dr. L. Rosser. I have been out two nights, have called on Dr. Rosser, and invited him to tea. Every day I am more and more a Baptist, yet I trust more and more disposed to love all Christians, and rejoice in the conversions of souls by any and all instrumentalities.”

Dr. Taylor wrote on December 3rd, 1872, a facetious letter, to his brother James, and was a little uncertain as to how his brother would receive it. To this letter he signed himself Georgius Honeymaker Sartor:

“ . . . Have you ever heard, my dear sir, of a system known as Homeopathy (is it derived from home or Homer—the former would give it the charm of domesticity, the latter of antiquity)? It has won mighty conquests. I am not a thorough convert, but I will mention one fact—I brought some of the physic with me from North Carolina last May, and though it has simply remained in my desk I think I have felt better than usual. Certain it is, I have had neither yellow fever, nettle rash, nor Asiatic cholera (terrible diseases), and my badly bruised finger is slowly recovering.”

In a letter of December 7th, 1872, to his brother Charles, he says:

“The best and fullest, and most eulogistic notice of Father and the Memoir is in last week's *Western Recorder*, from the pen of J. P. Boyce.”

In connection with the work of the Memorial campaign, in which campaign Dr. Taylor was most active, he prepared a series of sermons on the Baptists and Virginia Baptists, first preached in Staunton and later published in tract form by the American Baptist Publication Society. He alludes to this series in a letter written to his mother, December 14th, 1872:

"I have been working intensely all the week, preparing the first lecture of my series on the Baptists. . . . It will be followed by at least three others. Last night I worked until 12.30, but usually am in bed an hour or more earlier. I have been out four or five times to the Methodist meeting. They always insist on my having a big chair in the altar and taking some part. . . . I really enjoy going, and should go oftener if I had time. . . . The weather has been bitter, affording fine skating for the boys. J—— and G—— went last night, skating by moonlight till 9 o'clock, and G—— has been again to-night. . . . Some one ought to go on and beg for the Memorial. I had intended to spend December in Boston, and Brother Bitting had written, arranging for it, but, in consequence of the fire, Dr. Fulton wrote me nothing could be done. I will either go soon after New Year or give it all up. . . . This morning I had, besides my own people, some Pedobaptists, including my reporter friend. I took very strong ground; hope I didn't hurt anybody's feelings. . . . I may stir up a hornet's nest. . . . This morning when I got about half way through I discovered that I had failed to bring my last sheet of MS. I was mightily worried, but as I

preached on, I kept collecting up those last pages, so that I believe I closed possibly even more flourishingly and powerfully than I would have done with paper. I make it a point to be perfectly straightforward, so I said, 'I find, to my discomfiture, that I've left some of my MS., but I believe I can give you the sense of it.' I had left it in my overcoat, and thought it was there, but concluded not to stop, lest it might not be there, which would have been awkward. I generally go over the sheets just before preaching, but omitted it this time. . . . Sue went out this morning for the first time for four or five months."

The year 1873 was destined to be a most eventful one, in some respects the most eventful, in his life. Its early months found him, released by his church upon request of the Memorial Committee, at work in northern cities in behalf of the Memorial movement. The winter of 1872-'73 was one of unusual rigor, and remembering this, and Dr. Taylor's frail health, the wonder is that his unceasing labors, exposure to the weather, and excessive self-sacrifice, did not end his life. During much of his sojourn in the North the health of his family was far from good. His wife was feeble, several of the smaller children seriously sick, and finally his oldest son was taken ill with pneumonia. In the midst of all this Mr. Taylor was called upon to decide a question on which his whole life work was to hinge. About this time he wrote several circular letters which went to Culpeper Court House, Richmond and Wake Forest, where his brothers and sisters and mother lived. These letters were written after the

fashion of a newspaper, those from Staunton being called "The Bulletin," and those from other places "The Traveller." Most of these letter-papers bore some such heading as this:

		RICHMOND		
FOR				AND WAKE FOREST
CULPEPER				
	F	THE BULLETIN		
	R	<hr/>		
	C	STAUNTON, JAN. 1, 1873		EDITOR

From the first "Bulletin," bearing the above date:

" . . . Sunday night Spotswood . . . was taken quite ill, being threatened with pneumonia. . . . But he is better to-day. . . . The Lord be praised for sparing the dear child. . . . My Baptist series has been an unmitigated pleasure to me. . . . My topic last Sunday morning was: 'What the Baptists Have Done for the World.' Dr. Sears said he wished more Pedobaptists could have heard it. . . . This relieved me. I did not know but my learning was disgusting him. . . . I go to original sources for everything. . . . How different one feels doing this from what he does getting everything second or tenth hand! . . . Last Monday night the letter of the Memorial Committee to the church, asking my release to undertake an agency in the North, was taken up. I stated my position thus: was willing to go if the church thought I could be spared, but not so convicted of duty as to insist if they declined. An animated but kind discussion occurred, extending through several hours. Before the meeting there had been much difference of opinion, but the

result was a cordial and unanimous agreement to comply with the request of the committee. Brother Hill made an eloquent speech, saying he would choose never to see me out of the pulpit, etc., but that now my mother called, and I ought to go; that my honored father had been summoned to a similar work, and had been released by the Second Church. . . . Only one thing troubles me besides leaving home—the fear of failure, and not meeting expectations. But I will do my best, much or little. Last night Annie, John and George were invited to a party at Dr. Sears'. Annie and George went and had a jolly good time. I religiously encourage them to go into society, thinking ease of manners and knowledge of life, talents a Christian may use for God, and they are best acquired by going into society—*good* society when young."

From "The Bulletin," dated January 15th, the following extracts are taken:

"It is all the rage now in Staunton to report religious items. It has some advantages, but is liable to abuse. Scene in G. B. T.'s study: Enter reporter. 'Can I get the MS. of your yesterday's sermon?' 'Would be pleased, but gave it to another reporter at church.' 'I'll get it of him, but I am sorry he is ahead of me.' Lately, owing to my special themes, I have rather monopolized matters, and it has amazed me to see the willingness of Presbyterian and Methodist editors to print my Baptist utterances. The world moves. Mauzy, a student at the University during my chaplaincy, has reported me well and flatteringly every week. I have had rather to hold him

in check. . . . Spotswood convalescent, attenuated, weak and fretful, utterly unlike himself. Scene in chamber: Nurse holding one baby. The mother the other. Sometimes both babies on same lap. First babe whimpers. Second babe yells. Trying to nerves. But, God be thanked, they are still with us."

To show Dr. Taylor "in lighter vein," a "Bulletin—Extra," of January 21st, 11 P. M., will be given entire:

"We had intended to pursue the old foggy, conservative, even tenor of our way; but we find that cannot be. Heavy pressure is brought to bear on us, and we are forced to quicken our steps. We must do this or die ignominiously. Not willing to be second rate, we have determined, on entering the field as competitors with the modern newspaper, to out-herod Herod, and move faster than any paper in existence, though Jehu himself were driving against us. We, therefore, purpose the following:

*First.* In addition to our regular issue, we shall issue three extras every day, and when much is occurring will issue one every hour in the twenty-four. Can any contemporary beat that?

*Second.* We shall engage Mrs. John Smith to edit our family department, and shall have several letters of ten columns each from each of the younger members of the Smith family, who, our readers know, are numerous.

*Third.* We shall send a special correspondent to look for Sir John Franklin—and possibly for Dr. Bennett's bones.

*Fourth.* We offer the following remarkable inducements and premiums to subscribers: (1) To any one



sending us ten subscribers with the money, a hoop skirt, a *chignon*, a rattle, a baseball, a pastor's manual, Neander's Church History, a fiddle, a sewing machine, a pair of baptizing pants, an organ and a baptistery. (2) For twenty subscribers without any money at all, double the above. (3) For fifty subscribers, strictly *dead head*, a farm, McCormick's reaper, six oxen, and a goad made of cedar from Mt. Lebanon. (4) The above evinces our desire to please all and be liberal, but we continue. Some may love the fine arts. Accordingly, we shall every Monday morning send an express messenger to China, and one to Patagonia, to select for us the finest chromos. For 100 subscribers we will give a chromo thirty feet by forty, and a house to put it in. To every old subscriber renewing, we offer a panorama, a Chester hog, a church steeple, and a scholarship at Oxford University."

The next "Bulletin," dated January 21st, 1873, among other things contains the following:

"I saw a little newspaper item lately that touched me; 'Pillow Prayers.' I believe if I ever pray, it is when I am lying awake at night. 'When I awake I am still with Thee.'"

On February 5th, 1873, from Philadelphia, he wrote to his brother Charles:

" . . . Stayed two nights at your (Guy's) hotel, but left because it was needlessly expensive. Can be about as comfortable here at one-half or one-third. I have for some time been fighting a bronchial trouble, which was much aggravated by my trip here, and running around some in weather, either fearfully cold or else rainy and

slushy. As the result I am almost voiceless. It is uncomfortable not being able to talk much above a whisper, and I may continue so for days. Fortunately it seems to be the general impression that more can be done by private appeals to solid men than by preaching, and I am adopting the former plan. Still I know it would greatly aid me were I able to make myself heard, as I could do every day and Sunday too. But the Lord knows best. Doubtless my physical status has been ground out by the inexorable movement of natural causes working according to natural laws; but that does not exclude God. The very day I came here I went to see Bucknell, the leviathan of these waters; talked to him for two hours. He promised to give \$1,000. . . . I have procured the names of some forty of the Philadelphia Baptists, who are more or less able and willing to give, and have printed a little note stating all I would say in an interview, and promising to call and hear the response. To-morrow morning I shall mail these missives, give them twenty-four hours to do their work, and the next morning go to see what my bait has caught, or to change my figure; how my medicine has affected the involuntary patients. . . . Till to-day I have felt very bright, but to-day my physical feelings have somewhat affected my mental feelings. But I do not surrender, and hope, with a night's rest, to be better."

Five days later he wrote to his mother :

" . . . Once or twice I have gotten very blue, but for the most part have not time. I generally go incessantly from early morn till dark. . . . I have gotten,



"I have secured about \$2,300 in Philadelphia, besides getting a good many promises. . . . Everything has been against me—the terrible weather, the dullness of the season, and the two great enterprises now calling for aid here, the Home and the University of Lewisburg. All say 'this is the very worst time.' I say 'all times are bad to get money.' 'Yes, but this is the worst,' etc.

"Yesterday, after going until dark, I crossed the Delaware, and spent the night with Brother Chambliss in Camden. They gave me an old Virginia welcome, and a pleasant warm chamber, which I've not been in since I left Staunton. . . . In the night it snowed again, and after breakfast began to pour and the track was almost unbroken, and they tried to persuade me not to leave, but I had promised to preach for Brethren Peddie and Henson to-day, so tramped a couple of miles through snow and rain and slush. A more terrible day I never saw. Congregations small and solid men not present. I enjoyed preaching a gospel sermon, and have seldom seen more weeping hearers. Then I said a few words, and about \$50 was handed me. . . . It is still pouring, and the streets are almost impassable. But I shall go to Henson's church and see."

From a letter of six large pages to his wife, dated New York, February 24th, 1873, the following extracts are taken. Allusion is made in this letter to Rev. Lansing Burrows, at present pastor of the First Baptist Church, Nashville, Tennessee:

"I wrote last from Bordentown. My day there was a sort of rest after tramping wearily the Philadelphia

streets. Burrows and wife treated me with great kindness. . . . I showed your likeness to Mrs. B——, as I do generally to the ladies, and she and they all admire it. . . . Wednesday P. M. Burrows accompanied me to Trenton. . . . Thursday morning I went to State House, saw Governor Parker, the battleground of the great Trenton battle, the building in which the Hessians quartered, etc. . . . Ere the train came the snow had turned to a driving sleet and cold rain. It was comfortable enough on the cars, but what was I to do on reaching the city? I reached Gotham in such a storm as I hardly ever saw, and the streets were almost impassable, while the scene as vehicles and pedestrians contended at the crossings beggars description. I crossed by the proper ferry, yet not the one I was thinking of, so did not find the hotel I was purposing to put up at. I quickly decided to retreat from the pitiless storm into the first one I could find, and ran into the National on Courtlandt, which turned out to be comfortable, and to answer my purpose well enough. For hours I sat by the stove, drying and warming, and thinking of little except that I was delivered from the fury of the storm. . . . Yesterday was bright, but fearfully cold. Miss Susan escorted me by cars to the First Church. It is a large, fashionable house, but Dr. A—— gave me a warm greeting, and I felt at home. I preached *ex tempore*, real protracted meeting style, and have seldom had more evidences of appreciation. After I finished, without a break, I, in a few words, referred to the Memorial movement. This plan was awkward, but necessary, as baptism immediately

followed. . . . At night I heard Mr. McArthur, pastor at Calvary, and saw him baptize. I liked much, but not the closing of his prayer by the choir's chanting the Lord's prayer. . . . I must press on for the present, though 'tis peculiarly hard, being anxious about a sick family, and contending, in my own delicate health, with this terrible winter. . . . What would I give to be at home! And to-day I feel specially depressed, not being well, and not knowing precisely what to do next. But the Lord will direct."

This letter evidently went the round to the various branches of the family, for in the handwriting of Dr. Taylor's mother at the bottom of the sheet these words appear:

"Tuesday. This was received to-day. You can send to Charlie. George was appointed for Rome last night. Hope he will not accept."

The following letter to his brother Charles, dated New York, March 5th, 1873, refers to the same matter:

" . . . I was startled yesterday morning on receiving a telegram from Dr. Tupper announcing my appointment to Rome. As yet I have hardly been able to think of the matter. But I wish solemnly and prayerfully to consider it. I write for two things: I want your views on the subject. Of course, I don't suppose a friend can *advise* on such a question, much less decide it, but he may help another to look all around it, and so prevent partial and improper views."

As early as 1850 the Foreign Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention turned its attention to

Europe as a mission field, and thought of sending a representative to Switzerland or France. Nothing, however, was done. In 1862 the Rev. Dr. Franklin Wilson became greatly interested in Italy, and in 1870 he spoke before the American Baptist Publication Society, at the anniversaries in Philadelphia, urging that Baptist literature should be more largely provided for European countries, especially, Italy, Spain and France. Rev. Dr. James B. Taylor, Secretary of the Foreign Mission Board of Richmond, heard this address, and was deeply impressed by it. He soon wrote to Dr. Wilson, saying that the Board was ready to begin work in Italy, if the man could be found to send. Dr. Wilson recommended Dr. W. N. Cote, whose father, once a priest, had subsequently been connected with the Grand Ligne Mission of Canada. Dr. Cote, who had been the secretary of the Y. M. C. A. of France, having been appointed a missionary of the Southern Baptist Convention, sailed on June 22nd, being instructed to establish a mission "in Southern Europe, to be located at Marseilles or Milan or Chambéry, or such other point as shall, after investigation, be considered the most advisable." On September 20th, 1870, Victor Emmanuel entered Rome, through a breach in the walls, at Porta Pia; the temporal power of the pope was at an end, and the Eternal City was open. More than one Protestant missionary began work in Rome, Dr. Cote among the number. At first great success seemed to attend the work of the Southern Baptists in Rome. Many were received into the church. Troubles, however, soon came. Not a few had been attracted by the hope of the "loaves and

fishes," and some were rejoicing in the new political freedom which had come to them, rather than in "the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free." There were other complications, and the Rev. Dr. J. B. Jeter was sent out as a special commissioner to meet the emergency, and to purchase property for a meeting-house in Rome. In the meanwhile the idea of a mission in Rome aroused great enthusiasm and interest in the home churches. It was determined that \$20,000 be raised for a chapel in Rome, and Dr. George C. Lorimer was appointed as missionary of the Board to Rome. Dr. Lorimer, having declined to accept the position, on March 3rd the Board appointed George B. Taylor. Concerning the appointment the Board said in their annual report:

"The practical sagacity, the broad cultivation, the elevated character, and missionary spirit of this brother, render him, in the opinion of the Board, eminently qualified for succession to the troubled things at Rome, for training native preachers, and undisciplined churches, and for pressing forward the work of the Lord by the pulpit and press, and by his personal consecration to the holy cause."

On March 27th, Dr. Taylor wrote, from Staunton, to his mother, saying in part:

"I write just a line to say that I reached home yesterday (Wednesday), and found George very sick with pneumonia. Both physicians were in at dark (Dr. Waddell's third visit for the day), and think the case very serious. Mrs. Hill and Annie sat up last night. I cannot help hoping he is a little better this morning. Sue



does not think so. God reigns. George has been delirious much of the time, but is not now. He was very anxious for my return, and made very happy by it. I would write more, but he does not like me to leave him for a minute."

Not long after writing this letter Dr. Taylor decided not only to accept the appointment to Rome, but also to comply with the request of the Board and leave for his new field at an early date. Mrs. Taylor had not been in favor of going to Rome, thinking it a hazardous undertaking for a man in middle life, not very strong in body, and with four young children. She was, however, most loyal to her husband and to his conviction in the matter. When once he had made up his mind that it was his duty to go to Rome, she accepted the decision most cordially, giving evidence at this critical time, and in all the years that followed, by a most brave and cheerful spirit, of how true and strong was her faith in her Saviour.

On April 11th, 1873, he wrote to his brother Charles:

"On some accounts leaving so soon and suddenly is a trial. Still, when I have an arduous work ahead I like to get at it. Everything has worked pretty well. People very affectionate, and ready to help Susan. In the main my feelings have been calm and peaceful. To-day I am just a little depressed from physical causes. . . . My sale is on the 27th. I shall not be here. . . . Have studied Italian. Would have made much progress, but for being so busy."

After Dr. Taylor had made all his arrangements for an early departure for Italy, the Board requested him

to postpone his going until Dr. Jeter, who had been summoned home, should arrive. So he attended the Southern Baptist Convention in Mobile and the June meeting in Richmond. On June 5th he writes to his brother Charles, from Richmond:

“ . . . You will see by the papers, and would have seen still more had you been present, that I have lately been made more of than ever before in my life. This is, I think, in part a manifestation of affectionate regard of the existence of which I had been ignorant, and, of course, is in part the expression of interest in the mission I have undertaken. I have been astonished and overwhelmed. In part it has been painful, I do so shrink from being lionized or put forward, specially as I feel very small and unworthy, God is my witness; but then on the other hand it is sweet to have assurance that so many will invoke on me His favor, who can and who alone can make me blessed, and my work a success. And I trust the kindness shown me by my brethren will only humble me, and cause me to seek to be more worthy of that kindness. . . . It comes over me sometimes, very affectingly, what an undertaking it is to remove such a family as mine so far. But I trust we shall be able to meet all that is before us. . . . Do you know that I am also to have two young ladies under my care as far as the Continent—a Miss Kerfoot, and a Miss Archer of Petersburg, the last going to study music in Germany for two years?”

Farewell was said to the loved ones in Richmond, and, as the train passed northward, they standing on the porch

of the home on West Franklin Street (in those days there were no buildings between Franklin Street and the R. F. & P. track) waved to the little party starting for Rome. Dr. Moses D. Hoge was on the train, and a few years later, at the funeral of Dr. Taylor's mother, referred most tenderly to this scene. From Fredericksburg, where a day was spent to say good-bye to the loved ones there, Dr. Taylor, on June 14th, 1873, wrote to his mother:

“ . . . My heart was in my throat when we waved to each other, and Dr. Hoge, who was sitting by me, delicately left me. I had some pleasant chats with him, and he said some kind things of me, and of my mission. . . . I find several excellent letters of introduction, and one of suggestions from Brother John A. Broadus. He is very kind.”

On June 18th, 1873, Dr. and Mrs. Taylor with their four children, the youngest an infant in arms, sailed from New York on the steamship *Columbia*, of the “Anchor Line,” for Glasgow, en route for Rome.

## CHAPTER VI

### First Years in Rome—The Rome Chapel



I AM in Rome! . . . . .  
. . . . . A thousand busy thoughts  
Rush on my mind, a thousand images,  
And I spring up as girt to run a race.

—*Rogers.*

“BEHOLD this temple to Thy praise,  
Make it Thy very own;  
Here knit our waiting souls in one  
And bind us to Thy throne.”



THE “Columbia” proved herself a safe but a very slow boat. Fourteen long days passed before Glasgow was reached; fourteen very trying days for Dr. and Mrs. Taylor! She, although suffering terribly from sea-sickness, in a very small stateroom had almost all the care of the baby, since the nurse was sick and helpless. Besides the baby there were two other little children. Much of the time no small storm lay on the ship. In the next stateroom there was, one night, a sudden death, and other minor events calculated to depress were not wanting. As for Dr. Taylor, anxiety for the whole party was upon him, and he was caring now for one and now for another, ever most patient, cheerful and sympathetic.

The few days in Scotland were as pleasant as the days

on the Atlantic had been the reverse. It is doubtful whether any other entrance to Europe is more charming, for an American, than through the gateway of the Giant's Causeway, the Clyde, Glasgow and Edinburgh. Mrs. Taylor, from her earliest childhood, had known and loved Scott's works, and so Scotland, and her keen appreciation and enjoyment of Edinburgh was inspiring to all the little party. After some days in London, Dr. Taylor went on to Italy to acquaint himself at once with the situation there. Mrs. Taylor and the children spent the six weeks of his absence in an apartment of St. John's Wood Road, some five minutes' walk from Regent's Park. The children found Regent's Park most delightful, and Dr. and Mrs. Angus, at the Regent's Park College, were so hospitable and so kind in many ways that they and their beautiful English home will ever be most gratefully remembered.

Upon Dr. Taylor's return, the family took up its journey towards Italy. It was too warm to go to Rome, and no place altogether satisfactory could be secured in Switzerland. Unexpectedly most pleasant quarters, at very moderate figures, were found in the little French city of Dijon in the famous Côte d'Or. Here, in an annex of the Hotel du Jura, near the edge of the town, two weeks were most delightfully spent. They were almost the only folks in the new and comfortable establishment, and the dainty French cooking was most thoroughly enjoyed. Every morning study, letters, lessons, reading, were the order of the day, and then in the afternoon came expeditions through the quaint streets, and public gardens

of the town, and walks and drives out into the country, then in the full glory of the vintage. What a load of anxiety and care Dr. and Mrs. Taylor must have had upon them, yet they kept a brave and cheerful spirit and made their children very happy! With Chambéry, Turin, Piacenza and Florence as stopping places, finally Rome was reached, October 18th. Of these months of travel towards Rome only one letter has been found.

This letter from London is dated 18 North Bank, July 20th, 1873:

“I had not expected to be in London to-day. I was detained sight-seeing with my party, and delivering letters of introduction, and seeing persons in the interest of the Italian Mission, but chiefly to hear from the Continent touching a permanent residence for my family, while I should go to Rome. When at last the expected letter came from Geneva, it was unfavorable, and having become in the meanwhile much pleased with present quarters I decided to leave my family . . . at this place. . . . The girls and I were to start for Paris Saturday, but on reaching home Friday P. M. I found the baby so sick I decided not to go. I had called on Dr. Angus, President of Regent’s Park College, . . . and, though failing to see him, had received a very polite note inviting me to meet socially at the college a committee of gentlemen on revision. So I now decided, as we required a physician, to get Dr. Angus to recommend one. His note in reply was very sympathetic, and mentioned a homœopathist (*whom he employed*), and an allopathist.

I went for the latter, Dr. Holland, Lichfield Terrace, who came promptly, and has been in each day since. . . . His charge for three visits, half a guinea, made low doubtless under the circumstances. Mrs. Angus called yesterday to offer sympathy, and aid if required. . . . You remember Mrs. Roberts urged us to go to hear Dr. Vaughan, Master of the Temple. . . . I decided to go. . . . George and the girls went to Westminster Abbey, and Mary Page and I proceeded to the Temple. We took the Metropolitan railroad to King's Cross, and walked a mile from that point, down Gray's Inn Road, Chanery Lane, and into Fleet Street right at the building used as a palace by Henry VIII, and Cardinal Wolsey. . . . The large, handsome building was rapidly filling, mostly with men. I was directed to take a seat in the rear, but when I told the verger I was a minister from America I was told to go up higher and seat Mary on the altar cushion, females it seemed not being allowed in the body of the house.

"While waiting for the service to begin, I, as usual, looked over the hymn-book and found some very sweet hymns, one of which I copied, and is as follows:

## 1.

No, not despairingly  
 Come I to Thee!  
 No, not distrustingly  
 Bend I the knee.  
 Sin hath gone over me,  
 Yet this still is my plea—  
 Jesus hath died.

## 2.

Ah, mine iniquity  
 Crimson hath been,  
 Infinite, infinite,  
 Sin upon sin!  
 Sin of not loving Thee,  
 Sin of not trusting Thee,  
 Infinite sin.

## 3.

Lord, I confess to Thee  
 Sadly my sin;  
 All I am, tell I Thee,  
 All I have been;  
 Purge Thou my sin away,  
 Wash Thou my soul this day,  
 Lord, make me clean.

## 4.

Faithful and just Thou art,  
 Forgiving all;  
 Loving and kind art Thou,  
 When poor ones call;  
 Lord, let Thy cleansing blood,  
 Blood of the Lamb of God,  
 Pass o'er my soul.

## 5.

Then all is peace and light,  
 This soul within;  
 Thus shall I walk with Thee,  
 The loved unseen;  
 Leaning on Thee, my God,  
 Guided along the road,  
 Nothing between.

I make no comment on the lines. They may be not remarkable any way, but they affected me. . . . The music was the best London affords, in the Westminster



and St. Paul's style, and the service occupied one hour and forty minutes before the sermon began. I confess I begrudged so much from the sermon, which was but thirty-five minutes in length, and to my taste might have been much longer. But the audience, men though they were, and of the more cultivated class, evidently came mainly to hear the music, and paid, I thought, but little attention to the sermon, to which I listened with eager interest. Text, Luke XII: 50, 'I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I straitened,' etc. The sermon was an excellent one. . . . Among other good things the Master of the Temple said that by baptism here we must understand immersion, and quoted that passage from the Psalms, 'the waters are gone over me,' etc. As I emerged from the Temple court, and hailed an omnibus, I saw on the top a gentleman whom I at once knew to be an American, and suspected to be a clergyman. We soon fell into a conversation, for Mary and I climbed up, and I found he was a clergyman from Detroit. He had been to hear Spurgeon. I reported myself as a minister, and was about to tell my denomination, and ask his, when it occurred to me to preserve my 'incog,' and repeat the utterance of Dr. Vaughan on the act of baptism. I did so, and my acquaintance seemed nonplussed and said: 'Did he say that? It is very remarkable.' 'Yes,' said I, 'he said that, and Conybeare and Howson, and in fact all the scholars of England and Germany say the same when they are interpreting, and not in controversy.'" This letter, finished in Paris, July 22nd, 1873, says further: "Last evening at 8 o'clock the

girls and I left London. . . . I shall hasten on to Italy. I hope to meet Dr. Cote in Turin, and proceed to visit our stations, and evangelists in Northern Italy."

At various times in his life Dr. Taylor kept a diary, but only one or two of these volumes survive, he having burned some of them. In a letter to his brother, written soon after reaching Rome, he gives a number of pages from his diary. Gioja, to whom reference is made, had been baptized March 21st, 1872, by Dr. Cote, in the Tiber, Dr. H. H. Tucker, of Georgia, being present, and later ordained, the presbytery consisting of Dr. Cote, Dr. M. T. Yates, of China, and Dr. George W. Anderson. Gioja had given very serious trouble, and, before Dr. Taylor's arrival in Rome, had been dismissed by the Board.

"On October the 18th we came from Florence, where we had been detained by Susy's illness, to this city. . . . As we neared the Eternal City, after a pleasant journey, we witnessed a resplendent sunset. We could not forbear the hope that the clouded sunrise and golden setting might prove a happy omen. By the setting sun I read in Italian Ps. c. The station in Rome was crowded with passengers, arriving by our train, and for some minutes we were detained to undergo the fumigation now inflicted upon travellers into Italy as a sanitary precaution. We found it suffocating, but we had passed through the same experience on our never-to-be-forgotten arrival in Piacenza. . . . In a few minutes we had driven to the humble pension provided for us, 3rd piano, 68 Via Babuino, and after the usual contest with cabby and porter, this time happily conducted by the landlord,

we found ourselves quietly settled, for a few days at least, in our apartment.

“The 19th was the Lord’s day. Dr. Cote called early and summoned me to a walk. He had bad news from America. I trembled. I thought it was the death of my sister. It proved to be his final dismissal from the service of the Board. He was much distressed. . . . I felt, also, deepest sympathy for him. . . . I tried to comfort him and tried to stand by him. . . . On going to the banker’s I received letters from Dr. Tupper, and sister J—; the former quite depressing to my feelings. It referred to the great financial pressure. . . . Being pressed for time, Dr. C— and G— and I rode to the Trastevere, and attended the service in our little hall. We left about sixty children eating their macaroni soup. . . . At night G— and Dr. C— and I again rode to the Trastevere. While Dr. C— was preaching we were rudely interrupted by rowdies, whom Dr. C— thinks the priests sent. For a time all was confusion, but we rallied and had a good meeting. The singing specially is fine. I said a few words, which were interpreted.

“October 20th. . . . G—, Dr. C— and I walked to Trastevere. Again we were disturbed, stones being thrown into the girls’ school room. . . .

“October 21st. . . . At night at Trastevere. Awake nearly all night; mind careful and troubled about many things. . . .

“October 22nd. Physically and mentally depressed. Wrote to Dr. Tupper, asking three months’ notice for Dr.

Cote. Received a letter from Gioja. Looked at apartments; have so far found none within my means, the lowest being 400 lire or \$80 per month! . . . At night busy on mission accounts, and writing to Dr. Tupper.

"October 23rd. Before breakfast, wrote the following letter to Gioja: 'Dear sir: Your letter asking my advice is received, and I am sorry to write an unsatisfactory reply, but stranger as I am to you, and also a new-comer to Italy, I do not feel competent to advise you. I can, however, refer you to James 1: 5. Whoever truly waits on God will find direction. You also offer your services as a teacher of French and Italian, but I am not at present expecting to employ a teacher. Very resp'ly.' . . . I now see very clearly what has for some time been dawning on me, that to live on the income assigned me, and which I thought even *too* liberal, will require the most stringent economy. . . . After dinner took G—— and Mrs. T—— to Colosseum. In the evening Dr. C—— came. . . . He had been apartment-hunting for me all day, and desponded of getting what we need at prices which we had hoped. . . . Our large trunk shipped from London, per *petite vitesse*, about six weeks ago, has not yet arrived. We need its contents and, moreover, I can't help feeling uneasy about it.

"October 24th. Dr. Cote called, and we had a long, important conversation upon our work in Italy. Grave difficulties still exist, and embarrassing problems are yet to be solved. God alone can help. To Him I must look. . . . Accompanied by Dr. Cote went to 11 Quattro Fontane and engaged the 4th piano [corresponding to the

fifth floor in an American house] for eight months at 325 lire per month. The sum is more than I can afford, but it is less than I had been told by all I must pay; and, while high up, they combine more of the advantages which I esteem, such as healthfulness, privacy, pleasant English-speaking landlord, than any I have seen. . . . Immediately after dinner called on Mr. Wall, and had a long, pleasant interview with him. In 1863 he came to Italy as the result of a letter in the London *Freeman*, from my loved friend, now in glory, Brother John Berg. . . .

“October 25th. . . . We then engaged dinner to be sent from restaurant, three portions at three francs each, which it is hoped will suffice, with some slight supplementing, for my family. My hope is to live on 900 lire per month, but it will require the greatest economy, and leave little margin for books, tuition, and unforeseen expenses. But I will do my best and trust the Lord. After dinner I went to the bank and placed 725 lire to my individual credit. This overdraws my account as agent of Board. I cannot help feeling anxiety. I need my salary, past due, and the evangelists will soon need theirs, and there are no funds, and, so far as I know, no immediate prospect of any. . . . We all also were initiated into the mysteries of a Roman kitchen, and contrivance for drawing water from the well in the court below. For the present, at least, Sue and Sarah will prepare what is necessary for our morning and evening meal. . . . Bought for five soldi a bundle of mere twigs, and made a cheerful blast in our only fireplace.

“Lord’s Day, October 26th. Attended the Trastevere

with George, going through a rain. Arriving before Dr. C——, who was detained and who I supposed to be sick, I conducted the Bible class of youths. Of course it was miserably done, and I was quite willing to resign to Dr. C—— when he arrived. About fifty present.

“October 30th. Commenced regularly to hear George his lessons, for the present only algebra and Italian. . . . During the morning rain fell more solidly and continuously than I have ever seen it, accompanied by thunder and lightning. . . . Devoted the A. M. to Italian grammar and reading Italian, ‘Promessi Sposi’ [Manzoni’s great novel], and P. M. to hearing letters from evangelists, and reading Italian aloud for criticism. Also went out at five and bought supplies. I buy generally from Italian stores in preference. . . . We often have kid for dinner. In Florence I suspected a piece of meat to be that and inquired of the waiter was that mutton. ‘No,’ he replied, proud of his English, ‘dat de son of de mutton’ (lamb). The boarders had a merry laugh.”

The picture of the early days in Rome is yet further described in a letter to his brother Charles, dated November 10th, 1873:

“ . . . I am busier than ever before, and though sometimes overburdened with anxiety, I find the days flying by only too swiftly. My mornings I spend in my study, going over mission accounts, writing to the evangelists, reading the piles of letters from them which have accumulated during the summer, working away at Italian, mostly alone, but with what aid I need from Dr. Cote. . . . I of course pay some attention to the grammar,

but my main object now is to get a vocabulary, and catch the pronunciation, which last seems to me to constitute one of the chief difficulties of the language. To these ends I read aloud a good deal, not only in classic Italian, but in the Bible, and in 'Pilgrim's Progress.' . . . The afternoon I often spend in the same way, as we have a deal of dark, rainy weather, giving me the *solidos dies* that Horace speaks of, and which are so grand for the student. Sometimes I walk a little to get a general idea of localities. As for sight-seeing, I reserve that until I am less pressed, and feeling there will be opportunity enough for that hereafter. . . . After an early tea I generally go to the Trastevere. This gives me quite enough exercise, and I can do more than the old line calls for, 'after supper walk a mile,' as going and returning involves a walk of not less than five miles, and that, too, over very rough pavements, and I generally come back hardly able to climb my four flights of stairs. The necessity of spending my evenings thus is one of the most serious sacrifices of personal ease I am now called to make, as it has been for some time my cherished and growing fancy to do all needed work during the day, and have my quiet evenings with my family at home.

"I, however, enjoy attending the school. It is strictly an evangelical school, and all the more important as a missionary agency, because it not only gives great prominence to the gospel instruction, but reaches those who have to work all day and have few other opportunities for either secular or religious education. By the older scholars the evening is spent almost exclusively in read-

ing and talking over a chapter in the Bible. . . . At the end of an hour the entire school is called together and catechised and lectured, and then comes the cream of the evening—the singing. . . . This singing is a fine advertisement, and is a substitute for a bell; and at this stage numbers of adults, attracted by the ringing voices of the children, gather in near the door, and there is a chance to give them a few words of truth at the close. Now all this occurs in a most repulsive and, I suppose, unhealthful hall, and one that would utterly disgust many of our good folks at home; but it is nothing against the school, indeed, rather to its credit, that it flourishes so well under circumstances so unfavorable. Oh, what would I give for a really good hall, such as I can see with my mind's eye, fitted up with all needed appliances! . . . It is not altogether pleasant going to the Trastevere at night. It is notoriously the worst ward in Rome, and some say corresponds to the Seven Dials in London, and the Five Points in New York. Disorders are very common there. Only a few days before I began to attend the school a man was assassinated in the neighborhood, and the man from whom we rent the hall is at this time in prison awaiting trial for homicide. . . . I mentioned in my last that for several successive evenings our services were rudely interrupted, at the instigation, it was believed, of the priests. I am happy to say we have not been molested since. The police keep pretty near the hall, and we are accustomed every night to stop and have a few pleasant words with them. . . .

“I have heard intimations that there has not always



been in the past the most perfect accord among Protestant Christians laboring in Rome. I do not know how that is. At this time there seems no lack of good feeling. It is certain there is room enough and work enough for all; and I thank God that while I am a most thorough-going and earnest Baptist, I can and do rejoice in good done anywhere by any one. Moreover, I feel, for my own part, so pressed with work that I do not expect to have time to quarrel, even if there should ever be any temptation to that, which I trust there will not be.

“For a few days there has been some excitement in the city on account of the breaking out of cholera. I do not feel any special apprehension. You have probably heard that I had a bilious attack after reaching here. I have not been very well since. In fact, all of us have been rather drooping.”

The next letter, to Mrs. Sally Slaughter and Mrs. Fannie Ficklin, Mrs. Taylor's sisters, is made up almost entirely of extracts from Mr. Taylor's diary. Several allusions need a word of explanation. Hon. G. P. Marsh was the American Minister to Italy. Rev. Mr. R. J. Nevin, a few years after this, built the American Episcopal Church on Via Nazionale, Rome. Mr. Franklin Simmons, an American sculptor, designed the Roger Williams statue in Providence and the Sailors and Soldiers Monument at the west front of the Capitol, Washington. Rev. G. J. Hobday was for some years the superintendent of the Baptist Orphanage of Virginia. Dr. Albert Snead was for many years a leading physician in Richmond, Va., and Col. John B. Baldwin a prominent lawyer in Staunton, Va.

“ . . . November 11th. . . . In the p. m. called on Hon. G. P. Marsh, two American sculptors and Rev. Mr. Nevin (American Episcopal), to all of whom I have letters; but found none of them in. . . . But in Mr. Simmons' studio was much interested in looking at the work in progress, and was somewhat initiated into the mysteries of a sculptor's studio. . . .

“November 12th. . . . At night attended school in Trastevere. Very interesting. I told the young people through an interpreter about my conversion. They always laugh furiously at my *English*, but on this occasion seemed much impressed by my words when translated to them. . . .

“November 15th. . . . Replied also to letter of Brother Hobday, Greenville, S. C., and wrote to Missionary Society of Inquiry at S. B. T. S. . . . The streets to-day are thickly hung with national flags, almost every house having one. Even G—— and M—— went to work to construct one. Wrote to Brother R. H. Graves of Canton, China, who had written me a most kind letter. . . . Rather disturbed, getting letter from Gioja asking another interview. . . . Sue and the children attended at the American Union Church, hearing Dr. Hiscock of New York preach. . . . In p. m. enjoyed a call from Rev. Mr. Birrell of Liverpool. . . .

“November 17th. . . . At 5 p. m. Gioja came, told his troubles, expressed penitence for the past, and earnestly begged an appointment as evangelist. Of course there was but one answer, but I tried to give him good counsel, and prayed with him. . . . At six George and I went

to Trastevere, eating our supper as we went. To-day wintry. . . .

"November 18th. A bright, bracing, cold day. If we only had good firing facilities we might be comfortable. As it is ——! In P. M. took S., G., M. P., and Spotswood a walk to railroad station, then to summit of Esquiline, where we had a fine view of some excavations of the ancient city as well as of the Campagna and mountains, and returned through the Basilica of St. Maria Maggiore, almost a rival of St. Peter's. . . .

"November 19th. . . . At 12.30 I took Spotswood and went to the Parliament. . . . I returned without seeing much besides the outside of the building. But after dinner I returned with G——, and after some delay got admission, and witnessed the voting for officers, the ballots being dropped by the members into three urns. . . . The speaker uses a bell instead of a gavel.

"November 20th. . . . Walked outside of Porta Pia and saw the place at which Victor Emmanuel made a breach, and entered the city September 20th, 1870. . . . At night Sue and I went to Mr. Van Meter's. Present, Mr. and Mrs. Wall, Mr. and Miss Birrell, Liverpool; Prof. Norman Fox, of William Jewell, Mo.; two English travellers, and two or three English residents of Rome. Cold turkey, beef tongue, hot biscuit and delicious coffee, cake, fruit, etc. We have not seen such a Peyton-like supper since we left U. S. . . . We reached home about 10.30 much refreshed every way, and bringing a bundle for the children. . . .

"November 22nd. Water in our well once more. We

shall enjoy it. . . . Our street is still torn to pieces and now we have a deep, broad sewer dug straight down from our door sill, revealing to us how deep is the made earth, and the character of the foundations, and we have to enter over a mountain of earth, and by crossing an extemporized bridge. They work at the street day and night and Sunday. And all Rome is being fixed up in this way. . . . Changed our restaurant. We will try a cheaper dinner. Going as I am on money borrowed from the bankers, and not knowing when they will decline to advance, or when a remittance will come, we are buying everything by the small quantity and exercising the most rigid economy. I paid to-day seventy-five cents for exactly two armfuls of wood. At night walked through rain to Trastevere. . . .

"November 23rd. . . . To Trastevere. I read Luke xv, and spoke about five minutes on Jesus Christ the friend of sinners. I was much embarrassed and made, in consequence, many needless mistakes, and in fact made a poor out generally, but I was understood, and there had to be a beginning. . . . I am profoundly affected by the death of our dear Dr. Snead, as I was by the deaths of Colonel Baldwin, of Staunton, and of my old fellow-student and associate in the Valley, F. H. Bowman, who fell a victim to the fever in Memphis. I would be admonished by these things, as well as by my many pains and weaknesses, of my own end. No word but vile can express my convictions of my own character and life. . . . I have made sacrifices which I deeply feel. But, alas, how little purity of motive!"

On the evening of his first Christmas day in Rome, Dr. Taylor wrote to his brother Charles :

“We had a dinner reminding us of home and of the past—besides our usual restaurant dinner of beef, macaroni, etc., a roast turkey, some pickle sent by the Van Meters, some pepper, and a cup of Mocha coffee. So you see with all our troubles we are in good spirits, and doing well. And to-night Sue and I will have a sweet, quiet time reading and talking together. . . .”

The next letter must be given practically without any abridgment. It describes the first long missionary journey among the churches, which Dr. Taylor made by himself, and it is quite typical, though the novelty to him of all he saw is conspicuous. This letter is to his wife, and is dated Bari, January 31st, 1874 :

“ . . . In my compartment on leaving Naples I had as companions three ‘sisters,’ who appeared to feel anything but kindly to me for entering. But I preferred them and their sour looks to tobacco fumes, so was undaunted and held my place. In an hour or so they left the train, and from that to Foggia, say from eight to three, I had the compartment all to myself. At first my prominent feeling was of sleepiness, and that uncomfortableness which comes from losing sleep, and getting up when one would much prefer to lie abed. But soon I became engaged in a desperate struggle to keep warm, or rather to keep from being insufferably cold. The day was sunless and raw, and our passage was for one hundred miles through a mountainous region covered with snow, while occasionally the clouds would spit forth the genuine

article with a vim you would hardly have supposed possible in this southern genial clime. It would have been amusing if it had been less pitiable to see my efforts. My overcoat, you know, is very thin, and my half shawl like the covering described in Scripture. I needed it to sit on and to cover my shoulders and my feet. For either two it was sufficient, but for all three it was quite unequal; and to see me curled into a knot, and keeping perfectly still, so as not to throw off my needed covering, would have excited the risibles of the most pitying, and the pity of the most mirthful fellow-passenger, whom a kind Providence had, by keeping him away, saved the trouble of acting this double and conflicting part of the laughing and crying philosopher. Happily I had also a pair of cheap rag slippers along, which were large enough to admit my toes and insteps, leaving only the heels utterly unprotected. Coiled up as I was, reading was not easy, yet I read in Italian several chapters of the Acts, and I must say read them with keener zest than usual, entering into Paul's missionary journeys as scarcely ever before. Anon I would pace my compartment like a caged lion and even stamp around generally to keep from getting numb and stiff. But as the walking had to be done on my own empty stomach, it was the less relished, for, be it ever remembered, while hunger is the best sauce for dinner, it is not for exercise. But all things have an end and so had my troubles for this time, and of this kind. About two o'clock we began to see the ground once more, and I gave an involuntary sigh of relief, and said 'Thank God for this.' Then, too, came some strag-

gling beams of the sun, and I actively dodged from corner to corner to catch each gleam. We also emerged into a beautiful open and fertile country, in striking contrast with the dreary region through which most of our journey had been made. And to crown all, at three o'clock we reached Foggia, where I had a rest of an hour before changing trains and where I had the opportunity to get a good hot dinner, which, while it did not quite take the numbness out of my fingers, certainly made my body and my mind feel a thousand per cent better. But I am sure had the man of the German story, 'the man who could not shiver,' been with me yesterday, he could have been gratified, or if he had found, owing to his peculiar condition or constitution, any difficulty, I could gladly have helped him by relieving him of any or all of his garments.

"At 4.30 I took another train on the great through route, down the Adriatic coast to the stepping-off place for the Orient. Still, strangely enough, I had a compartment to myself. But about dusk, at a certain station, eight men bolted for my compartment and off we dashed. They at once began to talk first of and then to me. They were athletic-looking fellows and their eyes and mustaches were decidedly brigandish. Now not only has Southern Italy been cursed with brigandism, but we had but a little before passed a town which Bædeker, a most faithful guide, declares is still 'noted for the brigandism of its inhabitants.' Then these men whispered and made signs so mysteriously; how could I not have vague suspicions awakened? Add several suspicious circumstances—their most pertinacious and minute inquiries as to my desti-

nation and whether or not I was a traveller for pleasure; their drawing the curtain over the lamp in the ceiling of the car, so as to render it almost perfectly dark; their crowding very close to me; and finally their producing and showing for my inspection several pieces of silver, and more than hinting their wish, which I took care not to gratify, to see the contents of my purse; and do you wonder that with all these things I felt at least the need of caution, and began to think what I would do, if peradventure (for I did not really apprehend danger) they should do this or that? And yet, after all, I presently assured myself that the suspicious circumstances were purely accidental, and portended just what the dead Indian answers, that is, nothing at all. The catechism to which I was put was due simply to curiosity. Probably they had never seen an American before. Moreover, my chief interlocutor was a lawyer. But now embarrassment on my part succeeded any other feeling. I am sure I felt as I sported my broken Italian, trying to gratify them, something as a coy maiden might feel when surrounded by her first circle of admiring and contending combatants for her favor; and when they seemed lost in astonishment that one so lately come should talk so well, and all eyes were on me, and all tongues busy discussing my revelations, really my face became hot with just such blushes as might have suffused the face of the aforesaid maiden. But having satisfied myself no harm was meant I boldly told them all they wanted to know about myself—in fact did all but produce the purse—and to my statement, 'I am an evangelical minister,' they said, 'Bravo!



Benissimo,' in a way quite reassuring. They left the train one after the other with a kind handshake; and so ended my adventure (?).

"In a couple of hours I was at Bari, and before I could hesitate much as to my plan of action, I was greeted by Signor Basile, and three other brethren, whose affectionate kisses might even have confirmed my idea of being a courted maiden, as above suggested, had I not learned to know last summer that these were the holy kisses enjoined by the Apostle. We walked to the excellent Albergo del Risorgimento, and sat for a couple of hours talking, and then I retired in my ample chamber, and, thanks to my Heavenly Father, enjoyed a pretty good night's rest.

"But, alas, this morning was cold and rainy as I went out to a restaurant in the rain for my *caffè*. Oh, how cheerless it was! How was I shocked and saddened to hear there that this was the last day of a poor fellow condemned to be executed in this city! It has been a pall over my soul all day, and at one I thought, 'at this hour he is meeting his doom'; and then presently the people came thronging back from the scene and presently all were reading the huge placards in reference to his execution.

"Till eleven this morning I sat talking with the brethren, but, oh so cold; equal to any November day I ever felt! Then I said I must have a room with a fire. Alas! no such room in the house. Then I demanded a *scaldino*, which warmed my feet, but badly affected my head. Alas, winter life in Italy is often the quintessence of all un-comfortableness. My brethren said, 'Oh, this weather will not last many days.' 'No,' said I, 'but if by the time it

gets fair and warm the bad has killed me, what good would the sunshine do me? At which all were infinitely diverted. I have been busy talking all day, I trust usefully. I have tried to talk for Jesus. This letter I have dashed off for recreation, and now have not time even to read it over. Have just taken a look at Horace's 'stormy Adriatic' and now go to sup with an evangelical family. In much haste with oceans of love to each and all. Your devoted Husband."

Under date of April 4th, 1874, Dr. Taylor wrote to his brother Charles:

"Probably before receiving this you will have seen of an advance step taken by our mission in the baptism of several in Milan, the beginning of a Baptist Church. . . . Last evening I received a letter from Bari mentioning the baptism of four. This is encouraging. *Per contra* there came also a long document signed by thirty-two persons disaffected, who have left the church (or been excluded, some of them), bitterly complaining of injustice, and making grievous charges against the evangelist and the rest of the church, and appealing to me for redress, and also to rectify matters. . . . I fear to do nothing and yet do not know what to do.

" . . . The Board seems embarrassed, and I have been keeping the mission going by borrowing constantly. You can imagine the disagreeableness of this as well as the anxiety I am kept in. Sometimes I am nervous at the postman's ring or the entrance of a person, lest it may be a demand for a payment I cannot meet. Our entire band of laborers lives from hand to mouth, and our rents

have to be paid with great punctuality to avoid being turned out, or at least much trouble, and consequently all the time, and certainly at the beginning of the month, I am in more or less trouble. When remittances come they generally about pay what has been borrowed, and then the story is repeated. I have just had considerable trouble turning the 1st of April corner. I had borrowed \$700 from Mr. Van Meter, whom I paid by borrowing from the bank, and, of course, look anxiously for a remittance. . . . The Board being so pressed I have declined two months' salary. This I do very cheerfully, though it presses me. I have lived with sufficient comfort in some things, but have used and am using a very strict economy, foregoing many things that I think few brethren would wish or expect me to do."

From a sixteen-page letter to his brothers, dated June 9th, 1874, the following extracts are made:

" . . . Last Sunday I preached at the Scotch Presbyterian Church, a handsome building outside the walls. . . . I enjoyed preaching. . . . There were several pleasant episodes. . . . Who should come up after the sermon but Mrs. McGuffey and the Misses Howard! . . . While I was talking to them a lady sought an introduction, saying she was from Philadelphia, and that one of the recollections of her childhood was the devotion of her mother to my father. Then came up two or three gentlemen, very profuse about the sermon, one of them borrowing it for himself and party. You remember Broadus telling you of Spurgeon's deacon asking him (S——) what he would drink after preach-

ing, etc. Well, in the Scotch Church here they give no option, but have in the preacher's retiring-room only port wine and crackers. Suppose the preacher had poor teeth and needed something stronger! . . . Among those at the Scotch Church Sunday was our good, dear doctor, Dr. Gason, who is really *the* (low) English Episcopal Church in Rome, having almost single-handed kept it going and built the new, beautiful house. He invited me after sermon to take tea with him last evening. I went and had a really pleasant time, with him, his wife and the cat, who constitute the family. They are very intelligent and cordial, and wonderfully friendly to me and mine. He is a warm-hearted Irishman, a real churchman, but a good Christian, and a hater of humbug. He goes to the Bagni di Lucca to-morrow, where he is resident physician, and is going to arrange for us, who expect to follow in a few days. . . . I have been very busy all day, mostly answering Italian letters. Every day the difficulties, complications, embarrassments of this work grow on me. . . . I am preparing an address to make when I visit some of the churches this summer. Shall prepare carefully, but probably speak *ex tempore*. . . . God grant whatever comes I may be saved from adding another to the quarrels that have been the curse of the evangelical work in Italy, specially in Rome. . . . This morning, before breakfast, James probably went out into his garden with Poindexter and Boyce and gathered his vegetables for the day. George has no garden, but he, before breakfast this morning, went out with Mary, Spotswood and Susy to seek supplies for the day.

Leaving the little ones in the shade watching the black goats, which come in to be milked, he struck boldly across the piazza through the sunshine, which even at that early hour was burning, and quickly made his purchases—a nice steak, some potatoes, snaps and tomatoes, and a handful of oxheart cherries for the children. Then he stuffed a pad of butter in his pocket. They have such a nice fashion here, in every store, where anything like meat or butter is sold: they keep a large supply of fresh grape leaves. The butter is wrapped first in the grape leaves and then in paper.”

From a ten-page letter, dated Bagni di Lucca, July 21st, the following extracts are made:

“ . . . My strength is very limited. I am sometimes alarmed—constantly distressed—to find how little I can do. . . . Spotswood enjoys playing in the garden, a rare treat to him. I have had him and Mary a little wagon made. Spotswood seems quite contented when he is riding, and when he has his mouth full of figs, but though these last are tolerably abundant and I have so many Baptists to back me, I can't keep it full all the time. What a sweet thing to be a three-year-old and to have no higher wish than to have plenty of figs, and to sleep with 'mudder!' . . . Mary has entered on life's more serious stage. . . . She reads history and writes a little. . . . George takes daily lessons in Italian, and can understand the common talk of the common people better than I. . . . Susan fills me with surprise. After so much care and watching she looks to-day as young and bright as any time for the past fifteen

years. Only some white hairs tell that the time is passing. . . . I am just finishing Dr. Di Sanctis' work of 150 pages on 'The Mass.' It is wonderfully erudite and piquant and able. . . . When I returned from Europe Brother Fife asked doubtingly, 'Are the mountains of Europe more picturesque than ours?' I said, 'Add to what you have terraces of vineyards and cap the summit with a ruined castle.' I am reminded of it daily. I have but to look up from my paper to gaze not only at the lofty mountains and brawling river, but at the luxuriant vines, and at the grey stone building which surmounts the lofty peak. It is a daily joy to me."

The following extracts are from a long letter, dated Bagni di Lucca, September 24th, 1874:

" . . . The other day Spotswood said tragically and with tremendous emphasis, 'O Pa, I am fairly starving.' I was very much touched and hastened to prepare bread and butter, when he said solemnly, 'I'm not starving for that sort of thing, but I'm starving for the good fruit you all have been eating.' . . . Mr. Van Meter amused me by telling how he went to Fulton Market, New York, and said to a man, who is famous for his oyster stews: 'Now, my friend, remember that I have not tasted an oyster for a year; imagine my feelings and act accordingly.' . . . I brought with me from Rome quite an assortment of tracts, wishing to leave my testimony in this region which has afforded so delightful a refuge to my family. . . . Day before yesterday George and I took a donkey between us and climbed a very high mountain, on the very top of which is a village

with its solid stone houses and narrow paved streets. Providence favored me. Two or three young men, unusually intelligent looking, were standing or sitting together. I took my seat on a stone curbing, holding my bridle (George having gone to get some grapes, for this village is surrounded with vineyards and they were in the midst of the vintage), and thus seated I commenced a little chat, offering cautiously some simple gospel tracts. I then said as they were accepted, 'These are about the Saviour, etc. I have others which are controversial, opposing the Mass and the Confessional, but I don't wish to give them to you without telling you what they are, and unless you wish them.' They passed some words among themselves, and I, seeing that 'Barkis was willin',' passed over my other sort, insisting, as I did so, specially as young men they ought to seek diligently to know the truth. Others came and I soon gave away a good many with as much adaptation as possible. I could see sundry persons passing and looking suspiciously and scowlingly on me and my work. Having finished my distribution, which had been accompanied by a running fire of talk, I rose, and, fronting the party, said: 'The substance of it all is that God has so loved the world that He has given His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth, etc. We all then may be saved without money and without price and we may go directly to God without any priest but Jesus. We all ought to accept Him, and if we do trust Him we will love Him and try to please Him, etc. I am doubly a stranger. For I am a foreigner, knowing little of your language, and do not know you by face. Probably I shall

never see you again till we meet at the judgment.' Then I bowed and bade them good-bye, which they most respectfully reciprocated, and I took my way down the mountain. . . . To-day I made another sally. Our new apartments in Rome necessitate our furnishing linen, and as a good deal is made in this region it seemed well to seek it here. Dr. Gason recommended Gallicano, a village twelve miles from this, and I determined to make an excursion of it, taking Sue and some of the children. Accordingly at 7.30 this morning Sue and I, Mary and Spotswood set off in a light, open buggy with a jolly little black horse, and a driver whom we knew. I leave to Sue's more graphic pen to describe the ride, the scenes, the vintage, the quaint village, and our curious experiences in bargaining for and buying the linen. When it was all over I commenced my colporter work. . . . Here, too, I preached my three-minute sermon and left results in the hand of God. . . . George and I read 'Silvio Pellico' daily."

After spending the summer at the Bagni di Lucca in Tuscany, the family was again in Rome, keeping house, this year at 28 Via del Tritone. In a letter to his mother, dated November 10th, 1874, Dr. Taylor writes:

" . . . I have kissed Spotswood and Susy, who are in the hands of Ottavia and Libera, getting into bed, and Sue is washing up the tea things while George and Mary are by me preparing their lessons for to-morrow. We all enjoyed our supper of bread and butter and grapes. Instead of cake we have as a sort of luxury the Piedmontese bread, which is white, and nicer than what we use



as our staple. The grapes are delicious. . . . Prof. Edward Judson, of Madison University (son of Adoniram Judson), has resigned his professorship to spend some time in Europe, and has come here with his young wife for the winter. . . . The arrangement has been made for Professor Judson to supply for a time the American Union Church in Rome. . . . I have seldom seen a man who pleased me more. He is bright and full of life, and very intelligent, but simple-hearted as a child, and is to me at once more affectionate and deferential than anybody I have seen for a long time. . . . I anticipate much pleasure from his society this winter. . . . Last Sunday we celebrated the Lord's Supper, about six English-speaking and the same number of Italians. . . . It is the first time Sue has communed since leaving Fredericksburg."

On November 18th, 1874, Dr. Taylor wrote to his mother:

" . . . My own daily perplexities and anxieties are very great. . . . Our family is a little world in itself. . . . The children are a great solace. . . . One week ago to-night we had a little company, the Van Meters, Judsons, Dr. Wassen and his little boy, Dr. and Mrs. Vernon and their daughter of Mary's age, and Dr. Thomson and his grown son. Dr. Thomson is the rather distinguished author of 'The Land and the Book,' and for many years missionary in Syria. He was very entertaining. I told him that wishing to prepare my little daughter I had asked which was *the* land, the most interesting land in the world, and that she had said and in-

sisted it was America. He laughed and said she was right."

This winter Dr. Taylor had opened a *locale* on Piazza Monte Citorio, just across from the Parliament building, and Mr. Cocorda, a Waldensian by birth, educated under D'Aubigné in Geneva, baptized by Dr. Taylor, had come to Rome as the pastor of the little church. Writing on November 23rd, to his brothers, Dr. Taylor said:

" . . . I took George and Mary and Annie Crawford and Mr. and Mrs. Judson and their brother-in-law, Rev. Mr. Hanna, a grandson of Alexander Carson, and now pastor in Brooklyn, to our *locale* at 11 A. M. . . . Cocorda spoke well. . . . Gardiol from Civita Vecchia was present, and followed Cocorda. Then I said a very few words and prayed. The singing was very good. . . . Cocorda, before administering the Lord's supper, explained our position on that subject, which he did capitally, saying among other things that persons should not wish to render the social before they had rendered the individual testimony. . . . I proposed that as there were several English communicants present we should have one prayer in English, and called on Professor Judson."

On February 25th, 1875, Dr. Taylor wrote to his sister-in-law, Mrs. Sally M. Slaughter:

" . . . To-day two weeks ago we had a pleasant surprise. I was reading my Bible before starting to the *locale*, when Mr. and Mrs. Judson were announced. You remember how we learned to love them before Christmas. Now it was like meeting old friends, and besides there

was the keen pleasure and interest of hearing their experiences in Egypt and the Holy Land. They brought us a carpet-bag full of oranges from Corfu. . . . Personally it is a great cross to me not to preach regularly every Sunday. I often feel it like a fire in my bones. . . . I attended last week two very remarkable meetings, both at the large and fashionable church of the Gesù. . . . The preacher occupies a platform erected for the occasion, and has nothing before him, and standing out with his black cap and long, graceful robe the effect is very striking. On each occasion there were two discourses. The first was by a middle-aged, tall, handsome, oily-mouthed Jesuit, who made very many good hits, keeping the people on the *qui vive*, and insisted with much Jesuitical casuistry on the importance of the Confessional. After him several monks in white gowns wormed their way through the congregation, taking up the collection, announcing the proximity to each person by a dexterous jingling of the bag. This done, came a second discourse, which was by a portly, aged man, with a large cross suspended at his side. His voice was powerful, his tones pathetic, his manner not unlike one of our best Virginia preachers in a revival, and his sermon largely evangelical, containing sundry apposite citations from the scripture. . . . He closed with a fervid appeal, fell upon his knees, led in *ex tempore* prayer the congregation who knelt as one man. Then followed the pageant of the Mass, the offering of incense and imposing music, the vast congregation joining the choruses, so that I was thrilled at the time and even now seem to hear the vibrating notes."

On April 15th, 1875, Dr. Taylor wrote to his brother Charles:

“ . . . I went to bed and remained there a couple of days. It always troubles me that when I am sick just a little, I lose all interest in everything, religion included. It is a miserable experience. . . . I meant to stay at home with Sue and let the children accompany these gentlemen to see the illumination of the Colosseum, it being the 2,628 anniversary of the founding of Rome, but Dr. Gason . . . asked me to accompany him and I went. The crowd was immense, counted, I am sure, not by ten or twenty thousands, but rather by the hundred thousands, filling up every street and open place for a quarter of a mile around in every direction. I was taken with a sort of fainting spell, and after seeing the Colosseum in its glory for a minute was too happy to lie as best I could on a ledge of the Arch of Titus, with my head in Dr. Gason's arms. I think I shall never forget the anxious misery of those moments. . . . I lay no stress on my little attack last evening, and only mention it as one of the *res gestæ*, as the lawyers say.”

On May 4th, 1875, Dr. Taylor wrote to his sister Fannie (Mrs. A. E. Dickinson):

“ . . . I had intended to start Saturday on one of my trips, but Dr. Vernon begged me as a special favor to fill the pulpit of the American Chapel on Sunday, and I stayed over for that purpose. . . . From the dinner table George, Mary, Spotswood and I hurried to the 3 o'clock singing meeting at our *locale*. . . . I spoke for ten minutes. . . . It was all perfectly unpremedi-

tated. . . . At the meeting last night there was handed me a letter . . . informing me officially of a meeting to be held in Brighton, urging me at the expense of the Committee to be present as the representative of the American Baptists. . . . I think representative men from all parts of Europe will be present. . . . I have decided to go."

The family went for a second summer to the Bagni di Lucca, spending several weeks in September at Leghorn. Dr. Taylor wrote to his brother Charles from the Bagni di Lucca, July 8th, 1875:

" . . . I see from the *Dispatch* that a letter from U. S. to Italy will now be five cents; *if it is so* you will have a little advantage of us, for we will have to pay eight cents on those we send. *Ergo* you must write eight letters to our five. I am amused to see that newspaper postage has been reduced to two cents. Mahomet and the mountain. The Italian and U. S. Government and I have been trying for nearly two years to get the *Biblical Recorder* to put four-cent stamps on, but B. C. with true N. C. conservatism and courageous steadfastness has persistently declined; and now the governments say, 'Well, the B. C. shall have things its own way, and Taylor gets his paper without having to pay eight cents more per number.' . . . I came here this summer very anxious to do something for the evangelization of this interesting region. So far my efforts to get a place for meetings have failed, those who have suitable rooms being afraid to let them for such a purpose. . . . Meantime I go out almost daily, talking to individuals as the opportunity

offers. . . . Day before yesterday I was much favored. George and I took an ass in partnership (not to ride and *tie*, but to ride and *drive*), and ascended to Lugliano, a lovely village on the top of a mountain. On the way and in the village I had many pleasant conversations, being enabled in every case to introduce the gospel in a natural, easy manner. In the piazza I began to talk, and quite a crowd gathered to hear. I, of course, gave out some tracts, but rely even more on the *spoken* word, however feeble, and when tracts are given I like it to be not mechanically but discriminatingly, and in connection with conversation. Yesterday I went again to Benabbio. My companions were an ass, and Mr. Smith, for many years a British officer in India. . . . Reaching the village, I found a stable and tied my ass so as to be quite foot loose. We then went into the first open place we saw. I was the more inclined to do so as it was a shoe-maker's, and Mrs. W—— thinks they are liberal and impressible. I was courteously received, and soon began to talk, and then to read passages from my Testament. But I found, presently, the coast wasn't by any means so clear as in L—— the day before. The men (there were three) listened pretty well, but one of them replied warmly, though courteously; then Smith put in, and I saw there was danger of a more wordy controversy, and I checked it at once, and began in a different strain. Meantime the village priest, whose garden overlooked the shop door, had stopped to listen to us, and, hearing some statement of mine, shouted out in loud and angry tones that it was false. I fortified and

explained what I had said, and then one of the men very courteously took me up into a sort of society hall, upstairs, where we went on talking. As I started to come down, Smith having left me, I saw *the* priest with another coming to the shop, with quite a number of men. I saw I was in for it and determined to stand my ground. On getting down I found the two priests sitting in the shop, while quite a company was gathered around the door. One of the priests began by saying we were not wanted there; that our doctrines were destructive, and they would burn all our books and tracts, etc. I replied very calmly that I had no wish to intrude anywhere, but that I had a right to go where I pleased, and talk to whom I pleased, provided they wanted to hear me. 'Yes,' said one of the priests, 'but not on religion.' 'On any subject whatever.' We then got into a discussion which touched on many points, salvation by faith, the Confessional, the right and duty of the people to read the Bible, etc., and continued for perhaps an hour or an hour and a half. The position was very trying, and sometimes the priests would use ridicule, and appeal to the prejudices of the people against us, and it was not always easy to reply to everything in the very best words, specially in a foreign tongue; but in the main I held my ground pretty well, citing from my Testament, and reading from one or two tracts to show the doctrines we teach. God enabled me to be perfectly calm throughout, and I could see that, though many of the audience were to a considerable extent with the priest, I had made, on the whole, a favorable impression personally, while perhaps some words had not been fruitless. I

parted in a friendly way with the priests, making them shake hands, and inviting them to come to see me, and telling them I would call on them."

On October 9th, 1875, from Frascati, Dr. Taylor wrote to Rev. J. B. Taylor, his brother:

" . . . You know about our going to Leghorn. We spent nearly three weeks there very pleasantly, and I think the sea bathing, though after the season, was a great advantage to us. I feel better than at all during the summer. It is almost the first time I was ever near the sea except for only a few hours together, and it was charming to walk right on the beach, to watch the waves—specially when lashed into fury by the wind—to count the vessels coming and going, to see the lighthouse with its revolving light, to take an occasional row, to visit the British men-of-war in the harbour, and every day, almost, to take a plunge into the ocean, and to walk into the city and along the wharves, seeing persons of different nationalities, and now and then exchanging a few words with sailors or boatmen."

In a letter, dated January 22nd, 1876, to his brother James, Dr. Taylor refers to Mr. Judson, who within the year had decided to enter the ministry, and had become pastor of the North Orange (N. J.) Baptist Church:

" . . . Judson wrote me that his church once devoted an evening to praying for our work here. Perhaps yours would do the same. . . . Dr. Curry and his party have been in Rome over a week. I see him daily, and have talked to him very freely of the work. We now



propose to have a meeting of our evangelists here next week. I was anxious for them and Curry to see each other."

On May 24th, 1876, Dr. Taylor, writing to the Board, said:

"Yesterday Mr. Cocorda baptized, in an excellent baptistery which we have constructed in the basement of our *locale*, five persons. . . . I was reminded of the baptisms of the Catacombs, but all was 'done decently and in order.' . . . If we find it difficult or inexpedient to buy property, the having this baptistery makes us more contented to remain in rented premises."

On June 25th, 1876, Dr. Taylor wrote to his mother:

"I have felt grieved and sad at hearing that you are not well, and that at such a time you have the worry of the dear old house being moved. . . . How I wish I were near you to add my part towards ministering to your comfort and happiness! . . . The only thing I can do, besides writing these lines of love, is to commend you to our heavenly Father, who loves us more than we love each other, and who has promised to do for us all that we need." . . .

The summer of 1876 was spent by the family near La Tour in the Waldensian Valleys, Dr. Taylor himself being away much of the time visiting the various stations. During this summer George, the oldest child, went to America to enter Richmond College. Just before his departure, he had the never-to-be-forgotten privilege of a little pleasure trip, first with his father to Bologna, Venice and other points of interest in North Italy, and

then with both of his parents to the Italian Lakes. His father accompanied him to Glasgow, where he set sail for America. Both father and son had dreaded the separation, but the seasick, homesick boy, alone on the ocean, never knew until years later that his father, after the ship had sailed, had returned to the boarding house in Glasgow where they had stayed together, and sobbed with sorrow for him.

The following lines are from the pen of Dr. Taylor's younger son, Dr. J. Spotswood Taylor:

"From his youth my father had a passion for physical exercise and the open air. After my brother went to America to go to college, I became his constant companion, and the influence which he exercised upon me, and the most lasting recollections I possess of my father are derived from our association in our walks. He loved best the Esquiline Hill where the city was less built up, because many large open spaces remained there, the sweep of the eye was greater, and the air purer and freer. But sometimes he would dive into the most congested quarters of the city, where sidewalks were unknown, and where vehicles worked their way with difficulty through the swarming pedestrians, for he loved Rome and the Romans, and mankind generally, and was deeply interested in all phases of human life. In these walks and in our rambles in the country during the summer, he did what he could to connect the great events of the histories and authors I was studying with the scenes around us, and he drew my attention to everything in nature, about which he could contribute some fact, and set my mind to working."

From 20 S. Nicolà di Tolentino, Rome, Dr. Taylor wrote, November 25th, 1876, to his brother Charles:

“ . . . Dr. Fuller was one of those—so majestic, so commanding, so full of life and vigor. . . . ‘I cannot make him dead.’ . . . Presently Sue called me. We two had delicious tea together. We enjoyed the quiet and being alone, and talked of how old people liked an occasional quiet moment.”

On July 4th, 1877, Dr. Taylor wrote, from Naples, to his brother Charles:

“ . . . I wrote you of having the use of an excellent library at the Bagni di Lucca, where we go generally every P. M. to read a London paper and some Italian and French ones, and to take out such books as we want. I have been reading and am now reading, on this present journey, Lockhart’s ‘Life of Scott,’ four large octavo volumes. It is for me a rich treat. . . . Verily no romance from his own gifted pen is so romantic as his own career, and his letters and diary, specially the latter, admit us to the inner sanctuary of his soul with its trials and struggles under circumstances that are unparalleled. Then the book is a picture gallery in which the great men and women of his time are placed before us in life size, and with the color of nature. . . . Of course I have always known the general outline of Scott’s life, and the general character of his genius, but that is very little compared with what one gets from reading this memoir. By it, too, the long, and otherwise lonely, hours of the present journey have not seemed long or been lonely. Only I have often wanted a friend to speak to of it, as I now do

to you. I am as you know, when at home, blessed beyond many in this regard, my wife being able to sympathize with me perfectly in such things, and, in fact, more versed in a certain department of old English literature than I am. I have a fancy that it is not a bad thing to range in a library of standard volumes, and to read the old books that are not the mode now, and that are in danger of being pushed out of the way by the swelling stream of current literature. I have a fancy, too, for dipping into and getting an inkling of many books that I can't and don't care to read."

On December 8th, 1877, Dr. Taylor wrote to his brothers:

" . . . The past week has been signalized by the visit of the Deputation of the Evangelical Alliance sent to heal, and to report on, the strifes and divisions among the workers in Italy, and especially in Rome. They arrived Tuesday in the midst of terrible weather. Most of the brethren went to meet them at the station. I did not go, being sick in bed. But at 8 o'clock at night I dressed and went to their hotel, where we had arranged to give them a supper and a reception. About thirty were present. I sat next to Dr. Donald Frazer, of London, who is a tall, fine-looking man, with long, white hair, and manners like those of Moses D. Hoge. Appointments were made running through several days for us all to meet the deputation separately, and unfold our respective grievances. Mr. Cocorda and I went together. I told them I had no complaints or confessions to make. But I had as a Baptist to stand up very firmly against some

latitudinarian ideas that were broached. To-day we had a very remarkable meeting, composed of all the workers, etc., of Rome and vicinity. Addresses were made by Dr. Frazer and Mr. Bligh (through interpreters), and by Mr. Arthur (author of 'Tongue of Fire'), in Italian. Then we had addresses by Gavazzi, Cocorda, Wall, many others that you don't know, and by myself. I think I had as much liberty as I almost ever had in English. My talk was a plea for large-heartedness and fidelity to principles and mutual forbearance, and I urged that the trying circumstances in which we were placed in Rome, in our relations to each other, was a part of our moral education. I felt very deeply, and think that I had the hearts of my hearers. We had some very plain talking about personal difficulties. Indeed, I think I have learned, more than ever before, how plainly and frankly people can talk without getting mad. Thursday night Sue and I went to a large tea party given to the deputation. It has been a trying, exciting, partly pleasant, partly painful week to me. I have been criticized for taking some ex-Pedobaptist workers, and entering some fields (Venice) where others claimed a monopoly. I have calmly corrected some gross misrepresentations, and defended my right to do what I have done. A Waldensian complained to-day of my writing articles on Baptism. I replied you may write on it every day. We must not confound the discussion of principles with personal antagonism. I have had two agues this week, but have been taking quinine, and hope I shall not have another. Dr. Prime, of the *New York Observer*, is here. He called on me, but I was

in bed and Sue saw him. I have since called on him. He is very pleasant."

Dr. Prime, to whom allusion is made in the last letter, wrote thus concerning Dr. Taylor and his work:

"Rev. Dr. Taylor is a man of decided character; with a clear and vigorous intellect, a tender and glowing heart, and such a sound judgment as secures for him the respect and confidence of all who represent Protestant missions in Rome. . . . In another part of the town is the Baptist Church . . . and in at least seven other places in Italy preaching stations are maintained under the superintendence of Dr. Taylor. . . . These missions form an important part of the great work now in progress for the spread of evangelical religion in this land of Papal darkness. . . . Dr. Taylor is able to extend his missions, and multiply the number of laborers just as fast as he has the means of supporting them. And you may be certain that he is judicious, careful and wide-awake."

From his arrival in Rome, Dr. Taylor had sought to find property suitable for a chapel and mission purposes. This was by no means easy to do. There are no vacant lots in Rome. To take an old house, tear it down and build a new structure may be a most costly undertaking. When one desires to build in Rome, the law requires him to go down to the original level of the city. Thus it may be necessary to excavate twenty or even as much as fifty feet. At last Dr. Taylor decided to purchase a house which could be remodelled, and given the appearance and form of a meeting-house. He wrote thus to the Board:

“On March 17th, after much treating, I made a definite offer of 129,000 lire (\$25,800) *cash* for the house in Via Teatro della Valle, which has been before us for more than a year. . . . April 30. Yesterday I drew on the Treasurer of the Board for \$5,000 gold fifteen days after sight, and for \$20,000 gold three months after sight. . . . By God’s great mercy the affair seems happily terminated. . . . I trust God will continue to smile upon us, giving us by the approaching autumn a complete chapel.”

During the summer of 1878, which the family spent in the Waldensian Valleys, Dr. Taylor not only had the fearful anxiety, caused by the obstacles placed in the way of his completing the chapel by the Catholics, but was also called upon to pass through a serious illness. The summer brought one great joy—a family reunion, his older son returning for the vacation from America. The two letters which follow allude to these several incidents:

“Lucerna—S. Giovanni, August 20th, 1878. My dear Brother: . . . I have been quite sick, and am slowly recovering my strength. My disease was inflammation of the bowels, and my sufferings were at times very great. I should be ashamed of crying out as I did, but I am conscious of bearing ordinary pain with fortitude, and Walter Scott tells in his letters how in great bodily agony he roared, so that he could be heard all over the place. For a short time my life was in peril, and the doctor said afterwards that one day he was afraid to return. . . . The doctor is our dear Brother Laura, of Turin, a man of eminence in his profession, of whose baptism just

two years ago I wrote the *Herald*. . . . For several days he gave up all to come and see me, and his kindness to me knew no bounds, treating me not only as a kind physician, but as an own brother might have done, constantly bringing something to promote my comfort, while at each visit he prayed fervently at my bedside. How tenderly I was ministered to by my dear family, and specially by my wife and by George, I need not, nor can I, tell you. I required constant attention, and it was never wanting. George is truly womanly in his sympathy, and in his gentle kindness. Mary took constant care of the children. . . . I felt that my sick bed would have been a bad place to prepare to die. . . . It is likely that this attack has been long preparing, as for more than a year my system has not had its proper balance.”

“Lucerna—S. Giovanni, August 20th, 1878. My dear Sisters: . . . Specially have I been anxious about our chapel in Rome, as I did not know what might be the issue of our difficulties; but the Lord has heard prayer, and has been better to us than our fears. The refractory tenant we ejected by law. From the municipality we finally gained permission to make our projected improvement, though it was given most reluctantly and ungraciously, and only after our threat to appeal to the Parliament and King, and if necessary to the public sentiment of the world—and was at last hampered by onerous conditions. When our messenger would go before the city magnates they would cry out and wish that all the Protestant chapels were at an end, etc. But yesterday came the news of our greatest triumph. As you know, our



neighbors got an injunction against us, and since the first day of June all our work in the pulpit and of the chapel has been stopped, leaving that end all exposed. I didn't know how long it might stay so, and what embarrassments and expenses I might encounter. Having employed two lawyers—one of them, Mancini, said to be the best lawyer in the civilized world—I had to wait as patiently as I could for the result. A few days ago I received printed copies of their argument, and it was so strong that my soul took courage. Yesterday came a letter from one of the lawyers saying that our victory is complete. The injunction is removed, we are entirely vindicated, our work can be at once resumed and pushed to completion, and our persecutors must pay the costs of the suit, and probably some damages. Thank God. There is yet a fourth trouble, but it is less important and I hope can be adjusted without serious difficulty."

Dr. Tupper, in his report to the Convention in 1879, referring to the Rome Chapel said:

"The chapel was dedicated in November. The opening exercises on the second day of that month were participated in by all the ministers in Rome. Our evangelists continued for a week a nightly meeting in the chapel. The daytime was given to business conference. The organ of the Vatican referred to the dedication as the 'opening of an Infernal Hall.' Brother Taylor wrote: 'The chapel is beautiful, and with its furniture is exquisitely simple and neat.' The building is so constructed that it furnishes comfortable homes for Brother Taylor and Signor Cocorda and their families. There are rooms on the ground floor,

which may be either rented or used for some purposes connected with the mission. The treasurer paid drafts for the chapel and improvements amounting to \$31,838.26 . . . making the difference to be provided for \$4,358.36."

In the autumn of 1878 the Staunton Baptist Church, the Rev. Dr. Charles Manly being its pastor, celebrated its 25th anniversary. Dr. Taylor, on September 17th, wrote a letter to be read on this occasion. The following are a few brief extracts from this letter:

"Dear Brethren and Sisters—I can say with Paul in his letter to the Colossians: 'Though I be absent in the flesh, yet am I with you in spirit, joying and beholding your order and the steadfastness of your faith in Christ.' . . . The years that are gone seem to shrink up, and your past history and mine, so long intertwined, is vividly before me. . . . In 1850-'51 I was teaching school in the County of Fluvanna and I was sent with General Cocke as a delegate to the State Temperance Convention in Staunton. The journey was made in General Cocke's carriage. During my stay in Staunton I was, with other delegates, hospitably entertained in the family of Mr. Donnaghe, and was much impressed by the gentle and active piety of Mrs. D——, and her charity for all Christians. I thought that if she were a type of the Staunton people, that would be a most pleasant field of labor for a minister. . . .

"The meeting-house was to have been dedicated the first Sunday in October. But that was a stormy day. I felt desolate enough. Specially had I fears for a congregation,

for our own members did not exceed, if they reached, a dozen, and we had no outside adherents on whom I could count. I shuddered at the thought of preaching to empty benches. But God was better than my fears. On the second Sunday in October we had a very successful opening. Crowds gathered. I preached, in the morning, the dedication sermon from the text, 'Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thy house and the place where Thine honour dwelleth'; and at night my introductory as pastor from the words, 'As much as in me is, I am ready to preach the gospel to you that are at Rome also,' little dreaming, by the way, that this was afterwards to be literally fulfilled in my history. . . .

"I close as I began. I am with you in spirit and will be when you hear these lines. Some day, I trust, if it be God's will, to greet you also in person. But I do not know how that will be. Nor is it very important. . . .

"Your affectionate brother in Christ,

"GEORGE B. TAYLOR."

## CHAPTER VII

### First Visit to America—Death of Mrs. Taylor—Second Chaplaincy at University of Virginia

✦

                                  the Being Beauteous  
Who unto my youth was given,  
More than all things else to love me,  
And is now a saint in heaven.

—*Longfellow.*

BUT thou and I have shaken hands,  
Till growing winters lay me low,  
My paths are in the fields I know,  
And thine in undiscover'd lands.

—*Tennyson.*

✦

IN view of the debt on the new Rome Chapel the Board requested Dr. Taylor to return to America for the purpose of raising the money. He heeded the call of his brethren and set out for the United States early in 1879. Besides attending that year the Southern Baptist Convention, the Northern anniversaries and the General Association of Virginia, at which gatherings he spoke, he made, among the churches, especially at the North, collections for the Rome Chapel. Upon the advice of Dr. John Staige Davis, who entertained Dr. Taylor at the June meeting, the Board requested him, in view of his very feeble health, to seek rest and not to return to Rome until the spring of 1880. To rest seems to have been always hard for him,

and after some vacation in the Virginia mountains during the summer, the fall found him once again pleading for the chapel. His work was interrupted by the death of his sister, Mrs. A. E. Dickinson, who had been in frail health for some time. In the early part of 1880, with his family, Dr. Taylor turned his face towards Rome. As some evidence of the state of the work in Italy, notice the following list of the Italian evangelists working with Dr. Taylor at this time: Ferraris, Paschetto, Bellondi, Basile, Martinelli, Volpi, Cossù, Cocorda, and in the summer of 1879 the Rev. J. H. Eager was appointed by the Board for Italy. It took a correspondent of no mean order to be able to write letters on a continental train, where our parlor cars, with all their conveniences, were then unknown. The following letter was headed:

“Train for Turin, near Aix les Bains, France, April 6th, 1880. I can write only with a pencil, and not very well at that, as the train dashes on through these lovely valleys and grand snow-clad mountains. . . . For a few days in London, Paris, and on the journey, I have been busy on my annual report, which I have just finished; twenty-five pages like this. The annual reports of all the evangelists met me in London. I do not know how it will go with me. I fear the Italian heat, which already seems to smite me.”

On a postal card, May 13th, 1880, from Rome, he writes to his brother Charles:

“ . . . I have just returned from Naples, where I had rather a worrying time, but one magnificent three hours' drive, which is not surpassed by anything in the

world—*i. e.*, ‘not as I nose on.’ . . . Some important changes have to be made in our work, and they are giving me anxiety. But we both know I Peter v: 7, Phil. iv: 6-7. We have been, nearly ever since my reaching Rome, holding a grand Union Protestant meeting, which has stirred up the public, certainly the little evangelical public, very much, and with good results. My own heart has been much encouraged. You will please write at once not a miserable postal like this, but a good long letter. . . .”

On September 10th, 1880, he wrote to his brother Charles:

“ . . . My delicate health has kept me at home this summer. I have hardly been able to go, and have felt afraid, in my state, to go off alone to strange hotels. But with the cooler weather I shall hope to make some more trips, and when Eager comes we shall have a good time going together. . . . The Waldensian Synod is now holding here . . . I have been praying for them, and try to put myself in their place.”

In a letter from Rome, March 8th, 1881, he says to his brother Charles:

“ . . . My late trip was pleasant, and I greatly enjoyed preaching, especially in some relatively new ground. But I suffered physically at the time, from cold, with no fires, and, after my return, succumbed to an unusually severe attack from my old foe, rheumatism, which latterly has played in a most uncomfortable way in the regions of my heart. The London doctor consulted last spring said the heart would be my weak point.”

The next letter, to his brother Charles, is from Rome and dated April 22nd, 1881:

“ . . . I have just finished sending off forty letters, so you see I am rather tired of writing. I am also taking an active part in the establishment of a General Protestant Hospital in Rome, and this has absorbed much time.”

On June 28th, 1881, he wrote, from Bagni di Lucca, to his older son, a student at Richmond College:

“ . . . Sunday, Mary and the children went to meeting (Episcopal Church), but after a long service, at some interval, came out, not knowing if there would be a sermon. We laughed at them very much. Mr. —, one of the excellent of the earth, is very hard to hear, as he has some defect in his vocal organs. Dr. Gason informed me that there are many people here very high church, crossing themselves in church. He asked me to hold a weekly service, which I told him I would gladly do. I do not connect these two facts. . . . As it takes so long for letters to go and come I wish you to think early and write me about your University ticket. The only thing I am certain you ought to take is Junior Natural Philosophy. About that I have no doubt. Other things depend a good deal on your taste and plans. Greek would help you for your Seminary studies should you decide to go to the Seminary. Or would you choose German, which will be always a help to you on the Continent? Or Junior Law as a part of a general liberal education?”

From a letter to his brother Charles, under date of Leg-

horn, September 15th, 1881, the following extract is taken:

“ . . . I get books from London, receiving them by post. I have bought in all twenty volumes of English Men of Letters. I have read this summer Lives of Cowper, Landon, Goldsmith and Hawthorne, and have now on hand Chaucer, Pope and Shelley. The library at Bagni di Lucca is also very good. One of the books from it read by me was ‘Two Years Before the Mast.’ I was induced to read it by the fact that the author, Mr. R. H. Dana, now an elderly man, was at the Bagni, and he and we exchanged calls. I have also read two of Thackeray’s novels. I read very few novels and they *first class*. Thackeray’s are such, and, rightly read, instructive and useful.

“Nearly all of August I was away from home. It was a delight to have Susan with me—the greater that only recently has she felt able to leave the little ones. It was easier this time, as we have had with us this summer a very reliable young woman, member of our church in Rome, whom we took, partly from kindness, though she helps in many ways. Travelling alone, and in such good company, I find very different. A week was spent in Torre Pellice, superintending the work, and attending to the business of our new chapel. Another week we were at Bologna and Modena. A third was spent at Finistrelle, in the Alps. Finistrelle has a famous old fortress, the scene of *Picciola*, pronounced, by the way, with accent on *first* syllable, and not on second, as one hears it generally. We also took from there a two days’ jaunt



higher still. The air was bracing, and I found great benefit from that week's trip, and yet I know that I should not have taken it but for the persistency of my wife, who is ever my good genius.

"During our absence from home the startling and distressing news of our dear sister Sally's death reached us. It was like thunder in a clear sky. My wife bears up heroically, but few can understand how much her sister was to her, and it is a heavy blow. It is so also to me, for not only was she so lovely in herself, but she was one of the few in this world to whom I felt *very*, very near. Her letters were regular and full of sympathy—like my mother's or Sister Fannie's. Her life for years has been a great struggle, but now she is at rest. . . . She took me and mine—all *my family*—to her heart. Father knew and loved her before I did. . . . I am very busy, specially preparing for our expected evangelists' meeting in Milan in a fortnight. I write letters till I feel like a writing machine. . . . My eyes lately have failed rapidly. I cannot use them at night. I have lately resorted to glasses and have them over my eyes and *nose* (bah!) at this moment. But my general health is improved."

On October 6th, 1881, from Pinerolo, he wrote to his son George:

"I am here, en route, for an hour or so, and can at least begin a letter to you. . . . We all came together on the 27th of September to Pisa, where we divided into three parties, Leonora to Rome, the family to Bagni di Lucca and I to Milano, to attend our General Reunion of Evan-

gelists. Said meeting convened on the 28th of September. I had arranged for all of us to lodge and eat together at one hotel, viz., Hotel Varese, a small but very nice hotel near the Duomo. This plan was carried into effect, except that I had a nice large room in the same house in which is Paschetto's new apartment. Three times a day we met at the same table and to excellent meals. Morning, *caffè e latte, pane e burro*; midday, antepasto, soup, two courses of meat, cheese or fruit; . . . night about the same. I enjoyed my meals, being pretty hard worked all the time, besides the walking to and fro. The discussions in the meetings were lively, sometimes stormy, and not always pleasant. . . . The following new combination was made: Cocorda, to Naples; Colombo, to Milan, and Paschetto and Torre, to Rome. The latter (T—), who met the brethren for the first time, made a fine impression, both by his dignified and cordial manners, and by his eloquent discourse. I hope the new arrangement will do well, and specially that Rome may be blessed in the two new brethren that go there. Brother Eager took little part, but made a fine impression. To me it was first a fatiguing meeting, as for several nights I did not get to bed till the small hours of the night. Then it was an anxious time. I came out at the end feeling as if I had been in a mill. Finally, the weather was bad, a steady rain with a penetrating cold, for which neither my system nor my wardrobe was prepared, and, of course, with so much cold around I did not fail to take some. Behold my iliad of woes! I was to have gone direct to Rome, but received a telegram from Messrs. Rowan and Taylor

(two Tennessee and Mississippi Baptist pastors, who have been travelling in Italy and the Orient) that they would meet me in Turin, and accompany me to see the Torre Pellice Chapel, etc. I was very anxious for them to see it, and Ferraris, believing that they would thereby be induced to raise us a good purse for that object. I reached the hotel in Turin last evening, and found that they (after waiting some hours) had given me up and gone, leaving for Paris fifteen minutes before the arrival of my train, which was forty minutes late. Phansy mi felins! Being so near I decided to run up anyhow, and here I am. [This letter was finished at Torre Pellice, October 7th.] There is little more to tell. I came on here, yesterday, riding in the coupé. It was very cold. I got off at Ferraris' house, sending on my valise and wraps. Ferraris insisted I should remain with them all night, which I did, and if I missed some of the 'ease of mine inn,' I had other comforts in kitchen stove—a bed warmer (at least three gallons hot water in a large tin can), and specially the loving sympathy which I needed, and which was freely extended. The chapel has made much progress since your mother and I were here. The campanile is done, and adds much to its beauty. The chambers over the chapel are very nice, commanding fine views. I only hope we shall get the money. God will provide."

From Rome, November 3rd, 1881, he wrote to his son, a student at the University of Virginia:

" . . . When the Paschetos came we tried to do a good part by them, having father, mother and three children to spend the entire day with us, coming to break-

fast and remaining till late at night. The same day the entire Cocorda family dined with us, and then we accompanied them (your mother, Mary and I) to the depot about ten at night, they (*i. e.*, the Cocordas) leaving for their Naples home. Last Sunday we had all the Paschetos to dinner. Seldom for years have I heard so much children's noise as on these two occasions. My children are all getting to be young gentlemen and ladies. Perhaps I would more regret it, but I am nervous and disturbed by a great hubbub, more than when I was thirty or forty. . . . You may have heard of the conversion of Conte Enrico Campello to Protestantism. He was Canon of St. Peter's. It has made a great stir. His autobiography is sold at all the stores and stalls, and has been reviewed in all the newspapers of Italy. For the last two days I have been reading it. It is certainly deeply interesting, giving one an inside view of Papal Rome. The view is not flattering, though he writes with moderation."

The following is taken from a letter to the same son, and is dated Rome, December 8th, 1881:

" . . . Your mother holds her woman's meetings now on the premises. It is very convenient, having here a large spare room, which can be used for many such purposes." . . .

Dr. Taylor was "in journeyings often," and the following letter tells about one of his trips among the churches. It is dated Bologna, June 3rd, 1882:

" . . . I wrote to you from Torre Pellice a pretty full postal card. I left there last Monday at four in the A. M., and came without stopping to Modena—a hot,

terribly dusty run of twelve hours. I had the great pleasure of aiding in Torre Pellice in settling a difficulty between F—— and E—— (the principal members) which had long been a great stumbling block. I feel it a blessed thing to be a peacemaker. . . . At Modena I made junction with Brother Eager, and we have been together since and will be for ten days longer. One day we were called at five, and with Martinelli went to Carpi, thence in carriage to S. Possidonio (ten miles), pausing half an hour for a short service at Rovereto. At S. P. we visited an aged and probably dying brother, but still full of energy and vim. A priest had intruded upon and was worrying him, but after a short contest was soon put to flight. We reached Carpi to dinner at 2 P. M.; visited a sick sister in hospital; held services from 4.30 to 6; reached Modena quite tired, but happy in having done so good a day's work. . . . The most disagreeable part of the occasion for me was kissing quite a lot of brethren not much adapted to be kissed. Save the mark.

“On reaching Bologna, we found the walls placarded concerning our coming, and we have had two fine, and I trust useful, meetings. The audiences were large and attentive. I have never heard Brother Eager speak before, but really he is beginning to speak so as to interest and impress, despite mistakes and a restricted vocabulary. To-day Brother Basile and wife and daughter dine with us, and then at 5 P. M. we go to Venice.”

In the summer of 1882 his older son returned to Italy for a visit of a year, and was met in Berne by his father. Together they made a pleasant tour in Switzerland, visit-

ing Geneva, Lausanne, Interlaken, Lucerne, Zurich, Schaffhausen, and the Righi. Dr. Taylor had not been well and this little outing greatly refreshed him. He was a most delightful travelling companion, enthusiastic, resourceful and liberal in his planning. Rain seriously marred the views at the Righi, Lucerne and the Falls of the Rhine, but solace was found in books. At a kiosk in Lucerne a Tauchnitz copy of Mark Twain's "Tramp Abroad" was purchased, and many of the descriptions were all the more enjoyed because read on the spot. On the fifth floor of the Righi hotel, one read while the other watched the clouds, and when a rift gave the view of valley and snow-clad mountains, the book was closed and the fleeting panorama greedily feasted on. Dr. Taylor was much interested in the numerous fishermen on the Lucerne bridges, who seemed to fish unceasingly, and yet never were seen to catch anything; Mark Twain's story about "The Man Who Put up at Grigsby's" was very *à propos*. At Schaffhausen, as valises had been left in Zurich, the danger of catching cold from wet feet, after the tramp to the falls, was avoided—thanks to a little German shop where dry socks were purchased, and to the landlord who loaned big slippers while shoes were dried in the hotel kitchen.

The following spring, after a winter in which all the family had been together, Dr. and Mrs. Taylor celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding. It was a quiet but very pleasant occasion. The children united in presenting to their parents some silverware, and along with it twenty-five white roses. During the summer of

1883, spent at Bagni di Lucca, Dr. and Mrs. Taylor had the great pleasure of visits from their brother, the Rev. Dr. J. B. Taylor; their niece, Miss Janie T. Prichard; and Miss Maud Constant, an American friend. The circle at Casa Bertini that summer was a very happy one, and little did we dream that in less than a year the death angel would come with its shadow. The same summer Dr. Taylor, with several of the children, made a pedestrian trip to see the Eagers, who were staying near Pracchia, Mr. Eager returning with them for a visit to Casa Bertini. On this tramp, going through the long tunnel under the Apennines, with a man carrying a great torch, proved a thrilling experience. Anything that had adventure and romance appealed to Dr. Taylor. The following letter to his brother, under date of August 15th, alludes to this excursion:

“We have had a very cool summer but it is now quite warm, though we manage to keep comfortable. We have plenty of vegetables, fruit, fresh butter, milk and eggs, though we cannot get them from our own cow and garden and poultry yard as you do. But I often feel like saying that as regards worldly goods ‘I have all and abound; I have need of nothing.’ Spiritually, I usually feel straitened, but it is my own fault, since ‘My God is able to supply every need according to His riches in glory in Christ Jesus.’ I am now reading Life of MacCheyne and find it a truly charming book, specially stimulating to a minister.

“Janie may have told you of our pedestrian excursion (part of it *à la Mark Twain*) to see Mr. Eager, and of his

return, and of the presence in our household of an Italian evangelist. . . . I only add that we are under the shadow of George's expected departure, specially as we can form no idea of when we may see him again."

The Italian Mission never left Dr. Taylor any long period without some perplexing problem. Take for example the matter alluded to in the following letter from Rome. Signor Cocorda had been in Rome and then in Naples:

"To-day I had Sunday school; then the usual morning meeting; baptism; then a somewhat painful church meeting. Signor Cocorda has embraced the doctrine of 'Conditional Immortality,' and the Board has decided (as they were obliged to do) that they could not support him to preach the annihilation of the unbelieving after death (or the judgment). For several months the thing has given me trouble and anxiety. I sent the Board the correspondence on which they based their action. To-day, being about to leave, I presented the Board's decision to the church. One of the brethren specially, who had partly imbibed the doctrine in question, spoke very severely. But I was enabled to answer with warmth, without transcending due limits, and several of the brethren sustained me and the Board, and then that brother retracted what he had said. I trust all may be overruled for good. We have just, by the Board's permission, appointed, as our evangelist, Brother Nicholas Papengouth, a graduate of Spurgeon's College, and hitherto laboring with his father in Naples.

"To-night I preached on counting the cost before be-



ginning to build a tower, and am just up from the service, dead tired."

For several years the family spent part of each September in Leghorn, where, for a most modest cost, delightful bathing was enjoyed. Italians leave the seaside by the calendar rather than according to the weather. So the 31st of August sees an exodus, though the bathing may continue fine for weeks. Dr. Taylor wrote to his son from Leghorn, September 24th, 1883:

" . . . For a couple of days we have been admiring the waves breaking on the rocks, and throwing up their beautiful spray, and the same time suffering the inconvenience of the wind banging blinds, breaking windows, and filling our eyes with dust. Fortunately there was no rain; on the contrary, bright sunshine all the time. We lost no bath except yesterday, when we would not have bathed anyhow. To-day all is calm again and the bathing very pleasant. . . . Yesterday Miss Constant, Janie, the children and I went to church, morning and evening. The latter service was on Anchor Line steamship 'Olympia.' I followed the sermon in a short exhortation and prayer. It was quite romantic—the trip; and it was 9.30 p. m. when we reached home. I enjoyed both sermons yesterday. The text at night was: 'A man shall be a hiding place from the storm.'"

The following letter to his wife gives an account of a visit to Torre Pellice. It is dated Turin, October 9th, 1883:

"In my last I mentioned meeting Brother James in this city. The next morning, *i. e.*, Friday morning, he and

I went first to Pinerolo and then to Torre Pellice. At Pinerolo we remained five or six hours, and though neither Ferraris nor his family was at home, we passed a pleasant time walking about, and at a restaurant, talking, writing, seeing. Happily it was a glorious day, with bright sunshine and bracing air, so that it was a luxury to be out of doors. We also found much to interest in an extensive cavalry exercise in a field kept for that purpose. All the mountains around were covered with snow which glistened in the sunshine. We had taken third-class tickets, but as a large number of youth from Torre Pellice and vicinity had come to Pinerolo to 'draw' for the army, and were returning hilarious and uproarious, we fled to second class. We reached Torre Pellice about dark, and got a large double-bedded room in the *Orso*. Early the next morning I went, before breakfast, to find the contractor, and let him know that I was ready to settle. It was arranged that he and Signor Cocorda should meet me later at the hotel. While Brother James and I were enjoying our *caffè e latte*, fresh eggs and *grissini*, in walked Signor Basile (!) just from Naples. . . . After breakfast we three, and soon after with Signor Cocorda also, proceeded to inspect the chapel and apartment. . . . The enclosure is very neat and adds much to the general effect. A wall is surmounted by an iron railing, and there are two iron railing gates, one for the chapel and the other for the apartment. We then returned to see about a settlement. Signor C—— had failed to make a contract, and between him and the contractor there was complete contradiction. . . . But I

made the best settlement I could and had no worry, having already had it for a month before. Signor C——, Basile, James and I dined together. One dish was chamois, for which James and I agreed we should never *hanker*. Afterwards we went up to Signor C——'s and ate grapes. . . . By Sunday morning Signor Paschetto and Signor Ferraris were on hand. . . . I preached at the morning service, which was largely attended, and after opening services delivered a somewhat lengthy address of explanation as to what had occurred, the state of things, and the plans for the future. I spoke in Italian and got through very satisfactorily with a duty which I had much dreaded. Brother Paschetto interpreted in French that all might understand. I then introduced Basile, who said a few words. Then we were going to sing and have addresses from Paschetto and Ferraris, when lo! and behold Monsieur Peterval [a harmless but half-crazy man] rose and began to speak. I tried to get him to cease, but he became very much excited, and very rude, and seemed ready to strike me; others tried to silence him, but he had his way and said his say. Afterwards, however, he begged my pardon in the presence of the congregation, and at the close of the meeting hugged and kissed me before all! After him, the other brethren spoke, including Signor Cocorda. . . . In the P. M. we had a meeting of the brethren of the church in which some disagreeable things were said, and a bad spirit was manifested. . . . Paschetto helped me very much. . . . It was a trying meeting and gave me much pain. . . . I leave all in God's hands. . . . It was a mercy that we had fine

weather at Torre Pellice, and Brother James was great company, and a great comfort to me. We came yesterday by the earliest train to this place, and Brother J—— went directly on to Paris.”

Miss Janie T. Prichard, Dr. Taylor's niece, returned to Rome with her uncle's family to spend the winter with them; and Miss Constant, who has been mentioned already, was also in Rome the whole winter.

In March, very suddenly a great affliction befell Dr. Taylor and his children. After an illness of only a day or two Mrs. Taylor died early on the morning of March 7th, 1884. The same day Dr. Taylor wrote to his older son, a student at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, Ky.:

“O my dear son, how can I tell you the sad, dreadful truth—may God help you to bear it—your precious mother left us this morning. We will see her no more below, but above, where hearts never ache as mine does now, and as yours reading these lines. My heart aches specially for you. And in all my prayers in these terrible hours and days I have remembered you. What you feared *might* come *has* come. But it has not come without God's willing it. I know no real comfort in such a moment save that. May we both say what Jesus said in Gethsemane: ‘Not my will, Father, but Thine be done.’ This is our hour of agony. An angel—yea, the Holy Spirit, will come to sustain us. Not only the event, but all its details, we know that He who is infinite in wisdom and tenderness has wisely and kindly ordered, however dark all now seems to us. I will now try to tell you everything as

best I can. Monday P. M. I had to go to a meeting of Evangelical Alliance Committee and proposed to your mother to ride out and take the children; which she did, and said on returning that she had enjoyed the ride so much. She did not think she took cold on the ride, but that night felt cold and chilly, and hastened to bed. The next day she sat up in bed and sewed, partly I think on a dress for Janie but principally in finishing a pair of slippers which she had been making for you to send to you by Janie. . . . Wednesday morning your mother said she had slept badly or not at all. Difficult respiration. . . . In the meantime she had begun to suffer more with her throat, and, as the doctor was slow coming, I administered a mild emetic on my own responsibility, which gave her decided relief. . . . Dr. Gason came again at 11, *i. e.*, Wednesday night, and for the first time, as far as I know, pronounced the symptoms grave. I went off to rest, being very tired, but I felt too sad to sleep much. . . . They decided to call Professor Mazzoni, a most eminent surgeon, who came immediately, and performed the operation known as tracheotomy—cutting the windpipe. Your mother accepted it with the courage and fortitude which were so peculiarly hers—indeed she said, ‘Anything to relieve me and to save my life.’ The operation succeeded and considerable relief was secured. . . . At five they called us and we went with Spotswood. In half an hour or less she breathed her last. The death was perfectly peaceful, which but for the operation it could not have been. Dr. G—— and Mrs. Adams said up to a few moments before that

they thought she was doing well, even improving. . . . It hurt her to speak. But often she signed . . . and again and again she gave an expressive smile. The last audible words were 'Pray for me,' and before the operation she said, 'Jesus will help me.' . . . Our brethren and sisters loved her and admired her, and she loved them. . . . I commenced this this morning and now finish at 7.30 P. M. I have been interrupted scores of times and have had so many things to think of and attend to. Part of the day I have been overwhelmed, but part I am strangely calm. I walk in a dream. . . . "

Mrs. Taylor's death was tragic in its suddenness, and the grief among Italian evangelicals and English and Americans in Rome was deep and general. A correspondent of the *American Register*, a secular paper, said:

"Mrs. Taylor's death was quite sudden and unexpected, and outside of her own family the community of English and Americans and other Protestant Christians at Rome will sadly miss one who was beloved by all who knew her."

With that unselfishness which characterized him, Dr. Taylor wrote long and promptly to his son far away the most minute details concerning these days of sorrow, and his letters overflowed with the tenderest love and most childlike faith in God. Pages would not suffice to give all the matchless letters which Dr. Taylor wrote at this time even to his son; but space forbids, and, moreover, into the sacred place of such a sorrow, perhaps none save the nearest and dearest ought to go. For the children these letters are "a possession forever," and to the beautiful life and lovely character of their mother give a halo and a

benediction. The line from Milton on her tombstone gives some idea of what she was to her husband, her children, her loved ones, her friends, all who knew her :

“Love, sweetness, goodness in her person shined.”

On March 28th, 1884, Dr. Taylor wrote to his older son :

“It is three weeks this morning since our beloved one went home. . . . I can hardly tell you how I have gotten on, so varied have been my experiences. The bereavement is hardly ever absent from me for any length of time, but often it does not seem a real thing, but only a dark, dreadful dream from which I have awakened. At other moments the sense of desolation is overpowering, and then again my heart simply hungers for her. . . . You are remembered by us many times a day, and I believe by many others. Luther said three things make a minister: prayer, temptation and affliction. And Paul, in the beginning of his second letter to the Corinthians, tells how we receive comfort that we may be able to comfort others. I remember hearing a sermon from Dr. Reynolds when I was a boy, on the text ‘It is good for a man to bear the yoke in his youth.’ It was a beautiful and excellent sermon and made an impression on me which I have not yet forgotten. . . . Mary is unselfish and efficient, just like her mother. She and Janie are a great blessing.”

Upon Mrs. Taylor’s death Miss Janie T. Prichard gave up her purpose of returning to America in order to help in Dr. Taylor’s home, with the children and in the house-keeping.

On April 18th, 1884, from Rome, Dr. Taylor wrote to his son:

“ . . . Be sure, my dear George, I mean to take care of myself. I rise earlier, . . . bathe partially with cold water, study and write at a high desk, and mean to try to live, as far as it depends on me. And delicate people sometimes do live on in spite of their frailties. The great thing is to live right and to be ready to go. . . . Sometimes my loneliness and depression are overpowering, but I have resolved to go on bravely and do my work as best I can, with God's help.”

From Turin, May 10th, 1884, Dr. Taylor wrote to his son. No formal good was accomplished by the Florence meeting described in this letter:

“ . . . Monday, April 29th, I went to Florence to attend an assembly called by our Intermissionary Committee to consider if the denominations could get nearer together either in spirit, or form, or both (and coöperate on certain works), and to promote the same. Mr. Eager and I stayed at Hotel Cavour, a much finer house than I had intended to patronize. However, I ate only two meals there, and they were simple ones. The entire Assembly dined together every day at one o'clock, some kind lady having provided the means. Besides, I dined one evening at Mr. McDougall's, where all is elegant. The meetings were very pleasant and, I believe, useful, and that steps were taken which must bring about a closer union, in fact if not in form. I enjoyed much the good fellowship, and the diversion of mind into new and less painful channels of thought. . . . But I must mention one



incident of the Florence days. An American gentleman, member of Mr. McDougall's church, was ill, and he (McD——) asked Mr. Eager and myself to go and see him, which, of course, we gladly did and found him sitting up and alone, but in great pain and needing help. An unsuccessful operation had been performed. We stayed some little time, doing what we could. He seemed full of plans and hopes, though a pious man, but the *cold, cold* sweat on his brow made me feel that he was dying. I begged Mr. McD—— to send help, and it was done, as had been already arranged, and early in the morning he died. . .

“We had expected to install Nicholas Papengouth in Milan Sunday, but he arrived too late. . . . Last Monday I came to Turin. Tuesday I spent at the Exposition. The display is fine, but it was a sad day, many things conspiring to give me a fresh sense of my great loss. Wednesday the meeting of our evangelists came off. We were in session from 9.30 A. M. to nearly midnight, with brief intervals of rest. The services were pleasant, and I trust good was done. We agreed on a plan for insuring the lives of evangelists for the benefit of their widows and orphans. It was also arranged, with our approval, for the appointment of a committee to coöperate with Mr. Eager and myself in the management of affairs. Thursday and Friday (yesterday) the Baptist Union was in session, and a good spirit prevailed, and many things were set on foot; among others a periodical for the defense of Baptist principles, some four hundred lire being subscribed to start it, also a Baptist hymn-book. It was

encouraging to see twenty-five Baptist ministers engaged, and with so much zeal and good feeling, in planning for future work. I trust that there is a better, brighter day for the evangelicals—yes, and for the Baptists of Italy.”

The next letter, while written from Rome, concerns a visit to Torre Pellice on the same trip referred to above. It is to his son:

“ . . . I spent Lord’s Day in Torre Pellice.  
 . . . I attended two services at our chapel and spoke  
 at one. . . . The congregations were very encourag-  
 ing. . . . At present Signor O. C—— not only holds  
 numerous preaching services, but is trying to form a  
 church on the basis of *Conditional Immortality* and  
 Sabbatarianism. . . . I have been thinking for  
 several days of to-day, the 13th of May and the twenty-  
 sixth anniversary of our wedding. One year ago, she  
 and you and all of us celebrated the silver wedding.  
 Ah! how little we dreamed what would come before  
 another year. How fresh is my vision of her as, twenty-  
 six years ago to-day, she came in her youthful, virginal  
 loveliness ‘as a bride prepared for her husband.’ I  
 always admired her, and to me, in her better moments, she  
 had all her girlish beauty. As I passed Pisa last night  
 at midnight, I remembered my parting with her last  
 October; her eyes were so beautiful and tender and beam-  
 ing with love, that it deeply affected me, and I wrote  
 her of it in my first letter. I did appreciate her, yet now  
 I feel that were she back again I should appreciate her  
 even more. Alas! mine now is to be but a maimed life,

but God forbid that I should murmur. I have you and the dear children. I remember so well when each was born, and gather each of you afresh to my heart. And Jesus is precious though I know that He might be more to me than He is. Alas for my poor, sinful heart!"

His letters described not only all his own life but touched with helpfulness the lives of those to whom he wrote, especially his nearest and dearest. It is simply impossible to give all the words of wise and loving counsel he addressed to his children, but the following to his son, who was preparing for the ministry, must not be left out:

" . . . I wish to beg you, while doing your work faithfully, to avoid worry. This last does not glorify God or add to one's usefulness, but the reverse, while it does drain fearfully one's vital energies. May you be able to combine the greatest earnestness with a heart at rest in the attributes and promises of God. . . . I remember a prayer of your mother's, that we might so commit everything to God as to feel *a sweet carelessness as to results*. It impressed me as equally just and beautiful, and though she used the expression more than a dozen years ago it is fresh in my memory. . . . Do not take your life hard. Preach and visit in humble dependence on the divine guidance, and confident of His life-giving blessing upon your work."

In the summer of 1884, Dr. Taylor, carrying out a plan he and his wife had thought of, wrote to Dr. John A. Broadus, saying that he would be willing to go for two years to the University of Virginia, as chaplain, if the

faculty cared to have him fill that place. The following extracts, in regard to this matter, explain themselves:

“THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA,

“June 24th, 1884.

“Rev. G. B. Taylor, D. D.,

“Dear Sir and Brother: On learning a week or two ago that you would probably be willing to become our University chaplain at the next term, I took the liberty of consulting with several of my colleagues about it and, having their approval, I laid the matter before the faculty at their last meeting. Although far in advance of the usual time for an election, they at once embraced the opportunity, and you were formally elected chaplain for the ensuing term with a cordiality and a unanimity that could not possibly be surpassed, and I was authorized to communicate the fact to you, asking for a definite response when it may suit your convenience. The prospect of having you with us, and in this intimate relation, is a matter of general congratulation. . . . Will you allow me to add that amidst the general congratulation there is a deep note of sorrow that you return alone. Every one says, ‘Alas that Mrs. Taylor is not to be with us too!’ For myself and my wife it is a special source of sorrow, for we learned not only to admire but also the easy lesson to love her, and our hearty sympathies are with you in your great loss. You will not be less welcome to our hearts and homes, and I pray God to direct and bless your coming. . . .

“Truly your friend and brother,

“NOAH K. DAVIS.”

Dr. Taylor replied:

“LUCERNA—S. GIOVANNI, ITALY,

“July 13th, 1884.

“Prof. N. K. Davis,

“University of Virginia.

“My dear Sir and Brother: I have received your kind letter of June 24th, communicating the action of the faculty of the University of Virginia, electing me chaplain for the next term. It will give me great pleasure to accept the position, and as soon as I receive the consent of the Foreign Mission Board, which I have no doubt will be cheerfully given, I shall send my formal acceptance. I was aware that the next term does not begin till October, 1885, but in writing to Dr. Broadus of my willingness to have my name mentioned in connection with the chaplaincy, I did not anticipate so prompt action. Besides, I desired that, if elected, it might be without rivalry, as my relation to Southern Baptist ministers is delicate and, moreover, I wished time in order to consult the Foreign Mission Board and make needed arrangements, and to leave ample opportunity for selecting another chaplain in case I could not go. I heartily thank the faculty for the exception made in my case of an early election, and also for the cordiality with which it was made. My own feeling for the University of Virginia has always been a blending of admiration and affection, and to be its chaplain is for me both an honor and a privilege. . . . Yes, it will be unutterably sad to return home without my wife, but it is unutterably sad to remain here or indeed to live at all without her. . . . One comfort

in going home will be that I shall be carrying out her wishes in regard to our children, who in every way need the change. I have no other plan than after filling my term to return to Italy and end my days here. I cannot sufficiently thank you for your kindness in the matter."

Dr. Taylor wrote to Dr. Tupper, the corresponding secretary of the Foreign Mission Board:

"My dear Brother: It was the conviction of my wife and myself that a prolonged visit of our family to the United States was desirable, specially in view of the physical, intellectual and social needs of our children. We also thought that it might be a wise and desirable arrangement, both as regards the Board and ourselves, for me to accept, if appointed, the next Baptist chaplaincy at the University of Virginia. As these needs were at least not diminished by the death of my wife, I wrote in the latter part of May to Dr. John A. Broadus, authorizing him, if as a friend of the Foreign Mission Board and of the University of Virginia he thought well of it, to mention my name as next Baptist chaplain. I have now the honor of enclosing a copy of Professor Davis's letter informing me of my election, and a copy of my own letter expressing my desire to accept the position, provided the Board consent. I trust the Board will see no obstacle in the way. If they do, I am quite ready heartily to renounce the project. Should the way be open, my plan would be to have leave of absence without salary, say for twenty or twenty-four months, with the understanding that at the end of the time I return to Italy, unless some grave reason interpose, affecting either the Board or myself. . . .

Confiding implicitly in the wisdom and love of the Board, I submit the matter without other words."

As will be seen from what follows, the plan for the return to the United States and the University of Virginia was in due time carried out. The summer of 1884 was spent in the Waldensian Valleys, Miss Prichard still being one of the little circle. During the summer a pen-written paper, called "The Holiday Herald," was issued from week to week, and, besides other things, contained the poems and essays and stories which were submitted in contests for prizes offered by first one and then another. Dr. Taylor entered most enthusiastically into this plan, which proved profitable to the young people, and pleasant for all. Early in the fall Mary, the older daughter, went to Leipsic, Germany, to spend the winter in study, and Dr. Taylor's niece returned with him and the family to Rome, to take charge of the housekeeping and look after the children. The next letters show Dr. Taylor en route for the United States, and the University of Virginia. During Dr. Taylor's absence in America, Dr. Eager had charge of the Italian work.

On July 7th, 1885, Dr. Taylor wrote from 11 Charterhouse Square, London, to his brother James:

" . . . After a pleasant week in Leipsic, varied by a day in Dresden, and a not important attack of sickness, I came on with my trio, visiting the haunts of Goethe, Schiller and Luther. A few hours were given to Weimar, where the two former lived, and a couple of days (one being Lord's Day) to Eisenach and the Wartburg. Then we came here by way of Frankfort, the Rhine,

Cologne, Brussels and Antwerp. To afford this, we took to Dresden, and as far as Cologne, third-class trains and third-class hotels, which in Germany are very inexpensive, while often we simply picnicked in the train or in third-class waiting rooms on sandwiches. All this is rather to my taste, though the railroading in third class is rather fatiguing. We had a goodly number of heavy bundles to carry and deposit, and we must often have presented a queer, not to say ridiculous, appearance. . . . We are at a very quiet little place down town, within four or five minutes of the roar of the metropolis, and yet as secluded as if in the depths of a forest. In front is a little park or square, open only to those living or stopping on this square. This P. M. a policeman let us in and let us out. Altogether I have found the trip thus far a pleasure and a minister to health, giving, as it does, change of scene and a relief from consuming care. . . . I met old Mr. Cook\* to-day. He has here his American pastor, as he calls him, Dr. Walker, of Philadelphia, whom, with his wife, he is treating to a second trip to and over Europe. . . . I hope to hear Spurgeon on Sunday."

On the Anchor Line steamship "Anchoria," July 31st, 1885, he wrote to his brother Charles:

" . . . Spotswood and I ran to catch a train for Ayr. Arrived there we found an open 'bus into which the people crowded, and we followed, asking no questions. After half an hour's run over a rolling, open country, with

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\*Thos. Cook, originator of Cook's Tours, etc.



extensive views, we were set down in a spot, to me one of the most interesting in the world—the more so as I had just re-read the life of the poet. We were surrounded by the thatched one-story cottage where he first saw the light, the school house, ‘Alloway’s auld haunted kirk,’ the banks and braes of bonnie Doon (bonny indeed it was, and they are), and the Brig o’ Doon over which Tam fled for his life. All of these were inspected. . . . Then we got from a room added to Burns’s house some scones for myself and for Spotswood, and a hot mutton pie, which he declared to be the best thing he had ever tasted. . . . My last day before leaving London was given to visiting Oxford according to a sometime cherished wish and plan. It was a pity the time was so short—far too short to see properly that quiet, splendid, historic city, but imperfect as was my view enough was seen to give me a conception which no book or picture could give me. . . . The train to London was a fast one, and took us there without stopping, a distance of seventy-five miles or thereabouts. . . . A charming episode was meeting Edward Judson, who came and spent an evening with me. Few men are there whom I love and admire so much.”

Upon reaching America the little party spent a few days in Baltimore; a few days with kin folks at Newport News and Wake Forest, and then arrived at the University of Virginia.

From the University, Dr. Taylor wrote, September 28th, 1885, to his brother Charles. He refers to Rev. Dr. J. B. Turpin, for many years pastor of the First Baptist Church of Charlottesville:

“ . . . A week ago to-day we all landed here in the rain and mud. . . . It was a little depressing. . . . We have a good servant. Spotswood goes to Mr. Brock at Midway and Susy to a private school at Mrs. Staige Davis's; many friends have called with kindest words, and in a word we feel that we are launched on our life here. My health and strength have improved, . . . and I hope I will get on, though I feel some anxiety as to the sermons. My sermon for next Sunday morning I have written out but am dissatisfied with it. Text, II Cor. iv: 7. Yesterday in the absence of Turpin I preached at Baptist Church, Charlottesville, and presided at the Lord's Supper. I also addressed the Sunday school on Italian missions. In the P. M. I made pastoral visits, one to Professor Wheeler, who was thrown from his Kentucky horse the day after our arrival, and is laid up with a dislocated shoulder, all alone, his wife being in the North. . . . We are greatly enjoying George's presence, and regret that he must go away so soon. Alas! such is life. He has preached the last two Sundays in Staunton. My own stay there was an ovation, and I greatly enjoyed meeting and preaching to my old friends and brethren, though memories sad and tender thronged me.”

One letter refers to a barrel of Albemarle pippins he had shipped to his brother Charles; another barrel went to Louisville, to his son. This as an illustration of how he was constantly making handsome, thoughtful, loving presents! Few men ever did more for others with the

same amount of money. He was an excellent financier and it was his joy to give to others.

On October 29th, 1885, he wrote to his brother James:

“ . . . Why have I not written sooner? because overwhelmed with work, and for five days past with neuralgia pains, fever *et id omne genus*, which have kept me in bed, and which last Sunday compelled closing the chapel to my immense disgruntlement, and I haven't been out since, and almost fear for next Sunday. . . . James Dickinson and Carter Jones and a Baptist student named Cox, from Georgia, have been very kind in supplying my place at morning prayers.”

During Dr. Taylor's two years at the University he was never strong, and a number of times was confined to his bed by attacks more or less sharp. He felt the severity of American winter weather, yet on the whole the visit helped him physically. The luxury of an abundance of milk and vegetables he greatly enjoyed. In November 1885 he attended a farewell missionary meeting which was held at the First Church, Richmond, and made the principal address, speaking especially to the young men who were setting out for China.

In the spring of 1886 Mr. Moody was at the University, and made a deep impression upon the students and faculty. After he left meetings were kept up, and Dr. Taylor speaks of the blessed revival with which the community was visited. The following May he attended the Southern Baptist Convention in Montgomery, was elected one of the vice-presidents and made an address on Italian Missions which surprised many, who had thought of him

as very sober and matter of fact, by its fine play of wit and humor. During the summer of 1886 a Hebrew summer school was held at the University of Virginia; a number of distinguished Hebrew scholars came together, Dr. W. R. Harper being the most famous of them all. Naturally such a gathering was greatly enjoyed by Dr. Taylor, and the social features were prominent, as a summer school cannot be very strenuous, since even at the base of the Blue Ridge the mercury mounts uncomfortably high. During his chaplaincy Dr. Taylor gave considerable time and thought to the enterprise (initiated and made successful by Rev. Otis T. Glazebrook), which resulted in the erection of the Gothic chapel now used.

In the spring of 1887, upon Dr. Taylor's invitation, the Rev. Dr. Edward Judson spent a week at the University of Virginia, preaching in a series of meetings. His sermons attracted very large crowds of students, and great good was done. In the fall of 1887, according to his plan and purpose, Dr. Taylor, after brief visits to Chapel Hill, where his two sons were, one as pastor, the other as student, and to Wake Forest, turned his face towards Rome.

## CHAPTER VIII

Home Life—Mission Affairs—Chapels Dedicated—Trips to Sicily  
Sardinia, Switzerland

✦

O'ER all the Italian fields where still doth sway  
The Triple Tyrant, that from these may grow  
A hundredfold, who having learnt thy way  
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

—Milton.

✦

NOVEMBER (1887) found Dr. Taylor and his daughters once more in Rome. The first years in Rome the family had lived in their own hired house, a different one each winter, and then for some years they had dwelt in the apartment over the chapel, on Via Teatro Valle. Now that apartment was occupied by Signor Paschetto, the evangelist, and the Taylor trio took up their abode at 52 Via Giulio Romano. This is in many respects as desirable a place as can be found in Rome. The windows look out upon the steps of the Ara Coeli Church (where Gibbon conceived the plan of writing the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*), and the square of the Capitol, with its famous equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius. The large open space all around gives every room save one that wealth of sunshine, which is so necessary in Rome, yet which, by reason of the narrow streets, in many a house is unknown. This was to be Dr. Taylor's

last earthly habitation; in view of this fact some words, in the letter which follows, addressed to his brother Charles, take on a double interest:

“Behold my permanent address and me settled again in my ‘own hired house’ in Rome—well, not perfectly settled . . . but comfortable in the feeling that like Noah’s dove we have found a resting place for the sole of our feet after our flight over the great waters. Perhaps God does not mean for his children to be too well settled in this world. . . . It has always been a theory of mine that every properly constituted family is complete in itself and that while ‘men (or women) may come and men (or women) may go’ and be welcome while there, the home is quite able to get on of itself. . . . Our stay has been marked by a deal of rainy, dark, dismal weather (now it is glorious), and by one of my attacks, this time not visceral merely, but a land seasickness lasting all night, and leaving me weak and miserable for days after. However, as usual, I have come up like a cork, and am O. K. (all kork). But I know that some day I shall not ‘come up.’ This house has some disadvantages. . . . But the house is flooded with sunshine, I mean by day, and when it is not raining. And who can expect everything to combine in a house till he gets the one ‘not made with hands’? . . . We are making some skirmishes towards getting fixed, and Mary is a treasure worth her weight in gold. . . . Our reception by friends here, of various nationalities, could hardly have been kinder.”

On February 29th, 1888, he wrote to his brother Charles:

“Last Sunday was a day to be marked with a white stone, as it was the first day for about a fortnight that I went out of the house. . . . Though I went out Sunday it was not thought best for me to go to our chapel, which is cold and damp, so I walked to the Palace of the Cæsars, and there read your and other letters which the porter handed me as I passed his den. On other days there is a franc for admission to the Palatine Hill, but on Sunday there is no charge. I, of course, would not go there sight-seeing, but do not think it wrong to go as I would to any other green, quiet place. I have had a bronchial attack, and have played the part of the man in the story who could not get warm. It is a strange and to me rather inexplicable as well as painful experience. And yet Sunday I found the sun hot, and my overcoat oppressive. It was the first bright day for many days. We have had a most trying winter, severe cold or continual rain. Now comes March, dangerous from the contrast between the hot sun and chilling winds.

“For two years I, too, got up early and sallied forth to morning prayers, and rather enjoyed it, but for some time I have been rising late. Rome is a great place for sleep, and it seems hard for me to get enough. Mary and Susy are very good to me, and give me all the petting I will take, and I take all I can get. Our servant leaves before the third meal of the day and Mary and Susy prepare that, and as I am reading or writing, in walks one of them with a cup of cocoa, and a slice of brown

bread. Each time it is a surprise, and I feel as if I were in fairyland. For some time I have not been able to take my meals in the cold dining room. The Baroness Bunsen well says that Rome, with its climate and with the way the houses are built, is no place for a delicate person. For the first time since I came here in 1873 I have thought this winter of making some change. But it has not been a very serious thought, nor do I know what change could be made. Besides, this has been a very exceptionally trying winter, and, after all, one does not know how much of his sufferings may be due to place and how much to his own health, which would not be strong anywhere. Charlie, I am sensible of greatly diminished force, and though I have been going down hill *four* years, this year has marked a decided decadence. However, I generally rally, and hope to yet. . . .

"I have recently called to my aid here Signor Paschetto. Well, really, he will do most of the preaching, as at present he does all. He is one of our very best men, firm and gentle, a student and pious. . . . The Italian work in general is not making very much progress. The most sanguine of the leaders here, while not discouraged, take a more sober view than ever of the difficulty, and feel little hopefulness, humanly speaking, of the work. But surely God will not fail to answer prayer, and crown His own word with His own blessing. . . . I have been for some days reading 'Life and Letters of John Foster,' a strong and suggestive but somewhat gloomy book, though Foster, could he reply, would say the gloom is in the reality of things. I am perhaps not



quite so deaf as when you were at my house, but more so than when I was at yours, and I am in consequence much cut off from social life. The best I can do is to talk to one person who is on my right side, and will take some pains. General conversation is impossible. Last Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Crawford, of Buffalo, dined with us. . . . To-night we will have a number of friends to meet them. I confess I dread it,\* but it seemed a social duty. There is always some one in Rome to whom one has to show some attention."

A few days later, on March 15th, 1888, he wrote again to his brother Charles:

"I perhaps would not write again so soon but for three reasons, viz.: because it is easier to write a second letter *soon* after sending a first, because I can, as to myself, give a much better bill of health, and finally because in the meantime I have another letter from you. . . . First of all I must say that the little party of ours, which I was dreading when I wrote you, turned out to be not only a great success, but a peculiar pleasure to me—this last, I think, chiefly because I set myself as a fine art to make everyone have a good time. Then, too, there are, in our little circle, several exceedingly pleasant people for whom I feel a warm friendship, and whose society I really enjoy, though my deafness is a real hindrance. I never tried so much before this year to get on the right side of people or more strictly to get them on my right side.

"The day after the *rout*, Mary and Susy went with a

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\*On account of his deafness.

party to Frascati, and I, too, was invited and could have gone, but owing to the detention of the tram car was left by the train. I had, however, a compensation for my disappointment, for that was the day of the *demonstrations* by the *Unemployed*. One of the two incidents of the day occurred on the steps leading to the Campidoglio, and right under my window. At first the dense mass pressed back the police and the few soldiers guarding the position, and it seemed at one moment, which was thrilling, that they would break through. But presently reënforcements came, two bands placing themselves in the piazza above. A third, with fixed bayonets, charged up the *scalinata* (or inclined plane), bisecting the mass, and then turning round and forcing each half down, and in different directions—then the victory was won. Many stones were thrown by the people and a few bayonet wounds were inflicted, but it was the peculiar Italian patience and God's mercy that no shots were fired. Once or twice during the half hour that I watched the scene, which could not have been more perfectly under my eye, my heart beat painfully with excitement and anxiety. A perhaps larger crowd, doing real damage, was in the piazza, where Mary has her women's meetings, and almost all over the city bakeries were invaded, and bread carriers were robbed of their burden, so that altogether the scenes of Milan, so admirably depicted by Manzoni in the 'Promessi Sposi,' were reënacted.

"Since this episode the illness of the crown prince of Germany, the illness and death of the Emperor, and all the incidents accompanying, have greatly occupied our

thoughts, and we have felt indeed as if we were spectators of a tragedy, and almost taking part in it. . . . My prayer has been for the excellent crown prince, now Emperor, such a sufferer and so sublimely patient and self-contained; so heroic as a soldier and yet so devoted to peace and to liberal constitutional government, and especially for the cause of freedom and civilization, and for the masses of the people that the *Great Sovereign* may dominate all these events to the progress of His cause in Europe, and in the world."

On the same day he wrote to his older son, alluding to the Rev. Dr. Charles H. Ryland, who is at present, and has been for many years, the financial secretary of Richmond College:

" . . . Some time before I left the U. S., C. H. Ryland wrote asking me for my portrait. I declined, thinking it would not be delicate, but said some time I would give the portrait of some other person. The thing was followed up and so I said I would pay for J. A. B.'s"

About a year later a friend asked him to sit for his portrait, for the Richmond College Library, and he did so; writing afterwards for the *Religious Herald* an article entitled "On Having Your Portrait Painted," suggested by his sittings in the studio of De Sanctis. In this article he said, in part:

"It is decreed by those whom you wish to oblige, or feel bound to obey, that you sit for your portrait, an experience which had not been dreamed of in your philosophy. You feel flattered and fluttered—the latter, because you are well aware that yours is not a handsome face,

and you are almost ashamed to ask an artist to put it upon canvas. And so you delay, like the man of classic fable waiting on the river bank for the water to run by that he may cross, only you know that your case is even more desperate, since, though you can never become better looking, you may lose what little pulchritude you already possess.

“Let your flattered feeling at the Aristotle Club, or the Pine Pole University wanting your portrait, be chastened by the fact that their wanting it proves you to be no longer young. Only after a man is old enough to have done something do people care for his portrait. Besides, then they begin to fear that if not taken soon it may not be possible to *take it from life*. This last need not be a sad, but it is surely a sobering, thought and a fine counter-irritant to vanity. Most portraits in public galleries are of men past their prime. So it is at Oxford and Cambridge. We have Michael Angelo and Leonardo as elderly men. Raphael, in his ‘School of Athens,’ represents the chief characters as aged. Happily, we have *his* portrait as a beautiful young man, painted by his own hand. Not otherwise could we have it at all, as he died with the dew of his youth upon him, and though so young he has already made posterity his debtors and won undying fame. But he was one of millions! After all, you old fellows, if not handsome, may be picturesque, which is a good thing in a picture.

“At last you pluck up courage and go to the artist’s. You have done well to choose the best. Always strike high; get the best doctor to physic you, the best lawyer

to plead for you, the best preacher to preach to you—the best, I mean, that circumstances permit. In marrying also, according to Dr. Johnson, a man should strike high; for, he argues, a woman is none the worse for being beautiful, and if she is well bred and ‘used to the handling of money, she spends it more judiciously than one who, getting the command of it for the first time upon her marriage, has such a gust in spending it that she throws it away in great profusion.’ This is wise, but only *worldly* wise. Surely, in a better sense, one may covet earnestly the best gifts in a companion for life’s pilgrimage.

“Out of the brilliant Spanish Square and street of the Baboon, with their wealth of photographs, engravings, laces, silk stuffs, jewelry, coral, pearls (oriental and home-made), mosaics, cameos, ‘objects of religion’ luxuriously mounted, every species of bric-a-brac, golden butter whose pads are stamped with the wolf and Romulus and Remus, and, not least, flowers in profusion,—flowers that man has made and flowers the handiwork of God,—out of this street and square you turn into a back street well known to travelled men who love the beautiful. When you have climbed a flight of steps you are still in a sort of garden, and all around you are the homes—the art homes—of painters.

“Preliminaries are soon arranged, and sittings begin. You were wise to leave everything to the painter. In any department, get an expert, and then leave the responsibility of the case to him. ‘He who is his own lawyer has a fool for his client’ is a proverb which, *mutatis mutandis*, applies to many other subjects. I would have made a good

Roman Catholic; and the Papist is all right—except in his premises.

“Half in earnest, but in a playful way, you ask the artist to make the picture as good looking as is consistent with its being a likeness. You have not quite the courage of old Oliver, who ordered Sir Peter Leley, ‘Paint me as I am, wart and all.’ The painter gives you a knowing smile; you may be sure he has had that request before—you are not the only ill-favored man he had tried his brush on, and that, at least, is reassuring. . . .

“While the preliminaries were arranging, the painter was beaming with smiles and effervescing with pleasant small talk; but now that work is begun, what a change! Some time is spent in getting you into the right position, and then, for several long minutes, you are scrutinized as if he would look through you and read the very secrets of your soul. You are slightly embarrassed, and most likely, in consequence, not quite natural. At length he seizes the charcoal and dashes away as if for dear life, looking alternately at the canvas and at you. What concentration of faculties! No wonder! Perhaps not even the author requires it more. . . .

“Even the sitter is under a certain strain to preserve his position and keep his eye on the painter, and once, you remember, when you yielded to an irresistible desire to glance at some geraniums in a window across the street, he with imperative gesture recalled your eye to its proper object. But before you get very tired he proposes rest, and shows you some of the treasures of his studio. Here is no end of tapestry, old armor, antique vases, wood carv-

ings, crucifixes in iron and ivory, 'studies,' and the like, but you soon turn from them to look at some of the portraits. Here is Longfellow, with his shaggy hair and beard, looking like an old lion. There, also, are Cantu, Italy's famous historian, several senators and members of the Lower House. What an honest, bright face Cantu has! If his history is like him, it cannot much resemble that of Guicciardini, to the reading of which a galley prisoner's sentence was once commuted; but, after a trial, he gave up the book, preferring to expiate his crime in the regular way. Here are fair maidens from over the mountains and beyond the sea, and lovely brunettes from the South. The presence of one of these last is explained. It was not considered pretty enough by the original. The artist prefers to paint the rougher sex, he says. At any rate he has done justice, and not more than justice, to Italy's peerless and royal Daisy, and by her side is the honest King Humbert. One could never feel lonesome in this studio, though alone. Nor would I dare to do or even think bad things there, with all those *eyes following me about*.

"At the first sitting, an outline is made with charcoal. Thereafter, the brush is used. One sees in the whole process a not unapt figure of sermonizing. There is first the conception of the text or topic; next, the outline within which to work, for correct design is the necessary condition of a painting or sermon; and, finally, the filling in and coloring. Some sermons would be improved were there less going about after originality and more effort to simply find and present the thought of the Holy Spirit

in the passage selected. In the latter, at least, there is ample scope for the creative faculty. Some discourses, on the other hand, fail for lack of life and color. After all, if a preacher is not interesting enough to induce people to listen to him, his 'best laid plans' and most logically constructed trains of thought are all in vain.

"Another analogy. We need to study again and again, and with the concentration of our faculties, the character of our Lord Jesus, if we wish that it may be in any good measure reproduced in us. Thus 'we all, with unveiled face beholding as in a mirror the glory of the Lord, are transformed into the same image from glory to glory.'

"The portrait progresses. As the colors are laid on, the likeness comes out, and you are comforted that it is not so ugly as you feared, but your eyes, you venture to suggest to the painter, are deeper set than in the picture. 'Ah, you cannot judge,' he replies, 'until it is done.' A great truth is wrapped up in those words. You see your mistake, and then think of your greater folly in sometimes judging of God's unfinished work. It is not merely that the finite is never competent to pass judgment on the infinite, but even that partial estimate that we may make must be delayed till the last touch has been given to it by the Divine hand.

With patient mind thy course of duty run,  
God nothing does, or suffers to be done,  
But thou wouldst do thyself, if thou couldst see  
The end of all events as well as He.'

And even man's work, and any human life, may not be



rightly estimated until the close. As a whole it must be weighed, if no injustice is to be done.

'Grow old along with me!  
The best is yet to be—  
The last of life, for which the first was made.  
Our times are in His hand  
Who saith, A whole I planned;  
Youth shows but half; trust God; see all, nor be afraid.

For note, when evening shuts,  
A certain moment cuts  
The deed off, calls the glory from the gray.  
A whisper from the west  
Shouts, Add this to the rest:  
Take it and try its worth; here dies another day.

So, take and use Thy work;  
Amend what flaws may lurk,  
What strain o' the stuff, what warpings past the aim!  
My times be in Thy hand!  
Perfect the cup as planned!  
Let age approve of youth, and death complete the same!"

"One day I sat by the painter and watched his work, and saw, as this and that touch was given, the likeness little by little coming out. So have I seen—and surely earth has no lovelier sight—some friend year after year grow more and more into the likeness of the Divine Man. I ventured to say to the painter that I began to see your lineaments appearing. 'But no,' he replied, 'I have not even begun to put in the likeness.' Thus, methinks, in a man who seems to us Christlike the likeness has not even *begun* compared to '*what he shall be.*' That 'doth not yet appear. . . .'"

On March 16th, 1888, he wrote to his younger son:

“ . . . Did I mention that I am re-reading *Ivanhoe*? I see that in the *Century* there is a lively fight going on between Stevenson and Howells, the former representing the ideal and romantic, and the other the realistic in literature. It seems to me a useless contest, since both have and ought to have their due place. I confess I am enjoying *Ivanhoe* more than I expected. . . . Never was there a more *ex tempore* trip than that to Frascati which Susy and I took day before yesterday. It was spoken of playfully at breakfast, but finding Susy would like it, I at once decided to go. . . . The mountains were white with snow and the fields with daisies. We had a charming day, wandering through the villas, climbing hills, and plucking flowers, as well as drinking in deep draughts of fine air which made me skip and jump like a kid. Then, too, we got a nice though inexpensive dinner at the restaurant of the *Sole*, followed by a *maritozzo*\* each at a café, and a cup of black coffee for me. By midday the sky was very much overcast, but we cheerfully hoped it would not rain, as we had no umbrella, and it did not until about 4.30, when a fine sprinkle began. We felicitated ourselves much in hitting the train almost exactly, for we had no watch either. We were rather badly smoked in the car but reached Rome safely, and then, though it was raining little, I took a cab home, for I noticed that Susy's shoes were not very thick. I thought during the day of other visits to F——, the last,

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\*A kind of bun, made with oil, and eaten during Lent.

I believe, with you, and very vividly of one with your mother in 1878 or '79, when being at a sort of crisis in the mission we discussed plans, and your mother said at any sacrifice we must stay on and work on in Rome. I shall never forget it. I remembered, too, all day that it was not only the King's birthday but your mother's as well. She is often in my mind. Did I tell you of going on the 7th, and carrying flowers to her grave? From it I plucked two violets, which I enclose for you and George. My son, you had a rarely noble and lovely mother. I often think what you and Susy lost by her too early death. . . . I must tell you of a curious thing. Some ten days ago I received a long letter from a legal firm in J——, T——, accompanied by others from prominent Baptist ministers, begging me to make certain investigations here. It seems that there was a man calling himself ——, who was very injudiciously called to the pastorate of the Baptist Church there. When he became intolerable they got rid of him. Then he began to publish all manner of accusations, till in self-defense they tracked his past history and finding proof that he was a first-class scoundrel, with several *aliases*, published the same. He, thereupon, brought suit for defamation. Before the court he gave the name of the person whom he claims to be his father, a certain —— with four prenomens, whom he alleges to have died in Rome on May 6th —— at the house of one —— living on the Corso, and to have been buried May 8th in the cemetery at ——. There is no record of such death or burial, and so far no —— can be heard of. I have sent

one telegram and one letter, the latter of which I swore before the American Consul. But I am still at work."

The following letter explains itself:

"UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA,  
"April 5th, 1888.

"Dear Doctor Taylor—I have the honor to inform you that the faculty have unanimously elected you one of the delegates to represent the University of Virginia on the occasion of the celebration of the 800th anniversary of the University of Bologna on the 11th, 12th and 13th days of June next. We hope that you will find it in your power to accept the appointment, and will be one of the representatives of the *Alma Mater* on the interesting occasion. We have appointed two delegates. Your colleague is the Hon. Boyd Winchester, Minister Resident of the United States at Berne, Switzerland. Minister Winchester is an alumnus of the year 1855. Hoping soon to receive a favorable reply, I am,

"Your very sincerely,

"CHAS. S. VENABLE.

"P. S. I must take this occasion to do that which I should have done long ago—that is, to thank you in the name of the faculty for the gift to the library of the portrait of our honored colleague, Prof. N. K. Davis."

Dr. Taylor accepted the appointment, and attended this interesting and unique celebration. The same summer he had a visit, which he greatly enjoyed, from two Virginia pastors, the Rev. Dr. William E. Hatcher, his warm friend of former days, and the Rev. Dr. L. R. Thornhill.

Dr. Taylor was summering at Cutigliano, an out-of-the-way place up in the Apennines, but guided by a postal from their friend the travellers, though ignorant of Italian, arrived safely, late one Sunday night. The visit is described by Dr. Taylor and by Dr. Hatcher. In a letter to his older son, dated September 8th, 1888, the former writes:

“ . . . At 10 P. M. . . . the bell rang. It put me quite in a quiver, as it had never rung before at night, and I feared a bad telegram. But on opening the door, behold Messrs. Hatcher and Thornhill, who had thought, situated as they were, the most Sunday-like employment was to get to us, and they had come guided by directions in one of my earlier postal cards. . . . Mary and Susy (the servant being away) got 'em a hot supper, and prepared their room. . . . We talked till midnight, as we did also Monday and Tuesday nights, sleeping late to get even . . . and I have never enjoyed a visit more. They seemed to enjoy themselves royally well, and were most kindly appreciative of everything. Dr. Hatcher was his own bright self. . . . Their visit stirred me up in a very pleasant way, and I needed stirring up very badly.”

Dr. Hatcher, in an article about Dr. Taylor, speaks thus of this visit, and other days with Dr. Taylor in other parts of Italy:

“His appointment to Italy was the decisive event of his life. I fairly went into mourning over it, and yet rejoiced. It was something not to forget to mark the serene serious-

ness with which he faced his new career. When he went, it was agreed that I was to see him in his Italian home—one of my fair hopes long deferred, but realized in time. Being advised of my coming over in the summer of 1888 he notified me that he was summering in the Apennines, and that I must come to him there. Not an accessible point and I reached it at midnight of Sunday about September the first, after a hard ride through the mountains. He and his daughters were up, and truly I never had such a welcome! His dear face was transfigured with radiance, and as he threw his arm around me and said, 'O Brother William, my own dear friend, you have come at last!' it seemed to me that my heart leaped to a height of happiness never attained before. O blessed days! He told me that in our rambles among the crags of the Apennines we were on the very spot where Cataline used to hide and hatch his deadly plots, but the arch-conspirator did not disturb us. For days our feast of joy went on, and now as he sleeps in his grave my heart finds food in the memory of it.

"Dr. Taylor talked much of going with me to Rome, but I would not hear of it, as his health was feeble, but he had his house opened and put in order for me, engaged the faithful janitor of the Baptist Church to wait on my wishes, and interested the pastor of the church and others to make it happy for me while in the city of Rome.

"Later on Dr. Taylor met me at Bologna, and we travelled extensively together through Northern Italy, visiting a number of our missionary stations. He knew Italy by heart, and of all guides he was the most instructive.

Indeed he was so refreshing that often silent tears, tokens of joy, not sorrow, dimmed my eyes.

“Finally our parting came at Milan. I asked him when I was to see him in America. ‘Never, I hope,’ he said, with decision, and I upbraided him to elicit an explanation, and got it. It came in about the following words: ‘My wife never felt called to be a missionary and really preferred to live in America, but as a good wife she cheerfully came with me. And she has found a grave in Italy. I feel that I must be buried beside her, and if I go to America I fear that I may die while there and they may bury me in that country. This would be like deserting one who gave up all for me.’ I had not another word to say. He did come to America later, but his wish to be buried in Italy was gratified.”

As Dr. Taylor and his daughters returned to Rome that fall, they stopped for a few days in Florence. Concerning this visit, he writes in a letter to his son, dated Florence, October 7th, 1888:

“ . . . We have spent two mornings in the Uffizi and Pitti galleries, one in each. The latter is now called the ‘Palatine.’ When I was here in 1870 admittance was free as air, whereas now, as in every museum or ancient building, a franc each is the fee. But these galleries are always crowded and, indeed, the sum is very small as compared with prices in America, and considering the richness of the collections. There are pictures in those galleries which I can shut my eyes and see, and which are a great joy to me. This time we have given more attention than ever before to Fra Angelico and Botticelli—

the latter on account of an article on his works in a late *Harper*. But your sisters have for some time been reading up for this week, which is, as the theatre people say, their 'benefit,' and which they richly deserve. I do wish them to get the best of Italy so that in case of their removal to America they may have stored in their memories precious pictures in abundance of this land of art and beauty. One morning was given to Santa Croce, the Westminster Abbey of Italy, and yesterday morning to San Marco, with the wonderful frescoes of Fra Angelico in the convent there, now a government museum, and the cell from which Savonarola went forth to die. It never seemed so real to me before. An hour was given also to the church of San Lorenzo, with its double-starred new sacristy and Medici chapel. To-morrow we must go to the Academy of the Belle Arti. Of course we have given due attention to the Duomo and Giotto's tower and the Baptistery. The Duomo is now resplendent in its façade, completed only last year. At the Baptistery we witnessed an infant sprinkling (what a contradiction in that place!), and at San Lorenzo witnessed a bridal procession issue as we entered. There was a wealth of lovely bouquets fastened to the doors of the carriages, but the bride seemed neither young nor beautiful. . . . Two afternoons we have sauntered on Lung Arno, looking at the pretty bric-a-brac in this capital of bric-a-bracdom, and one bright, clear afternoon we rode in a carriage on the famous and beautiful ride over the hills of San Miniato, enjoying a lovely view of the city, river and encircling hills. This paper was made at Ponte di Lima, about three miles from



Cutigliano, where also all the government stamp paper is made. We like it, specially considering the low price."

Apropos of this love of the beautiful in art and nature, which was so strong in Dr. Taylor, are the following words from his younger son:

"When I was but a lad my father took me to the Art Gallery in Bologna and made me sit down before Raphael's immortal picture of St. Cecilia listening to heavenly music. He told me we had but an hour to stay and that this was the gem of the collection and deserved our whole time. I was to gaze at the painting earnestly and try to fix it on my visual memory until I could close my eyes and see again each detail. Then he sent me through the gallery, looking at other pictures, pausing now and again to shut my eyes and attempt to call up the St. Cecilia, and finally coming back to it to fill in such details as were not clear. The same drill was carried out at a later date before the wonderful 'Descent from the Cross' by Rubens in the Antwerp Cathedral. These paintings have remained my favorites. He taught me, too, to increase the charm and delight in the contemplation of nature by the same process. I was never idly to observe the beauty of a scene in the outside world, but to study it carefully, looking for the details which heightened the general effect and analyzing the elements of light and shade and form and color, which went to make the whole. And all this was from one who could not draw a stroke. His sensitiveness to the beautiful had its counterpart in his distaste for everything that savored of grossness or vulgarity. He was naturally refined and abhorred impurity, but he appre-

ciated the facility with which one may be contaminated, and as carefully avoided all the insidious avenues by which evil makes entrance into the human heart, as if he were really weak in that direction."

The keen, loving interest Dr. Taylor took in everything which concerned his dear ones, not to speak of his genuine sympathy with a very much larger circle, and his wide-awake touch with the affairs of men, was beautifully illustrated in December, 1888, when his oldest son was married. Not only did he offer him any financial assistance he might need, arrange for a handsome present, and give to the prospective Benedict affectionate and wise advice, but with that fine sentiment which was a gracious characteristic of his the wedding day, as the following letter shows, was observed as a holiday in Rome, though the marriage was in Virginia. Under date of December 20th, he wrote to his son:

" . . . Your wedding day was not spent by us according to programme, which I hope was not the case with you and a certain fair lady of the Old Dominion. . . . To begin with, I passed a rather sleepless night preceding the 19th. . . . Accordingly the morning family prayers, in which we are very regular, did not come off. On that occasion we should not only have made special prayer together for you and your *promessa sposa*, but several appropriate selections from the Bible and otherwise would have been read. Susy, however, read a charming book, as a holiday had been proclaimed. I had an extra shine put upon my gaiters, and bought five *mazzetti* of lovely flowers, which in as many vases gave a gala

look to our house. One of the five was of white roses. After tea we gathered in the parlour, Mary and all, before a lovely fire, and after talking awhile about your wedding and mine, Mary craved the opening of the box of family letters and papers, which was made up when we last went to the U. S. From its loft it came, and we were soon deep in its contents; various letters of your mother, written before our marriage, were read. . . . On the whole we were following somewhat our programme, when, presto, change! Mr. Paschetto brought up various mission affairs, . . . and lo! our evening was gone. . . . We knelt down together before going to bed, praying with all our hearts for you two. . . . God bless you, my dear son, and your wife, to whom give a kiss from each of us."

While he always wrote a good hand Dr. Taylor was sure to pay especial attention to his chirography whenever in note or letter a lady was his correspondent, so we find the penmanship in his first letter to his new daughter very faultless. It is dated January 18th, 1889:

" . . . First of all I wish to add another to the list of Charles Lamb's popular fallacies, that ugly couplet, viz., about 'a daughter being a daughter,' etc., 'but a son is a son,' etc. As to the former, I cannot say, but I am constantly more and more convinced of what I never really doubted, that I have not lost a son, but gained a true, loving daughter. I am so glad that you like Chapel Hill. . . . It impressed me as a pleasant place to live at, as there are a sufficient number of cultured persons to give one ample social advantages. Besides, I

always like the very air of a college. . . . I have always held that the wife of a minister has no official duties whatever. She is a wife and she is a Christian woman, the last fact making it her duty to do what she can for Christ and His cause; being the wife of a pastor may or may not give her special opportunities of service. . . . I do not know whether you have been in the habit of keeping up so active and incessant a correspondence as the Taylors for as far back as I remember, but if you have not, your letters to us show that you have not only the facility generally attributed to your sex, but a gift all your own. I do esteem it a real mercy that my new daughter is such a good correspondent, for I have known some very nice and intelligent persons who never dream of writing a letter unless it is absolutely necessary, and then only a few cold lines in the style of a telegram. I believe I wrote you and George how provokingly . . . we failed to keep the 19th of December according to our plan. Nevertheless I read in those days a deal of poetry, and especially read and re-read the Epithalamium, or marriage lay of Tennyson, found in 'In Memoriam.' . . . It is not stated whether Lushington trod on Cecilia Tennyson's train—at least I did not mark that item."

If this volume does not contain numerous letters from Dr. Taylor's pen to his nieces, and other kin, it is not because these letters were not written, but chiefly for lack of space. The following extract from a letter written to one of his nieces, dated December 27th, 1889, shows several of his gracious traits of character:

“ . . . If my chirography prove a little shaky, please attribute it to Mary’s sewing machine, which is on the same table as this sheet, and is at this moment, under her energetic hand, going like mad. We are passing a very pleasant Christmas week. I sent books to several poor Italian children and some little things to Mrs. Eager’s bairns, specially to the boy named after me. . . . One evening I took little George Taylor Eager to see by gaslight the pretty things in the windows. It was no easy matter piloting a three-year-old child on the Corso, crowded with vehicles and pedestrians, but I was more than paid by his exuberant delight. I brought him home in an omnibus, and having finished his cake he lay down on my knees and went fast asleep. . . . ”

His interest in his nephews and nieces did not confine itself to letters. He was often sending first to one and then to another, pictures, or a book, or money. From one of his nieces the following sentences, which might be duplicated from many another such letter, is taken :

“Thank you for your kind Christmas gift which was received by us on Christmas day. . . . I intend to expend mine in something I have long wished for, but didn’t feel that I ought to give myself—a riding habit, and every time I wear it I shall thank you again and again for it.”

The next two extracts from letters to his children give glimpses of several phases of Dr. Taylor’s life and work in superintending the Italian Mission :

“ . . . I had over lire 10,000 to get off in eleven cheques, and there is a deal of formality as to preparing

the money, putting it into certain form and making the demand for the cheques. I had all right, except that two of the cheques were to be for over 1,000, and so by the rules of the bank were to be applied for in a different way. So my pile of money was handed back and I sat down to work out the thing. . . . There was no help but to bring my money and papers back home or to throw myself on the mercy of the court, *i. e.*, of the cashier, and as there was a lull at that moment in the crowd at his desk, I did the last. He was very much amused, but most benevolent, seeing from my golden (!) locks that I was one of the Angles or Angels, and so fixed my affairs in a giffy. I was feeling badly, and so was willing to be pitied and smiled at, as the price of being helped.

“We had first the meeting of the Baptist Union and then that of our own evangelists. I was made president of both as well as of the Executive Committee. No sinecure I assure you, as in some respects it would be easier to preside over the S. B. C. than over these twenty-five or thirty Italians. But the meetings went well and I believe did good. It was a time of great anxiety to me, so that I passed wakeful nights after laborious days, but difficulties were surmounted in an unexpected way. So, also, I did not break down or have any severe attack as I feared I would. . . . Our meetings were from 8 or 9 A. M. till 7 P. M., and then preaching at 8.30 P. M. with intermission for dinner. We had each day five or six to dine and some to sup. . . . Mary and Susy spared no pains to entertain (materially) and surprised me by their resources, while they captivated the hearts of

the evangelists with their sweet faces, bright talk and winning ways.”

For a number of years, in the little English-speaking, evangelical circle, of which Dr. Taylor and his daughters were members, an informal but interesting literary club was kept up. Here is a description of one of the club's meetings, from Dr. Taylor's pen:

“Our club has been on Wordsworth for two weeks and would be one or two more, only that we held yesterday our last meeting for the season; held it by the stream and under the trees in the lovely Villa Doria Pampili, than which Wordsworth himself never saw anything finer in the Lake District. We read yesterday ‘Happy Warrior’ and ‘Ode to Duty,’ and I also read while the rest were eating cake a description by Wordsworth himself of that country. When the sentence was reached where he exalts the Cumbrian sky at the expense of the ‘cerulean vacancy of Italy,’ we all laughed, for the sky above us was flecked with fleecy clouds and was as little vacant as could be. On our arrival Spotswood proposed that I should sit on my large copy of Wordsworth. ‘No, Spotswood, I shall not sit down on Wordsworth; I got into trouble enough at the last meeting by sitting down on only one of Wordsworth's poems.’ (Company much tickled.) That one was the ‘Leech Gatherer, or Resolution and Independence,’ which our English friends thought a gem of the first water, but Mary and I couldn't see it and expressed ourselves freely (especially I) to that effect. It is hardly necessary to say that for many of Wordsworth's poems we have unbounded love and admiration.”

All his references to the mission, in his letters, cannot be given, for there was scarcely ever a letter to any one that did not speak of what was always upon his heart. The quiet progress was seen as the years passed on. On May 14th, 1890, he wrote to his brother Charles:

" . . . Really if I were not feeling too stupid to work on an essay in Italian on 'Immersion Essential to Baptism,' I would not now be penning these lines. . . . This reminds me to say, with gratitude, that from being one of the worst sleepers, I have become a very good one, usually getting from seven to ten hours of refreshing slumber every night."

Not very long afterwards in a letter to one of his sons he says:

" . . . You ask about the mission work. C! I'd sunshine mingle in our sky. Nicholas Paparais is still engaged at wayside sowing. Old Craris is still engaged at wayside sowing. . . . O new chapel at Carpi will be dedicated. . . . having just now three candidates for the ed to and almost pressed upon us. . . . via there is a young candidate."

Paragraph from Dr. Taylor's "Italy and the letter: he setting of the next International C April, 1891, the ninth held in Florence. . . . ngelical Alliance was different count sent from twenty different angelists f and fifty Italian evangelists f the different denominations.



agreeable episode was the sending of a telegram conveying the salutations and best wishes of the Alliance to the King of Italy, and his sympathetic response."

The letter is dated Florence, April 7th, 1891:

" . . . I am most pleasantly situated as the guest of the Evangelical Alliance. . . . This P. M., of the four addresses on Italian Evangelization, I made one—in English. I have no idea how I did, but it's over, that's a comfort. It is pleasant meeting Italian brethren of all denominations, and, in general, a good feeling prevails. I have also met several English-speaking friends, including Dr. Culross, president of the famous Bristol College, which recalls Drs. Ryland, Hale, Foster, etc. . . . This is a rambling old palace whose topography I may so far master by the end of the week as not to run up the wrong stairs, down the wrong passages and into the wrong rooms, but which to know thoroughly would require yet another week. . . . I rose early this morning and went to the morning prayer-meeting. It is one of the best features, marked by spirituality. We had over twenty short prayers in German, French, Italian and English. I prayed in my native tongue. . . . Last night the correspondent of the London *Times* asked for my address, so I spent two hours writing it out for him. Mary was in the French section and heard Godet. . . . The prayer-meeting grew so in numbers that it is now held in the theatre proper. I heard Stöcker, the court preacher, deliver in German his address on Socialism, and I had a printed Italian translation which I read as he spoke. Pastor Bauman of Berlin sits opposite to me at meals, and

seems a fine, cordial fellow. . . . I have liked specially well the addresses of Mr. Nicholson of Dublin, Donald Fraser of London, and Dr. Boardman of Philadelphia. . . . I was a good deal surprised when yesterday Signor Torino, one of the older and more influential Waldenses, came to me and with great cordiality said: 'Ella non ha mai parlato contro nessuno. Gli altri si graffiano.' 'You have never talked against any one. The others scratch one another.' It was a testimony which may well encourage me to persevere as I have so far, with God's help, in a quiet, straightforward, pacific course, holding and proclaiming what I believe to be the teachings of God's word, but not fighting any one."

In a letter written later the same month, he apologizes to one of his sons for not sending him a birthday present, saying that "certain gifts and loans, and expenses so as to make an additional guest fairly comfortable without making ourselves unfairly uncomfortable, made this rather a tight squeeze of a trimestre, and you and I know each other's hearts." Dr. Taylor was always making gifts, and his generosity to his children knew no bounds; he often denied himself almost the necessities of life that he might be able to give presents to his loved ones and friends.

In a letter to his sister he refers to a meeting of the literary club, which has already been mentioned:

" . . . At the meeting of last Saturday each one brought a slip of paper with a list of the *ten English short poems* he would prefer to send to an *International Literary Exposition* as best representing English poetry.

Milton's 'Lycidas,' 'Il Penseroso,' 'L'Allegro'; Gray's 'Elegy'; Collins' Ode 'How Blest the Brave'; 'The Skylark' and 'The Cloud,' by Shelley; Wordsworth's 'Ode to Duty,' his 'Ode on Intimations of Immortality' and his 'Lines on the Cuckoo'; Mrs. Browning's 'Pan is Dead'; Robert Browning's 'How They Brought the News from Ghent to Aix'; Tennyson's 'Sir Galahad'; Cowper's 'Lines on Receiving His Mother's Picture'; Burns' 'Cotter's Saturday Night,'—these fifteen were among those mentioned. How would my sister and my two brothers have made the list?"

A letter dated Rome, St. John the Baptist's Day (June 24th, 1891), has several items and allusions of interest:

"Here is a tempting half sheet—why not fill it with words to you? No objection made by devil's advocate or other party, and there's positive reason for doing it, in my laziness, due to not having gotten sleep enough last night, because we went, five of us, to the great celebration of St. John's Eve at St. John in Lateran last night, and did not get back till midnight, and then Mary and I talked awhile and finally, like Charles Lamb, by contraries, having gone to bed late I made up for it by rising early and taking an hour before breakfast this morning with my New Testament under certain deliciously fragrant trees in front of Bunsen's old home on the Capitoline. There are two sufficient reasons why I do not try to picture to you that strange blending of poetry and saturnalia of last night: first, I couldn't do it, and, besides, it's possible Mary of Argyle may make a pen picture of it all for the *Atlantic Monthly*. I take it for

granted you have not so neglected your education as to omit her four already appeared."

In a letter almost a month later, to his daughter Jessie, he wrote:

" . . . For one thing, the Carnival has been in progress, and though till yesterday we have made no attempt to see the show, many of the masqueraders and several of the allegorical representations have been seen incidentally, while yesterday the girls got standing room on the Corso, and saw all, and in the evening we assisted at the *moccolette*, far more brilliant than it has ever been before, and continued for over an hour, from 6 to after 7. Instead of simple tapers, torches giving colored lights were used, and the Corso was one scene of wild fun and blazing glory. We came home dead tired—you know how fatiguing it is to *stand*, but Mary and Susy, who had let Agnese go, served tea and eggs in five minutes. It seemed like magic, and then we all went to bed. I am glad the Carnival is over. . . . Along with the bright, poetical part is a deal of rowdyism, and worse. I got caught in the throng for one block yesterday, and was banged on the head with so-called bouquets till my head ached. . . . Every mail, every newspaper nearly, seems to bring news of friends, more or less well known and loved, who have passed over to the majority. This morning we hear of the decease not of a contemporary of mine, but of a brilliant young man, and, thank God, as good as brilliant—Harry Smith, son of Prof. Frank Smith at the University of Virginia. What shadows we are, what shadows we pursue!"

In the spring of 1892 the Italian Baptist churches all over Italy united in holding a bazaar in Rome. Mr. S. L. Clemens (Mark Twain) was in Rome at the time and Dr. Taylor asked him to speak at the bazaar; Mr. Clemens, not being at all well, declined the invitation. Some 3,000 lire was made by the bazaar. In the following letter Dr. Taylor tells of some of the gifts for the bazaar which came from the various churches:

“ . . . Soon there arrived a *pacco postale* from Torre Pellice (similar *pacchi* arrive often now from our various churches for the bazaar); it contained other things, but chiefly a *chamois* skin, and as the letter asked to have it unpacked at once Signor Paschetto and I opened the bundle. The skin is a very fine specimen and very valuable, as the wild goat is becoming, at least about Torre Pellice, very scarce. The horns are attached as in life. Our evangelist of Miglionico has sent some old jars, just as dug up. Some are small and imperfect, one or two are large and with no flaw. As they come from a simple out-of-the-way place, they are certainly genuine, and as the region was a part of Magna Græcia, they must be very ancient. Signor Nicholas Papengouth, who considers himself something of a connoisseur, has sent a Madonna and child painted on copper, and framed in hard black wood, carved. It is perhaps eight by ten inches. He attributes it to an old Milanese painter and values it at 100 lire. Signor Arbanasich is going to send, besides miscellaneous articles, a large collection of crystals and other stones, as well as shells and flowers, prepared under the direction of the professor in Cagliari, said to be of

European fame. They will go far to represent three kingdoms of Sardinia's natural history, though I am not sure if that term includes mineralogy. Signor Fasulo has sent a picture painted by himself. . . . Whether we get little money or more, the movement has done good to all who have worked for it, and I hope will also draw nearer together all the Baptists of Rome, not to say Italy."

During this year Spotswood spent some months at home and before the family left Rome for the summer he took an excursion which is referred to in a letter his father wrote June 19th, 1892:

" . . . Day before yesterday Spotswood went to Bracciano, as he seemed to have set his heart on it. As he had to get off at 3 A. M., none of us slept much that night, but when he returned delighted and enthusiastic with the old castle, so admired, you remember, by Sir Walter Scott, we felt amply repaid."

All through the years answering multitudinous letters in Italian, and many of them disagreeable and annoying, formed no small part of Dr. Taylor's work. The following extract from a letter, to one of his sons, bears upon this subject:

"I remember that I spoke of my habit of replying, even to the most offensive letters from our evangelists, with delicacy and with Christian charity, but it is quite necessary to complete the statement by saying that this is not done without a struggle. Sometimes for a day, or for days, my heart is seething with hurt and indignant feelings whenever the matter occurs to me, but I wait till all this is past, and by prayer and time I can write with entire

calmness, looking at the subject from the other person's point of view, and putting the most favorable construction upon his words, and remembering that he may have written in an access of feeling and has not expressed his own habitual sentiments. Yes, I have learned to wait before writing—once I used to write at once, but keep the letter for a day, but as it nearly always had to be rewritten, and sometimes more than once, I find that it is wise every way to delay till all the grieved and angry feeling of my heart has boiled over, and left a calm. . . . Now do not misunderstand me; so far from arrogating to myself any 'meekness of wisdom,' what I mean is that when I do arrive at it, it is only after a severe, and protracted struggle in which God gains the victory over my evil, and, alas! strong, impulses."

In a letter to his older son he says:

" . . . You refer to the death of Frank Wilson. This last was a painful shock to me, and I have, of course, written a letter of heartfelt sympathy to the sorely bereaved ones, feeling that the loss was a personal one to me also."

On August 15th, 1892, he wrote to his older son from the Bagni di Lucca. He refers to Rev. Dr. J. M. Frost, Secretary of the Sunday School Board, Nashville, Tenn., and to C. B. Willingham, Esq., a deacon in the First Baptist Church, Macon, Ga.:

"I am sitting under the shade of the ample plane trees in the plateau, called garden, of the Casa Bertini, which you remember so well and pleasantly. I am feeling languid and perhaps lazy, and finding it a deal easier to look

at the mountains bathed in purple mist, and the sea of green above me, and bits of blue sky between the leaves, than to write an article for Dr. Frost and his *Teacher*, on Italy. . . . The generous promise of your noble deacon rejoices my heart, and is likely to turn the scale in favor of the Miglionico people. Certainly I shall write to him. . . . Spotswood and Susy are to have Dr. and Mrs. Curry and their niece as fellow-passengers."

Another letter bearing date of September 13th, 1892, was written at Bagni di Lucca, and in the garden:

" . . . Saturday P. M. we went on a picnic to Benabbio. It was a rather serious climb for me, specially as we went pretty straight up, and not in the gentle, easy step I prefer for climbing. The originators were General Anderson and family. He is an old East Indian, who reads the Scriptures at church; his wife is a very clever, kind lady, and her sisters somewhat the same. There are two very nice daughters and a niece whose father and mother were killed in the Sepoy Rebellion."

A week later he wrote describing another excursion on which, while waiting for the younger people of the party to return from a tramp, he was able to present the gospel to a crowd of people in the open air:

" . . . But at least an hour was spent in a far different way, for followed by the poor children of the place for *baksheesh*, and having dispensed all my small change (sixty centesimi), and the crowd of children and women continuing to come, moved largely by curiosity, I addressed the crowd at length, in a colloquial way, on the love and saving work of Jesus Christ, and got R. Lowe to



sing a child's hymn and 'Sicuro in mun di Cristo' ["Safe in the Arms of Jesus"]. All seemed much impressed, and one woman said, 'Your religion is better than ours.' It was really a fine opportunity for seed-sowing; God grant that it may not be all in vain! . . . One of the regrets of my pastorate in Staunton is that I did not pay more attention to the Jews there. The attention you received on the train from a Hebrew suggests to me to ask whether there is not a work for you among that people in Macon. Of course if there is a synagogue, the matter is different. But may not Jews often take up the cry, 'No man cared for my soul?' The Jews are a most liberal and philanthropic class, as I have found. Of course the chief thing to do is to win their love and confidence, and stand up for them, and some of the young men might, with God's blessing, be won to Jesus. Many of them are chiefly infidel and indifferent."

The news of the birth of his first grandchild called forth a letter, dated November 12th, 1892:

"Never had man a surprise greater and more agreeable than I had this morning in receiving yours of the 31st ultimo, announcing the birth to you and Jessie of a son. For months it has been my daily cry to God to give you a child, to be trained for His service, and to become a great comfort to you both, and a blessing to the world. . . . It gives me a queer feeling to be a grandpapa. I must be a better man and I'll try."

In a letter dated December 14th, 1892, he gives timely advice to his son who was a preacher:

" . . . Before I doff my critic's cap let me ask

if it were well to speak of Cleveland's election in your Thanksgiving address. I trow not. It seemed very natural and proper to you and the people no doubt, but the like of that is just the entering wedge to bringing politics in the pulpit, as they did and perhaps still do in New England. . . . As a citizen, sympathize and rejoice with all your heart at what you think best for the South and the country, but bring it not into the house of God and the pulpit."

To his younger daughter, who was at this time in the United States, he wrote fully as to her plans, urging her at whatever cost to seek a full reestablishment of her health:

" . . . Go in August for two or three weeks to the Rockbridge Baths. . . . Now I shall be very much hurt and displeased at your allowing any notions of economy to influence you on the subject of this letter and specially in the matters of the Rockbridge Baths. It would be *false economy*. You need to get well. Life is not worth living without health. . . . I, too, am a fairly good economist. I hate debt and can truly say that I owe no man anything."

It may not be inappropriate to introduce at this point some sentences written by Dr. Taylor's younger son, and illustrating his father's careful economy, and large liberality:

"I learned as a very small child that my father was a very busy man. But he was always patient of interruptions, and when he could not attend to me at once he always had some pleasant suggestion for passing the time

I had to wait. He would hand me a book open at a place that was sure to interest me or give me a scrap of paper, and tell me what to draw or write about.

“These scraps of paper were peculiar to his study and illustrate his minute economy and good sense. Such a thing as a scratch pad bought for mere scribbling or memoranda was unheard of in our home. Father saved every envelope to turn inside out, every unused page or half page that came to him in a letter, even wrapping paper that was not too soiled or coarse, and put them away in a special portfolio. From this store he drew for himself and his children alike. I can see that old portfolio yet, and the accounts and estimates and skeletons of sermons and various odds and ends, written on bits of paper in his clear, small characters, generally with a mere stub of a pencil. Such method explains how with a large family, on a moderate salary, he could accomplish what he did; how he could from time to time be a patron of art and letters, make donations to colleges, contribute to public enterprises, and assist the countless poor that applied to him for clothes and food and money. If any *one* individual of the many to whom he was a loving benefactor, full of delicacy and sympathy, could have known *all* his good deeds, he would have seemed to that one a rich man, for the privations that enabled him to be liberal, as well as generous, were a secret. Our faithful old cook never got over the shock to her feelings on the occasion when my father interrupted her in the act of turning off from the door a shabby genteel beggar sadly in want of shoes. He hurried to his room, and changing his shoes

for an older pair brought out and presented the mendicant with the ones he had been wearing."

From Taormina, Sicily, April 14th, 1893, he wrote to his brother Charles:

"As Mary and I were riding the other day in the tram car along the Villa Reale in Naples, . . . who should run up but Mr. Jenks, just returned from Greece, . . . Professor Jenks of Cornell. . . . He is one of the brightest and most genial gentleman I know, and Mrs. J—— is just as nice. His professorship is of Political Institutions, and he has a year's vacation. . . . His letters get him introductions to statesmen in every country, and he knows several languages. In Rome the chief men gave him interviews as long as he liked, and answered freely all his questions, and so it has been at the Court of St. James, etc."

In the spring of 1893, being far from well, upon the advice of the doctor to get away from Rome he set out with his daughter on a trip to Southern Italy, combining recreation and sight-seeing with visits to churches and evangelists. In writing to his brothers, on this trip, besides descriptions of what he saw, there was an urgent invitation that each brother would send one of his daughters to be for a winter a guest in the home at 52 Via Giulio Romano. Before this journey was over there were calls for him to come to Northern Italy. On this trip, from Messina, he wrote to one of his sons:

"For some time I had been invited to come and baptize several persons, who, from Roman Catholicism, had come to the gospel through the influence and teaching of Signor

Antonio Fiori, a Baptist, and a commercial traveller. Yesterday morning after our coffee, gotten at a nice café, I left Mary to wander, and hied me to the place indicated. I found a mother and her two daughters, with whom a very satisfactory conversation was had; the young ladies specially impressed me with their intelligence and decision. The brother, who was in the civil service, was sent for but not found, so I left, saying I would remain in my room at their disposition. Later he called on me with a friend (a Brigadiere di Finanza), also a disciple, and asking for baptism. We arranged for the rite at a hydro-pathic at 5 P. M. At that hour and place I baptized all of them. It was on the ground floor, in a lovely flower garden. The people were respectful and sympathetic, and all went well. Before the baptism, we had a little service in the parlour. . . . Only two other persons, besides the candidates and Mary and me, were present—friends of the parties. We then went to the Berti home, and spent an hour in singing, conversation, prayer. . . . *Vermut* and *biscotti* were served. There is a dear little girl, the youngest, perhaps ten, who, I trust, loves the Saviour, and who has witnessed for Him and His truth among the neighbors in a modest, simple way. Then there is another son, a fine boy of sixteen or seventeen, who seemed to enjoy the service, though he was not, probably could not be, at the baptizing. When we left for our hotel the young people proposed to accompany us. Young Signor Berti explained to me that he always took his sisters out in the evening, as they had few friends or recreations. I treated the party to ices, six of which, not

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*mezzi*, costing thirty sous, to which I added six for the waiter. After *vermut* and then a citron ice, I did not like to eat, so went supperless to bed."

Not long after this trip to Sicily came one to the mission stations in Sardinia :

" . . . And so, last Friday, at noon, I started, but the train being detained, and lingering over five hours on the road, Civita Vecchia was reached just after the steamer was gone. It was very vexatious, but I made the best of it and passed the twenty-four hours there not unpleasantly, reading, and walking by the sea, or looking about the port. The question was as to the course of duty. My steamer ticket was already bought, or I would probably have returned to Rome. The other alternatives were to stay forty-eight hours more at Civita Vecchia or push on and spend the Sunday on the train, which last I decided to do. The voyage was not bad exactly, but the rain drove me below, and I passed an almost sleepless night. One episode was very gratifying, a long conversation with two ingenuous young soldiers (sergeants) going to their regiments. One of them was in a peculiarly tender frame of mind, having just lost his mother. I took their addresses and promised to send them Testaments, which yesterday I did. I wondered if I had been allowed to miss the Friday night steamer in order to have this interview. Pray for these two precious young men, sincere Catholics, piously inclined, but till then ignorant of the gospel, and withal truly interesting, such as Jesus would love, as He did the young ruler. From 5.30 in the morning till the same hour in the evening, I was on

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the train, in a compartment to myself (except for the last few miles), and, what with my New Testament, the *Examiner* and Milman's History of Latin Christianity, and my own thoughts, and admiring the works of God, the day was passed as it might have been in my own study, and certainly no one was influenced by my example in favor of Sunday travelling. I hated to be on the train on that day, and yet I could not see that I did wrong. Several brethren, including Signor Arbanasich, met me at the station and I was soon under the sheltering care of the Moors, and an hour or so later at the meeting. Monday night we had another service and I spoke on I Cor. XIII. To-night I expect to preach, and then to leave very early to-morrow morning for Iglesias, where we shall open a new *locale*, and I shall meet Brethren Tortonese and Cossù."

During the summer of 1893, Dr. Taylor and his daughter spent a season in Switzerland. Up to this time expense had always prohibited such a sojourn. Now as there were only two, the cost was not such a barrier, and, besides, Dr. Taylor's health called for a complete change of climate. In a letter to his younger son, on August 6th, from Pension Pfister, Interlaken, he wrote:

" . . . On the 25th ultimo, we came third class by rail over the famous Brünig pass, and then by steamer on Lake Brientz to this place. We find Interlaken charming. . . . Of course you know, or think, at once that the name Interlaken simply describes its position [here is inserted a sketch, showing the two lakes, etc.]. One of the beauties of this place is its shade trees, many of them

the growth, one would think, of centuries, and as one walks on the hills and mountains around, it is on well-graded paths and through tall balsamic firs and pines, suggesting the Black Forest, while here and there are comfortable seats, bearing the names of Byron, Goethe, Shakespeare, etc. . . . One of the perfect days Mary and I went by train third class to Lauterbrunnen, and having seen the Staubach falls we went and visited the Trümmebach falls. This last involved a walk of some three hours, going and returning, and gave us a keen appetite for the lunch which Fraulein Pfister had put up for us, and which we ate at a quiet restaurant. . . . This function finished, we took a rack and pinion train which carried us up nearly perpendicularly to a point where we changed to one run by electricity that bore us to Mürren. The view en route was stupendous, but clouds and rain soon came up and we were glad to hurry down, but feeling that, if like the King of France, we were well repaid for the time and money spent. Many more people wanted to come down from Mürren than there were seats for, but though burly Germans pushed and struggled, some of them were left behind, while we two succeeded in getting aboard. In changing trains for the steeper part, the number that could be carried was reduced one-half, but again fortune or Providence combined with our own enterprise to make us of the favored few. We came back at night feeling that it had been a rare day. But the next was even better. We were in the act of buying railroad tickets for Grindelwald when Mary suggested that we go instead by carriage. I, of course, agreed, and soon out of



several applicants she had combined with a little white-headed old driver with a small, comfortable carriage, and a vigorous, generous horse. Going and returning we had a fine time amid lovely scenery, the Jungfrau, the Wetterhorn, the Eiger, the Schreiberhorn, rising in majesty before us on one side. From Grindelwald we walked to the upper glacier of the Wetterhorn, and entered the ice grotto. It all occupied some three and one-half hours, and we were very tired when it was done. I suffered much from the hot sun. This time we struck a very swell restaurant, and under the trees, surrounded by boarders and tourists like ourselves, we ate our rolls and meat and raspberries that we had brought from the pension and drank a pitcher of milk brought by a waiter in a dress coat, who stepped and looked as if the place and all the mountains and glaciers around belonged just to him. . . . When we came, all but us were either Russian, German or Belgians. Since then a lady, Mrs. D—, from Massachusetts, has come with her three daughters, one of them rather pretty and more *simpatica* than pretty. As they seemed rather bored, we have shown them some slight attentions. . . . Do not think of us as gay. I have mission work every day. Mary is reading French and German and picking up all she can in conversation. Last Sunday she went to the Scotch Church and this morning to the German. I have read at home but think of going to one of the churches this p. m., for though I don't hear, yet I love, or ought to, the place where the saints gather to worship God. I trust I do."

The following letter from Dr. H. H. Harris, Secretary

*ad interim* of the Foreign Mission Board, explains itself. Dr. Taylor by strict economy was able to do what many men would have counted impossible:

“RICHMOND, VA., August 11th, 1893.

“Rev. George. B. Taylor, D. D.,

“Rome, Italy.

“My dear Brother—Yours of the 30th ultimo, written from Interlaken, is received, and we are very much obliged for the measure of relief which you are able to afford in the matter of your own salary. The treasurer of another mission has drawn on us, not simply for one month in advance as allowed, but for three months, and has put us in very great embarrassment. All our banks in this city have to-day suspended paying in currency any check for a larger amount than \$50. Under the circumstances they cannot lend, as they have heretofore done, to the Board. The outlook is very gloomy but I hope will be brighter before this reaches you. . . . ”

During the following winter (1893-'94) he alludes in several letters to some of the books he was reading,—Milman's Latin Christianity, Macaulay, Pepys, Life of Victor Emmanuel (by a sister of the editor of *The Nation*), History of the Council of Trent in Italian, by Paolo Sarpi, La Vie de San François d'Assisi, by Sabatier, History of the Free Churches of Italy, and to some of the people he and his daughter were meeting, among them the granddaughter of George Sand, Mr. Jones, the American Consul, and his sister Miss Noble Jones, and Miss Bertha Willingham “a member of George's church.”

Writing to his older son, June 9th, 1894, he quotes

from a letter from Professor Harris. Dr. Taylor had thought of resigning, in view of his feeble health. He wrote:

“ . . . Yesterday I received a letter from Dr. H. H. Harris, in the absence in Mexico of Dr. Willingham, assuring me that a new rule of the Board against which, as treasurer of the Italian Mission, I had protested, would not apply to me or to my mission; and concluding with these words: ‘Pardon me for adding that the Board would not hear for a moment to the acceptance of your resignation. We appreciate more than I can tell the value of your services.’ My heart had been divided between the pain of giving up this work, and making a new start so late in life, and the great pleasure of being near or with *you*. . . . But now the question seems settled. I could not abandon this work, and so it is probable that here I stay till death. And I shall stay more content since that appreciative word from the president of the Board. O that I may be approved of Christ, which is the main thing!”

In a letter dated Torre Pellice, June 26th, 1894, written to his older daughter, he makes references to the Misses Edith and Louise Draper, two young ladies from Holyoke, Mass., who had come to Rome with a letter of introduction to the Taylors from the Rev. Robert Walker, of Naples, and with whom Dr. Taylor and his daughter spent a number of weeks in the Tyrol during that summer. Little did he dream that a few years later Miss Louise Draper would become the wife of his son Spotswood.

In October, 1894, the chapel at Miglionico was dedi-

cated. In a letter to his older daughter, Dr. Taylor describes the occasion :

“Mr. Eager and I worked until ten preparing our addresses. As we moved towards the chapel we met a band whose piping I supposed to be in our honor (as we had been serenaded last night), and I was preparing to smile on them, when, ‘This is the opposition band,’ explained Piccinni; but a little further on was a much larger one discoursing sweet music, and it was suggested that in return for their homage we should pause a few moments, which we did. The streets were crowded with people, who eyed us curiously but not with hostility; in fact, many men raised their hats. The house was crowded. After a stanza sung, I made the dedicatory prayer; then Piccinni read a chapter and spoke, concluding with some well chosen words of self-defence; next I made the address of *circostanza* and enjoyed it with so many people listening earnestly; finally Mr. Eager spoke and prayed; and so in an hour and a quarter all was over; we thought it best to make the service short. . . . Of course the clericals made a counter movement, having a new crucifix arrive; at first the authorities forbade a procession, but since, under the pressure of the priests, and in disobedience to the laws, have conceded it. . . . Nightly services will continue in the chapel all this week. I was about to forget to say that the chapel is very neat and satisfactory, without and within, much more ornamented with frescoes, etc., than I had expected; altogether a gem.”

During the spring of 1895, Dr. J. L. M. Curry was in

Italy, and Dr. Taylor made with him a trip to Sicily. The following letter refers to these events:

“ . . . Dr. and Mrs. Curry were in Rome several weeks, and have now gone to Greece. . . . We had Dr. and Mrs. Curry to dinner one night with the Richmond sculptor, Ezekiel, Mr. Piggott, the brainiest of our Rome preachers, and Miss Miriam Chittenden to meet them. Ezekiel, who is one of the great toasts of Rome, and both genial and a genius, made himself very agreeable, and as we gentlemen lingered (not to drink or smoke) after the ladies left the table, a most interesting discussion on art ensued, which seemed to impress Dr. C—— very much. . . . On Dr. C——’s proposal he and I plan to go to Sicily together in a few weeks at his cost, which, being a gift to the Board, I hesitate not to accept.”

In a letter to one of his sons, April 7th, 1895, he refers to the death of Dr. John A. Broadus:

“ . . . It was a terrible shock, as I knew not of his illness and somehow, though he was six years my senior, I never thought of outliving him, and it seemed, too, that one so useful could not be spared. . . . Although so many others have written and will write of him, I still think I shall attempt a sketch. I have a very affectionate letter from Mrs. Frank Smith of the University of Virginia, in which, after referring to the interesting reminiscences in the *Herald*, she adds, ‘But we feel that they will not be complete until we have heard from you.’ . . . Outside my own family no death has ever affected me so much. . . . After all I may meet my dear and revered friend sooner than if he lived. In any case he is ‘with Christ, which is far better.’ ”

## CHAPTER IX

### Visit to America—Literary Work—Theological School



SPRING still makes spring in the mind  
When sixty years are told;  
Love wakes anew this throbbing heart,  
And we are never old.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

THE day becomes more solemn and serene  
When noon is past.

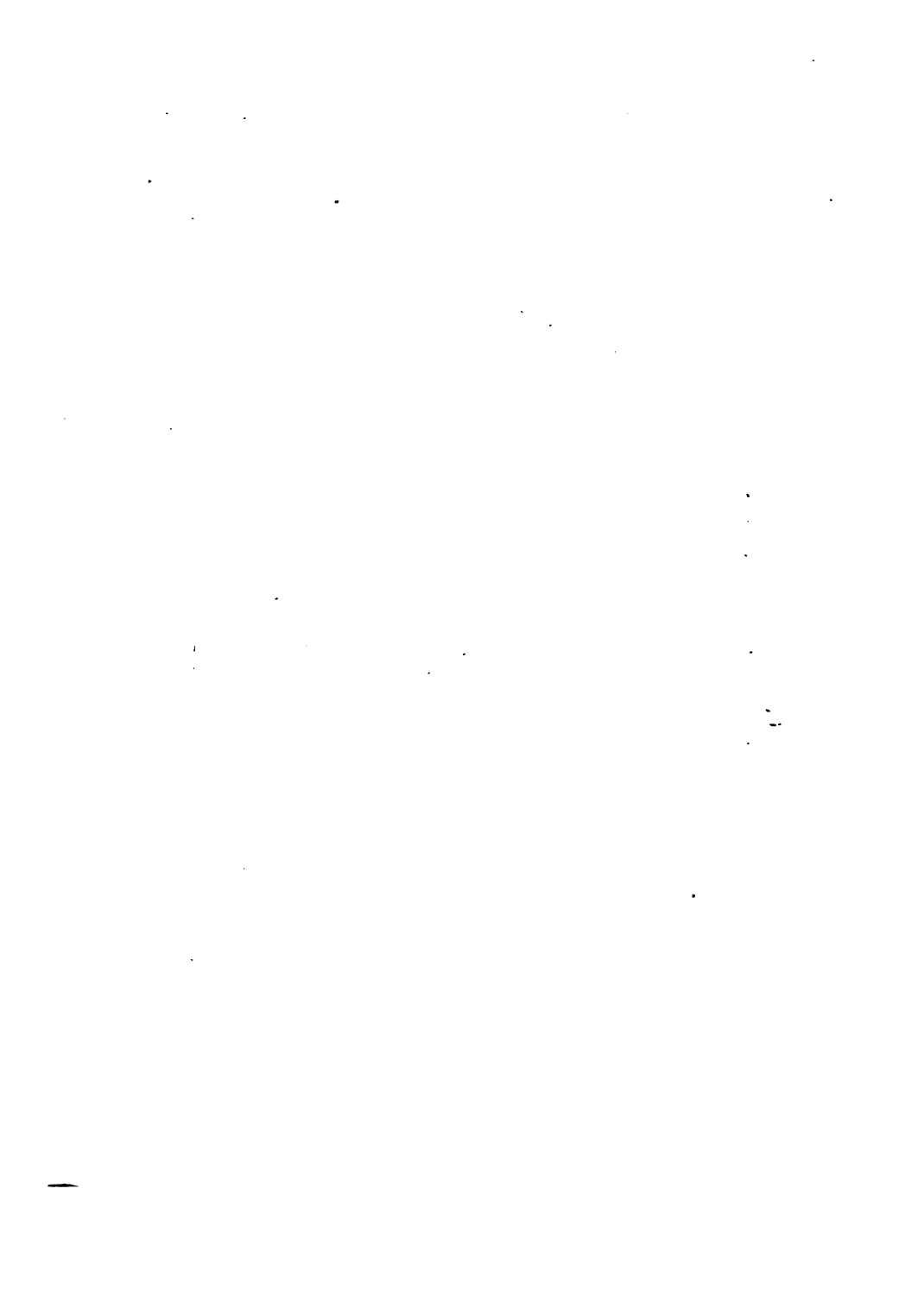
—*Shelley.*



IN the summer of 1895 Dr. Taylor, accompanied by his daughter Mary, went to the United States, expecting, after a few brief months of rest and fellowship with loved ones and friends, to return in the early fall. While visiting his son in Appomattox Dr. Taylor was thrown from a buggy, and received such serious wounds on the head that his return to Italy was delayed until December. When his scars were scarcely healed he attended the meeting of the Baptist General Association in Petersburg, and in response to the request of Dr. W. H. Whitsitt, the president of the Seminary, addressed the students in Louisville. The scars on his forehead and his appearance of great feebleness made the touch of humor with which he began his address at the former place all the more effective and pleasant. During his visit to Louisville, Dr. Whitsitt drove him out to "Cave Hill" to visit the grave of Dr.



**PARLOUR, VIA GIULIO ROMANO; ABOUT 1900**  
(From a Kodak)





John A. Broadus. Dr. Whitsitt, in referring to this incident, said that while standing by the grave, Dr. Taylor, who looked as if he might not be far from his own grave, remarked with buoyancy and hope: "Well, I am not thinking about dying, but about living and working." This was a most characteristic remark; his spirit was brave and young in all his many bodily ailments, and to the very end of his life.

Dr. Taylor's younger son, a physician, writes thus of this accident, and of his father's interest in physicians and their science:

"As the only surgeon within reach, it became my painful duty to make a long incision, and let out the blood which had escaped from a broken vessel, and separated the scalp from the skull. I dreaded the task, and should have been unable to go through with it but for my father's fortitude.

"My father held the medical profession in high esteem and always maintained to his physicians an attitude of loyalty, unfortunately by no means common nowadays. Even when he had, from long experience of his own constitution, doubts as to the probable effects of prescription and treatment employed, he obeyed to the letter the directions of the doctor he had called in, as in honor bound. He was deeply interested in physiology and anatomy, and felt all the charm of brilliant surgery. Long before I was old enough to go to college I had learned from him of Lister's great work, and the names of pioneers in the scientific development of modern medicine. He was always hungry for new facts in science, and hailed with delight each new discovery. He urged upon me the im-

portance of the so-called minor ailments, and begged me not to neglect them for diseases of greater interest from a professional standpoint. He held that in the aggregate more suffering came to humanity from the despised and vulgar headache, backache, sore throat, boil, etc., than from maladies of rare, and more distressing kind, and that doctors were under the temptation of slighting the former for the latter. He insisted on my learning to look at each case from the standpoint of the patient. He early impressed upon me the importance of hygiene and dietetics, and urged me to keep in sight the idiosyncrasies of the individual, rightly putting them ahead of drugs and stereotyped rules in healing the sick."

From Salem, Va., on October 23rd, 1895, he wrote to one of his sons:

" . . . My railroad journey was felicitous. Hardly was it begun when I met two old friends, Murray, formerly pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Greenville, Va., and McIlwaine, with whom I was at the University of Virginia, and who was converted during a revival there. . . . He was Corresponding Secretary of their Foreign Mission Board, and is now president of Hampden-Sidney. Murray is pastor of the College Church, and is a singularly genial and catholic-spirited fellow—at least that is the impression he has always made on me. McIlwaine invited me to Hampden-Sidney. . . . Matty, my niece, met me at the train. . . . The table fare is delicious, and my appetite fine with equivalent digestion. . . . Yesterday Brethren Strouse and Hobday called, and in the P. M. the latter sent his carriage, and I went to

the Orphanage and spoke three or four minutes on "Hands" to the children who seem of a higher order than are generally found in such institutions. . . . I expect to visit the College [Roanoke College] to-day or to-morrow. . . . At this point a long visit from Professor Cocke of Hollins. . . . I was glad to meet him, as he is an old friend. He gave me a cordial invitation to visit Hollins, offering to send a carriage for me. . . . Much have I thought of the pleasant weeks under your roof."

A few days later he writes to his brother James, from Appomattox, describing his visit to the Hebron Church neighborhood:

" . . . I found Brother Davidson waiting with an open carriage. . . . The eight miles drive to Brother Davidson's through the lovely forests was really refreshing after the heat of the train. Saturday I spoke in the A. M., and preached a short sermon in the P. M., and yesterday I first addressed the Sunday school on 'Boys and Girls in Italy,' and then spoke for an hour on 'Italy and the Italian Mission' to a crowded, attentive congregation. . . . Yesterday we came to Brother Taylor's, one of the Hebron members. . . . I hope, Brother James, you will pray for me that my every spiritual need may be supplied, and that I may have all needed endowment for the work to which God has called me."

From Richmond and the home of Dr. A. E. Dickinson, where he had quite a severe illness, he wrote November 24th, 1895, to his daughter Susy:

" . . . I am feeling very weak and poorly after

my attack, which dates from Tuesday last." On the same day he wrote to one of his sons: ". . . When Brethren Winston, A. B. Clarke, J. C. Williams and John Pollard were announced (from the Board) I went down, and after the first moment of embarrassment enjoyed their somewhat prolonged call. Then came Drs. Willingham and Landrum, both very jolly. In the evening I had a deal of conversation with Professor Hovey. . . . I was sorry that I missed President Boatwright and William Thomas, who came when I was in my feverish sleep. I shall call on them when I get well. I had a very bad night, coughing incessantly—a hard cough—a new experience for me."

On December 7th, 1895, he sailed from New York, with his daughter Mary, on the *Kaiser Wilhelm II* for Naples. Soon, he was hard at work again, writing mission letters, preaching, making long, long journeys. From Naples on May 16th, 1896, he wrote to his brother Charles:

"It was pleasant indeed to receive your long, interesting letter of the 26th ultimo, which was even the more welcome as I am away from home, and though in the midst of the most beautiful scenes, and busy with books and pen, am at times a bit lonely. At the table there is pleasant chat, but the rest of the time I read and write in my room, and in the afternoons climb the hills, linger by the seaside or sit outside a café, with a cup of black coffee, and the morning's paper, ever glancing up at the busy, gay scene before me. One almost doubts here whether the full tide of existence which Johnson thought

flowed through Fleet Street is not to be found at certain points of this city, while the sights of the Neapolitan narrow, steep streets have perhaps no parallel elsewhere. I have ever preferred human life to art, and love to loiter along, and linger over whatever arrests the eye or impresses the mind or heart. For three nights I have attended service and spoken in our new *locale* in a great thoroughfare just opened. . . . From my window I enjoy a magnificent view of the Bay, the slipper-shaped isle of Capri, the hundreds of fishing smacks, and the passing steamers, while a minute's walk brings Vesuvius into range. This pension life with its dinner at night is very enjoyable, but one is apt to eat too much and for a constancy I prefer the 'plain living' of home; as to 'high thinking,' that, as well as books, may be carried with one—*i. e.*, if he has it in him to carry. Here all depends on the personal equation. . . . Prepare the Yates Memoir by all means; we have none too many good religious biographies. I like the plan of letting a man tell his own story. *Per contra*, I like as well, in many cases, biographies done in the style of the English Men of Letters. Life is short."

In a letter to his daughter Mary, from Messina, May 22nd, 1896, Dr. Taylor refers to the Berti family, members of which had been baptized by Dr. Taylor, there being no church in Messina:

" . . . I believe this Berti family makes a continual propaganda of the gospel. I was quite unwilling to even seem to press the baptism of Anita . . . so I simply said that if she still desired it and the mother

and Teresa fully approved it, to come to me this morning at ten. The three did come. . . . After the rite we had a short service in the parlour."

In a letter written from Rome he describes events in the trip just referred to. He says:

" . . . I have seldom taken so long a trip, at once so pleasant, with so unbroken health and so full of work and of encouragement in regard to our churches. The country was lovely, the weather (generally) fine, and many were the interviews and conversations, interesting at the time, and destined, I trust with God's blessing, to bear precious fruit. I seemed to get into the spirit of travel, the world seemed beautiful; it was a sort of relaxation from the desk and the pen, and altogether, though glad to get back to sweet home, and my dear Mary, I feel that the trip did me good, and it is remembered with pleasure. . . . I came near having a sunstroke en route and suffered with my head, but bathed it in very hot water as by suggestion of Dr. R. H. Graves. . . . I was fifteen hours on steamer, second class, to Messina. It was a big thing bound for Bombay, and many of the sailors and others were dark skinned, and dressed in white clothes, scanty and thin, so as to reveal their lithe figures. On board was a clerical party of several nationalities bound for the scene of war in Abyssinia, and great was the *reclaim* in the R. C. papers, and great the demonstration on their departure from Naples. One of them, a Capuchin, tried to convert me, and professed to be horror struck at my state, but I routed him with a single text: 'He that believeth on the Son hath eternal life.'"

While in America a publisher had asked him to prepare a popular book on Italy. The next letter shows him at work on it:

“ . . . I drive the pen all the morning, save when interrupted, but do not seem to make much progress. . . . I need many books to write mine. . . . It's a great, and often useless, bother getting them or trying to get them from the V. E. Library. . . . Yesterday morning and this I produced but three pages like this, which does not take me ten minutes to write, but then I wrote them over two or three times, and was constantly hunting up names, etc., to be sure, and there were also annoying interruptions.”

The next letter, written from the Hotel Barra di Ferro, Cuneo, under date of June 27th, gives incidents in another missionary journey:

“ . . . Thursday night I preached to a house full of serious, attentive folks. When I was about to close the service, Signor C—— advanced with an illuminated parchment, a testimonial to me from the church on the occasion of my first visit. You know I am not the sort of man to draw to me things of that sort, and, it being my first received in Italy, I was surprised and rather pleased.”

In a letter to his daughter Mary, he gives other experiences of the same trip:

“ . . . The weather was cold and wet (my straw hat seemed absurdly out of place and time, and most folks turned for a second look, especially as there was no charge) and I was under it. . . . Sunday morning it was still

raining, with clouds like lead. But I rose at six, paddled through the rain to a café, and then to the steam tram which bore us 8 kilometers to S. Dalmazio, where we took carriages and drove several miles among the mountains along the great highway leading to the Thermæ of Vinadio. When the main road had to be left, the drivers declined to go further, so we footed it over a rough mountain way, through mud and water regardless, for some three-quarters of an hour to Castellato, our destination. . . . The congregation was small. . . . But the brethren present impressed me favorably, and specially our host showed himself a real gentleman as well as devout. It hurt me that his tall, straight, handsome wife had to stay, or did stay, in the kitchen to cook a dinner for the caravan, and the smoke and smell penetrated into the room where we were. The meal was very fair, and, with truest courtesy, I was not urged to partake of any dish I did not show a wish for. . . . The mountains have been for several days partly covered with snow, and the view of Mt. Viso and others, as I came hither, was really splendid."

On the same trip from Venice, writing to one of his sons on July 10th, 1896, he referred to his recent visit to Appomattox, and to other matters:

" . . . The old Virginia food of the inn was so delicious—its waffles and fried chicken and milk, and so many other toothsome things. It was so pleasant, too, to be in that country air. . . . Your people's great kindness also touched my heart, for much as I have received, always and everywhere, that was something special. . . . I rose at four this morning, after vain efforts



to get more sleep, but dozed a bit on the sofa after dressing. It may seem strange to linger where there is so much discomfort on the trip. This is explained: that I wish not only to see the minister, but to attend a service at each place, and to do this involves delay, unless a line of special appointments could be made, so that I need not tarry more than one night, or at most two nights, at each place."

On another missionary journey he wrote, November 12th, 1896, from Genoa, to his sister Mary:

"Waiting here half sick for my train it is a pleasure to pen you a poor line. . . . Yesterday from ten in the morning to dusk, I rode through an enchanted region—the Western Riviera—from Cannes, in France, to this place, the sea on one side, mountains, terraced vineyards, gardens with olives, palms, pines and cedars and flowers everywhere on the other side, and, above, the loveliest sky. But for the first part of the way I was nauseated, and later weak in consequence. . . . Last night I suffered, and feel little refreshed this morning, and poorly fitted for a long journey. But I have learned to maintain a certain tranquillity of spirit, which is restful, or at least in the minimum degree exhaustive, even to the body. . . . Two days ago I was in fine spirits, and being in France, I concocted a French postal to Mary for her amusement. I read that language with sufficient ease to read aught that interests me. The landlord at Cannes lent me a French book in which I became so much interested that I am taking it along, with his permission, to finish, and return by post. Cannes and Nice are charm-

ing cities with such a climate, such scenery of sky and land, and the Mediterranean, that I do not wonder they are crowded with rich folks, many of them sick, of every land; and the same might be said of San Remo. One can understand how Garibaldi could not forgive Count Cavour for ceding Nice, his birthplace, to Louis Napoleon, even in return for valid help *versus* Austria. All over Nice and Cannes are comfortable benches on which wayfarers may rest, as I did in the former city while munching an apple from Rome. In San Remo, Sunday morning, I saw such numbers of boys and girls, men and women, bearing along bunches, baskets of flowers, chiefly chrysanthemums of choicest kind, and many hues, but also roses and other flowers, that I surmised it was Decoration Day, and joined them. Every grave and monument was covered—I have never seen so many and so lovely chrysanthemums before or elsewhere. Many of the graves were stuck all around with lighted candles, which flickered and sputtered in the wind.”

It is impossible to give all the letters describing the many trips Dr. Taylor made among the churches, or even to mention all the trips. The next letter describes a journey to Sicily and bears date, Rome, April, 1st, 1898. It refers to the widow and daughter of Mr. Mudie, the founder of the great circulating library in London, which sends books all over England:

“ . . . We finished up Palermo, driving through the Favorita grounds, buying candied fruits for Susy and a box of them for some friends who have been kind to her. . . . The sail to Naples was ideally smooth and rapid,

but as the stewards allow no fresh air, I did not go below; but after two hours on deck, when it became quite cold, I sat bolt upright the whole night in the saloon. . . . Mary is at Frascati visiting the Mudies. . . . Susy has been going to concerts and dinings and drives, which I have urged her to accept. I have been very hard at work over letters, accounts and several worrying problems which arose suddenly in my absence from Rome. . . . The trip despite sickness greatly refreshed me, giving strength for the burdens of the work, for I largely laid care and pen aside for two weeks, and was much in the open air. To-morrow Susy and I go to Frascati for two days, after which the family life will be resumed, except, indeed, that I leave for another trip the last of the week. The brethren of Gravina have taken themselves a new and ground floor *locale*, and beg me to be with them at the three days' opening, May 15th, 16th and 17th, when also candidates, long waiting, and long proved, will be baptized. A week from to-day I am to be at Miglionico, where the minister has long begged, as a great favor, a visit from me. . . . This next trip I shall be alone, but I have notified the brethren of my deafness and . . . I shall, I trust, get on, if not swimmingly at least sufficiently."

The next letter, dated Gravina delle Paglie, is addressed to his daughter Susy:

" . . . I suppose that I am the guest of the church, as on a previous occasion, but I am most comfortably lodged and entertained by the Fiori family, who show me every attention and kindness, and appear to the

greatest advantage in their own home. . . . I was not in the best trim for preaching Sunday, and yesterday succumbed and went to bed, and this morning they have brought me quinine, honey, etc. On Sunday I baptized five persons. The arrangements were excellent, and showed that money and care had been used in making them. . . . The new *locale* is very nice, and the meetings were very remarkable for the crowd, the order, and the attention. . . . The work at Gravina is most promising, and a great change has come over the people since the clerical preachers exhorted: 'Say with me, O people, Death to the Protestants!'

Another stage in the same journey is described in a letter to one of his sons. His courage and indomitable spirit are shown:

" . . . I arrived [at Miglionico] really ill and prostrated, and went right to bed, and, as usual, when I have fever, slept some fifteen hours right along. All Sunday I lay in bed, better, but not up to anything. The members, the plainest and roughest, but most simple-hearted people, men and women, came to see me, kissing my hands as they entered and left. I remained passive, not trying to hear or to speak save a 'God bless you.' Despite the utmost kindness of Piccinni and his wife, and many favorable circumstances, I was not comfortable, and longed for home; so, Monday, I insisted on leaving, and with a pillow and shawls, and the whole carriage for Piccinni and me, I got to the railroad . . . and in fact made the journey of seven hours and over by rail to Naples, where I arrived at 8.30 p. m. very tired and worn

out, but apparently not otherwise the worse; but the night was not refreshing, and in the morning I hated to leave my bed, but the attraction of home was so strong that up I got. The compartment was crowded, and, despite the kindness of two or three persons along, who felt sorry for me, the journey was a martyrdom, and I took fresh cold, being obliged, when I felt sinking, to put my head at the open window which had been given me by those kind persons. But I got home, and, after, just a week in bed, watched over, cared for, and angelically ministered to by your sweet sisters. . . . I rose at noon yesterday, but feeling weak and depressed to-day; however, I am almost perfectly myself again."

Yet another trip is spoken of in the next letter, which is dated Torre Pellice, September 21st, 1898:

" . . . The fact is I had a bad time Friday night and Saturday with cold, causing pain and disturbance, and I lay on the sofa Saturday, my one hope and prayer being that I might be able to fill my appointment at Casteletto the next day, the which I did, by a *tour de force*, and despite weakness."

As an illustration of how broad his sympathies were, the following extract from a letter to his brother Charles may be given. The work at home as well as that in Italy rested on his heart. The date of this letter is Rome, April 20th, 1899:

"There is a matter in our mission which has been, and still is, causing me constant solicitude, and calling forth my best thinking and planning, and driving me to the throne of grace. As there are always such matters in

this work, does it not seem strange that I should bother myself with affairs at home! Yet, so it is, for the mind of man has a wide sweep and the Christian heart must be interested in all that relates to the cause of Christ the world over, and I have pondered no little over the state of our Southern Zion, it seeming to me that a grave crisis is at hand, and that there is danger, no matter how the Whitsitt case may be decided."

And the letter goes on to discuss the Whitsitt situation at length.

On July 30th, 1899, he wrote to his sister, Mrs. James B. Taylor, giving some description of Airolo, Switzerland, and the surrounding country, whither he had gone, at the direction of the physician, trying to get rid of his malarial trouble:

" . . . We have here daily and hourly before us an instance of the instability of the most stable, earthly things in the great landslide of last December, which destroyed houses and people, and changed, perhaps forever, the aspect of the town and its environs. Last summer this place was full of tourists; now there are very few, for fear, it is said, that another mountain will send down rocks as big as houses, crushing everything before them. I do not, however, apprehend any special danger. There are so many other ways by which, without any great catastrophe, people make their last journey. This morning, when half dressed, I went to close my window, for we sleep with open windows. The first object seen was a funeral procession, the coffin borne on the shoulders of four men, who, as all the others, walked reverently with

uncovered heads to the cemetery, a crowd of women, in black, following. This place, though a hundred miles from the Italian frontier, is largely Italian in population, and almost all signs and notices are in the Italian tongue. . . . The mountains around are covered with grass, and dark firs with patches of snow on the heights. Beneath, is the Ticino River, running, like mad, to Lake Maggiore. A few steps away is the mouth of the great St. Gotthard tunnel. We are more than 3,700 feet above the level of the sea. . . . I spend much time in the garden, pacing the gravel paths or reading and writing in the shade of the firs and beeches, *sub tegmine fagi*, as Virgil would say, but not *recubans*. . . . I was very unwell just before leaving Rome and suffered no little in the seventeen and one-half hours' railroad journey to Milan, and needed two days there to repair damages. We then spent nine days at Lugano, over the lovely lake of that name. Every prospect pleased, and the people met were not a bit vile; on the contrary, very good and pleasant, and we had all our meals in the open air; but it was about as hot as Rome. We had two sails on the lake, saw Luini's famous frescoes, admired the tall stone tower, and the girls went by steamer and *diligence* over Lake Como and to the city of Como, the home of Volta, who invented the Voltaic Pile, and, where, in his honor, an electrical exposition was held this summer till destroyed by fire, and they are now trying to rebuild and renew it. Early last Monday morning we left, third-class, on a slow train for this place. We seemed coming thus at leisure to find more beauty in the route than we had ever seen in any

previous journey over it in a rushing express train, and specially admired the waterfalls, and the loops of the road, which winds up the mountains like a corkscrew. Of course my mission correspondence is not abated, at least a score of letters having come in these last days, and yesterday I arranged to send off some 12,000 francs to seventeen evangelists. There arrive, besides, letters from all kinds and conditions of men, wanting this, that and the other of me, and I have written an article for the *Foreign Mission Journal*, and am asked for one for the *Seminary Magazine*. There is also reading matter accessible. . . . There is also much to see, tourists on foot arriving and passing, and the mountains are an endless study."

Perhaps frequent enough quotations have not been made in these pages from Dr. Taylor's annual reports to the Board, and to the Convention. These reports he made with great care, and it was often a source of regret to him that the minutes of the Southern Baptist Convention, containing full accounts of the work on the several fields of the Convention, were not more read by the brotherhood. The following extracts are from his report to the Convention of 1900, which met at Hot Springs:

"The responsibilities of the mission, and also its opportunities, were enlarged by taking over the work in the south, of the English Baptist Missionary Society, which wished to concentrate its energies in the north of Italy. This work consisted of a church of baptized believers in Naples, and another at Calitri, a mountain town in the Province of Avellino, with their respective places of meet-



ing. We also accepted the small body of communicants and *locale* in Naples, Count Papengouth leaving the city. To carry on the work of these three churches, two additional evangelists were accepted, each of whom is an acquisition to our evangelizing force.

"The *locale* at Caserta, near Naples, with a small congregation, but no communicants, was also taken over by us from our English brethren. . . .

"Besides, by the foregoing, our mission was enlarged by three new and inviting fields, into which we were providentially led. . . .

"The entire new work assumed in 1899, with some needed increase of salaries and other combinations, costs \$1,680 per annum, which is about ten per cent advance on the amount asked for and conceded for 1899.

"I dare not refuse what God in His Providence laid upon us, and I dare not cast off on account of expense. He will provide for it through you, my brethren, who, led of Him, originated this mission and sent me out as your representative. No doubt this work will yet go forward and extend itself; it must, or else contract and recede. Do you ask for greater results? The results achieved are perhaps more important than might at first seem.

"The gathering into one mission of the three congregations in Naples, educated under different influences, was not without friction. . . . There were other questions, and I seemed at one time, in following the clear line of duty, to please none of the parties concerned, each thinking I leaned to one of the others, which was, of course, grievous to me. . . .

“The Italian Mission having now existed for about thirty years, and my own relation with it having lasted for nearly twenty-seven years, it seems proper to take a rapid glance at what has been done.

“Not only do our statistics show twenty-four churches, a membership of 624 baptized believers, but at least as many more baptized believers have died in the faith, or emigrated, bearing their evangelical and denominational convictions to other lands. North Africa, Austria, Switzerland, France, and both Americas have all received evangelical and Baptist influences from our mission, as it owes something to France, and almost everything to our country.

“Despite deeply rooted prejudices, it is undeniable that Baptist principles have to no small extent leavened Pedobaptist communities and congregations. . . . Neither the Evangelical Church of Italy, nor the Episcopal Methodists, nor the Waldensian Church would refuse immersion to a candidate, while the first-named has retained ministers essentially Baptists, who do not and would not sprinkle an infant, and the Waldensian Synod has introduced into its new formulary immersion for such as believe it is their privilege and duty to be buried with Christ, and so exactly fulfil His last command. But it has to be admitted that this general—almost universal—recognition of the Scripturalness of immersion has not borne its practical fruit, refuge being taken in the idea that immersion is not the only baptism, or, at least, that other acts are allowable. A great difficulty for us is that in Italy every convert not from an evangelical family has

been sprinkled in his infancy by a Roman Catholic priest, and that all the Pedobaptist denominations are agreed in accepting it as valid. . . .

“When I came to Italy in 1873, I found, both among the Italians, and in the resident foreign community here, a most bitter and obstinate prejudice against our restricted communion. It was necessary for several years to defend it in our own and in other periodicals, explaining our practice, replying to objections, and not only appealing to the *ad hominem* argument, but sustaining our position on its own merits. The fight was so well fought that since that time we have met with no reproach for our ‘close’ communion; indeed, many of the more intelligent of our Pedobaptist brethren regard it as, at least, the necessary corollary of the doctrine of believers’ baptism.

“On the whole, though much still remains to be done, it must yet be admitted that, considering the mighty Pedobaptist influence which comes here from England and America, the work of Romanism in destroying the religious sentiment, while weaving a vast network of observances to nourish superstition, and turn men away from the Word of God and true religion, and finally the tremendous and manifold power of the hierarchy to oppose and suffocate any evangelical movement, the Italian Mission has not been in vain. My own relation to it must soon—very soon—come to a close, but, despite personal infirmities, and conscious shortcomings, when I look upon the past and forward into the future, I thank God, and take courage.”

During the summer of 1900, Dr. Taylor, with his

daughters, spent some weeks in Hungary, visiting also Vienna. The following letter, dated 20 Rathhausstrasse, Vienna, September 9th, describes some things seen and done on this trip:

“ . . . Mary and Susy are at the English Church and I have been sitting in a public garden near by, reading and observing. . . . My favorite plan is to sit and let the world unfold itself, panorama-fashion, before my eyes—old women with their baskets resting, some folks knitting, some embroidering, some reading, some smoking, some courting, while the pigeons and the birds, big and little, chirp, and hop about fearlessly on the ground or in the leafy shades. I am enchanted with Vienna for many other things, but specially for its lovely parks and gardens, and for the comfortable seats everywhere. In Rome my only resort when tired, which I seem always to be, is a Roman Catholic Church, but, Oh, I do so much prefer the out-of-doors! Last evening Susy and I went to a big café near by, not for ices or coffee, these being only the conditions of reading the newspapers. I doubt whether there is any other city more cosmopolitan than Vienna in this, that at the chief cafés one may read the newspapers of almost every language and land in the world. The waiters piled before us the latest American, French and Italian journals we asked for and many more of sundry tongues; the arcade under which we sat was crowded, and every one else had a supply. What a treat it was to a paperless fellow, half starved for news, these many days, save at Tatra Fined, where the *Figaro*, of which I am very fond, made, with my delicious

creamed coffee and Vienna bread and butter, an exquisite meal. Wherever we have been, Mary has read the German sheets, and has given me nice morsels, but often has found nothing worth reporting. . . . We had meant to leave ere this, but Mary was sick and would miss certain things, so our departure has been prorogued for two or three days. Indeed a fortnight is little for a city so rich in all that could please and instruct. We have gotten pretty leisurely through the chief galleries, even returning to some of them. There are some fine paintings of the great Italians, but specially has the opportunity been prized of studying the works of Rubens and his opposite Van Dyck, of Rembrandt, Dürer, and other northern masters, some of whom with unfamiliar names hold me and draw me back to their creations, often at once homely and beautiful. In fact I am still seeing with the mind's eye fine faces with the accessories of by-gone centuries, interiors, flower pieces and still life, foaming rivers, and dark tarns, corniced in steep rock cliffs. . . . One day we made an excursion to a lovely suburb on the wooded hills with a German, a masseur, who has been to America and Australia, a very intelligent fellow. One day I had bought a cantaloupe, a fruit of which I am excessively fond, and have not tasted before for years, and served it at the breakfast table to other guests. Quoth this gentleman, Dr. Herman Roth, 'Here they cost a florin each, in America half a franc, in Australia two cents.' . . . At Zakopane the people reminded me of Virginians, shaking hands so much, but mostly with each other, for ready as the gentlemen were

to admit us, some of the ladies were for a time rather clannish. But Mary and Susy won their way and gained hearty encomiums. It seems we were the first Americans, if not English also, ever seen in those parts or by those people, the elite of Cracow and Warsaw, and one couple wrote on a card the delightful impression received. I, on account of my deafness, kept much in the background, but I liked best a lovely young lady from Warsaw in Polish Russia, and one day, when she was saluting others, I being so out of the way that I might have been left without rudeness, she came where I was and gave me a warm grasp, a sweet smile, and a graceful curtsy. What a heartglow it gave me and does when I think of it! Ah, how little does a young person realize the pleasure and comfort an old man or woman may get from even a slight attention, a word, a smile, a simple act from those still in the heyday of life! . . . We go home not by the Semmering and Venice, but as we came, by Budapest, Fiume and Ancona. True, there are about 550 miles of railroad to Fiume, but in Hungary they have what is called a 'zone tariff' (and Vienna is near the border), that is the fare is counted not by miles but by tens of miles. Thus the above 550 miles, and the day on the Adriatic, second class for the former and first class for the latter, cost only about \$6.50 or \$7. I have never travelled half so cheaply before, and it was one of the two factors bringing us to these lands."

Upon a resolution of Dr. G. A. Lofton, the Convention at Hot Springs, in 1900, appointed a committee to report the following year on the feasibility of establishing a

theological school in Rome. The next year the committee reported in favor of establishing such a school, having consulted with Dr. Taylor, who approved the plan.

The following letter refers to Rev. C. J. F. Anderson and Rev. D. G. Whittinghill, who had arrived under the appointment of the Board to work in Italy. It is dated Rome, April 21st, 1901:

"I am hoping to go to church this morning, the first time this year, and I am very thankful. . . . Yesterday p. m. I walked alone some three or four hundred yards, and after resting walked back. I have not before done half so much, nor have I been out before alone since my illness, which has been perhaps far more serious than my kin at home have imagined. . . . We have now in our home Dr. Whittinghill, the new missionary. I like him and trust he will do an excellent work. He has come out specially with reference to the Baptist Theological School which we hope in a year or so to establish in Rome. The thing will not be absolutely decided until the meeting of the Southern Baptist Convention in New Orleans next May, but is already morally certain. Yesterday we had to dine with him Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, and Signor Paschetto. We seemed quite a Baptist family. . . . We expect every day to have some one to meet Dr. W——. To-day Mr. Piggott dines with us. . . . I have been reading in the evenings 'Tourgueneff and his French Circle.' It is really his letters to Flaubert, George Sand, Zola, Daudet and other French literary celebrities. They reveal him as having a childlike nature in his giant body.

. . . I have been very much amused in reading of late 'The American Senator' by Anthony Trollope."

On June 14th, 1901, Dr. Taylor wrote from Rome to his brother Charles, President of Wake Forest College, North Carolina:

"On the 11th instant the collection of shells was shipped from Cagliari prepaid to Naples, where Holme & Company bankers, well known to me, will ship it to Wake Forest via Norfolk. There are 4,500 shells, representing 720 species and varieties, all from Sardinia. A complete catalogue goes along. Signor Arbanasich could have doubled the collection by including shells from the mainland, but he wished it to preserve its distinctive geographic character. I suppose, however, that he would make another collection, not limited to his island, and still another of minerals, and I would be willing to contribute the one and the other to your college museum, if, after seeing the shells now sent, you and Professor Poteat should think it worth while. As before offered, I will pay charges on them to Wake Forest. Of course they need pay no duty. . . . Next week we have in Rome an Evangelical Congress, and the meeting of the Committee of our Baptist Union, and we shall have guests to stay and to partake with us. . . . Last week Dr. MacDonald, Continental Secretary of the Wesleyan Missionary Conference, was twice with us, and one night we had a delicious dinner with him at his inn. I note it because so often, generally, I don't enjoy *table d'hôte* dinners"



On June 16th, 1901, he wrote to his grandson, George Cabell Taylor:

"It is a great pleasure to receive to-day your letter of the 5th instant, telling that you had received a medal for improvement in writing. You certainly have improved wonderfully. . . . I trust, my dear boy, you will one day be a *writer* in another and higher sense. I am very proud of your medal and of you, and I thank God for all your gifts and advantages. I have some more books for you, but will wait till you can read well. It is a good thing that the school is over now, and that you can spend many hours out of doors, walking, riding, working. But you ought to study a little every day. I want you to learn by heart some of the best hymns—your father will select them for you—and some of the great chapters and passages in the Bible, *e. g.*, learn the first Psalm, the nineteenth and the twenty-third; also the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew, and the nineteenth chapter of John. . . . "

To one of his sons, on July 13th, 1901, he wrote:

" . . . We are hoping to open our Theological School in Rome on the first of next November, but there are many difficulties in the way. . . . I have worked and worried a deal on the subject, but have concluded to let things take their course. . . . These and several other matters come at a rather inopportune time for me and I suppose that, though changing air and scene, I shall not get rid of the cares of the mission at Vallombrosa or elsewhere, this summer. But the Lord can give peace even in the midst of worries if we wait on Him. Early

Thursday morning Signor Fiori came to beg me to go to his house and comfort his wife, as their dear, beautiful, first-born boy was very ill. I spent the morning there, trying to comfort both of the parents. It was sweet to do such pastoral work, but sad to see the poor little creature suffer."

This summer was spent at Vallombrosa. Much of the life there, the picturesque country, and the farm scenes, greatly delighted Dr. Taylor, who, though far from well, kept up his correspondence, private and official. One letter tells of some of the fellow-boarders in the pension:

"The latest arrivals, common but inoffensive, asked leave to bring 'a little dog.' The landlady objected, as there were too many here already. But they came with a most savage canine, a cross between a mastiff and a bull dog. Landlady said, 'You must keep him in your room.' 'Assassin,' for that is his name, jumped out of the upstairs window upon the stones and lamed himself pretty badly. It seems that he belonged to a Neapolitan butcher, and when the carabinieri came to arrest the master, the dog flew at the throat of the carabinieri, and could not be detached, though twice shot at. The present owner agreed to remove him from the city. This last calls himself an engineer, but rather betrayed himself at the supper table last night when he said, with an important air, that sanitary rules in Rome were now more stringent and that he had himself, just before coming up here, put into place 500 English bath-rooms."

The next letter is dated Rome, October 27th, and is to one of his sons. Allusion is made to the marriage of

Spotswood, which event took place at Yokohama, Japan, at which point the groom, a surgeon in the U. S. Navy, was stationed. The bride was Miss Louise Draper, of Holyoke, Mass. Mr. Wall, who is mentioned, was for many years at the head of the English Baptist Mission in Rome:

" . . . I am feeling quite stupid just now and would not take pen in hand, but for my wish to send a word of love to you. Not only work, but worry, has beset me, and it has been a fight, at times almost a losing fight, to keep sweet and serene through it all. God only knows how much the poor mortal body has to do with victories over one, thank God, only for the time, but no doubt a weak heart and a tired brain sometimes seem to yield up to the foe 'the city of man soul,' when in reality he has forced only the outer gate. Charles Dickens used to say that for every hour a man works with his brain, indoors, he should spend another walking in the open air, and he was wont to practice what he preached in the matter. . . . Last night I noted in some Richmond papers references to a carnival and horse fair in that city. Everything about the horses interested, the rest seemed a great ado about nothing. . . . Mary has doubtless written of Mr. Wall's illness, his paralysis, probably imminent departure and the perfect peace with which he is ready to loose anchor and enter the ocean of eternity."

On December 17th, 1901, he wrote to his older son, telling of the visit of Mrs. MacGrath, who was on her way from Yokohama to the United States:

" . . . It was nice to have some one just from

Spotswood and Louise, . . . who sent by Anna a Japanese picture to me, and a perfectly splendid silk dressing gown to Mary."

On December 29th, 1901, he wrote again to his son in America:

" . . . To give a Christmas feeling, I bought the *Century* and *Harper* for December. . . . Miss Mary Piggott sent me roses with the sweetest of notes. . . . What I gave was nothing to nobody, or about that, being just able to pay out to the end of the year, which is something to be thankful for. Among the debts (I am glad to say liquidated this morning) were 18 lire, the balance of my subscription to the Trieste Mission, and 12 lire to the Christmas tree of our Sunday school. . . . Mr. Anderson has copied my financial report. He is quick with the pen. Somehow, I trust after 1902 to be relieved of the administrative work, though I love it. I believe I would be useful in teaching, preaching and preparing needed books and tracts, were my life spared. Or, I would be willing to go home, if it seemed best to the Board. Have you no idea of another visit to Rome, longer than the other and this time with Susy and Cabell? I would pay two-thirds of the cost. . . . T'other day I had been groaning on my bed in pain, when Agnese, who had been full of sympathy, came in and found me in a broad, loud grin. I could not explain to her that it was that delightful book Mr. Dooley which had made me forget for a while my pain."

The next letter refers to the formal transfer, already alluded to, of certain churches from the English to the

Southern Board and also *vice versa*, the Italian word *permuta* meaning transfer:

“ . . . Thursday morning I was dressed by 6.30 o'clock and at 7 Messrs. Shaw and Landels walked in. That afternoon the latter and I were at the notary's for the best part of two hours and completed the *permuta* so long on the tapis. The Notary Colizzi, whom, you may remember, was very courteous and nice, but the bill will be big. On account of my deafness I was required to read the instrument aloud and then the notary did the same. . . . I gave Mr. Landels dinner at noon, and then drove him up to the station. He is in Naples for several days for consummating the sale of the rest of the real estate of the E. B. M. Society. . . . I have finished Vol. I of Huxley, 500 pages octavo, and it sent me to his 'Life of Hume' in the English Men of Letters.”

In a letter to his older son he alludes to a visit of his nephew, the Rev. James Taylor Dickinson, D. D. (then pastor of the North Orange, N. J., church), and wife, and speaks of his grandson, Cabell:

“ . . . Jemmy and Stella walked in on us one morning, having arrived at midnight, quartered at the Minerva and left the lecture given to the party on the Forum. We drove in their double carriage on the Appian Way. . . . Friday night Mary gave them and the Yokohama ladies a *chic* dinner. . . . I crept out of bed to see J—— and S—— off at the station. He was very affectionate, and next to one of my own sons and daughters it was a true joy to see him, though conversation was impossible. I seemed also to get nearer than

ever before to Stella, and shall henceforth love her well. . . . No child—no really boyish boy—ever loved his book. I was a lazy rascal till my ambition and love of learning waked up. Then things rushed. But before that, I had been absorbing useful knowledge in every pore, as your son is doing now.”

The next letter, written to his daughter Mary, from Messina, April 14th, 1902, describes a mission trip taken with Dr. Whittinghill to Sicily:

“After writing and mailing my letter to you yesterday morning, we hurried off in search of our *locale*, which we found after climbing a steep hill and a lot of stone steps. Service had begun and the house was pretty well packed and Signor Destefano was about to preach; but for once I waived delicacy and said I was willing to speak, which I did, only tolerably well, for I felt very languid and weak. . . . At night the crowd was even greater, and after the general congregation had left we had the *Circolo Cristo e Patria*,\* composed of some forty or fifty young men, several of whom spoke. . . . A big old lawyer, Signor Romeo, harangued us twice, I should think for an hour. I felt as if I would faint from exhaustion, as eating had been found almost impossible. . . . On the one hand I was deeply touched and impressed, for the work has gained in every way since we were at Reggio; but on the other hand I was badly bored and wearied and could only pray for patience and strength. It was well after eleven, when, after innumerable hand-

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\*Club called “Christ and Native Land.”

shakings, repeated several times to each individual, our room was reached; but three friends came up and in, for some time longer, and it was not easy to get a bit of bread and cold meat, and get to bed before half an hour or more after midnight. Oh, it was a trying day, though with much of encouragement and consolation! We rose at 6 this morning, in my case after a worrying night, and drove to the ferry boat, by which we waited nearly three hours for the belated train. . . . At every turn, every hour of the day or night, Dr. Whittinghill seems to be doing something for me, besides keeping me in touch with what is going on."

Dr. Taylor's letters to his loved ones always gave large space to the details of the life of the one to whom he was writing, not being merely taken up with descriptions of what he was doing, saying and thinking. Lack of space forbids the introduction of these passages, numerous, loving, full of wise counsel and tender interest. The next letter gives some account of the little circle at their summer home. It is addressed to his daughter Susy and dated Le Mandriole (Modena), August 10th, 1902:

" . . . Since coming here, despite a number of sick or feeble days, I have completed and sent off the estimate for 1903 for this mission with many details and explanations; have sent some 25,000 lire to about thirty different persons, squared up the mission accounts, written several mission and friendly letters, an article for *Il Testimonio* and another, really two, which you may possibly see in the *Religious Herald*. I am also revising and re-writing for the press my address on 'Religion in

Families.' We have a pretty good supply of books and every day the Rome and Florence papers. I peg away at French, but like my own language, for me much better than any other, even than Italian. I am hardly ever indoors, save at meals and at nights, living always *al fresco*, which ought to be life-giving. Mary serves tea at 4 o'clock to Dr. Whittinghill and me, and we have just received a tin box full of crackers ordered from Rome, but I never touch one, three meals being enough for me. Day before yesterday we began to play *boccie* after tea, and it is a great resource to me who can't walk much in the mountains."

Susy, Dr. Taylor's younger daughter, while on a visit to her cousins, the family of J. Appleton Wilson, Esq., at their summer home in the Blue Ridge Mountains, during a severe illness was attended by young Dr. Buckler of Baltimore. Dr. Taylor refers to this trying experience, writing on August 23rd, 1902, from Le Mandriole:

" . . . The thought of that dear child ill and suffering, and so far away, would be unbearable but for being able to commit her to the hands of our almighty and all merciful Father. In one way I love life and cling to my dear ones as well as ever, but I am conscious of a heart somewhat subdued and chastened through the increasing sense of old age, and through so many pains and sicknesses, showing that little by little my Father is taking down the tabernacle in which I, my true self, have been dwelling now nearly seventy years, and I would fain believe that these experiences have been somewhat blessed to my soul. I am so grateful to cousins Virginia, Mary,



Adelaide and Appleton for their loving kindness to my sweet Susy. May our Father reward them for it, for I never can. . . . I remember Drs. John and Thomas Buckler as famous all over Virginia, and the latter, who afterwards married Dr. Fuller's daughter, helped me much in the early fifties, as I had occasion to consult him more than once. I am sure Susy could have no better physician, and I, being old, can afford to say that I believe in young men. . . . Mary's gentle and unwearying kindness in waiting on me and nursing me, almost as one would a helpless infant, in my late attacks, and her skill not surpassed by any trained nurse, I can only leave you to imagine; for I cannot describe it, and it has recalled her and Susy's nursing me through two long spells, and in sundry of my minor ailments."

The next letter, describing a visit to Trieste, is to his daughter Mary and is dated, Cappello Nero, Venice, September 29th, 1902:

" . . . How changed the great Piazza, and how circumscribed, a considerable portion being fenced off; while, instead of the glorious campanile, is a mass of *débris* a story and a half high, and the corridor of the Royal Library is still open and unrepaired! . . . We gondolaed out to the steamship (a Lloyd), passing several barks brilliant with Chinese lanterns. It was now about 9, and till 11 we sat on deck in steamer chairs and I dozed a bit despite the fascinating scene. At 11 we went below and had a fairly restful night, I being just conscious when the boat started. . . . We reached Trieste about 6 or 6.30 Sunday morning, and, not being met, as we had

expected, drove to the hotel of the Buon Pastore, roomy but unpretending, and serving our purpose entirely. Not knowing either the locality or hour of service, I found out after breakfast, by long search in the city directory, the street and number of the Y. M. C. A. (Christlich Verein), and by several enquiries en route reached the place. There was a good meeting. . . . We returned to the inn for dinner, resisting the kind and hospitable invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Waschitz by promising to go there at night. . . . The Bora blew cold and furious at night, and at last my heavy *surtout* was most welcome. There were three guests besides us, and the party of seven had six nationalities. The dinner was really delicious, and, best of all, digestible and digested. It was past eleven ere I got to bed . . . and we were called at 5.30 this morning, the world still dark as Erebus, . . . and by 10.47 . . . were in Venice again, coffeeless and with only a picked-up rusk en route."

The trip, of which the visit to Trieste formed a part, was some forty days in duration to a number of the churches, Dr. Taylor's travelling companion being Dr. Whittinghill. Dr. Taylor was quite sick in Florence. He reached home, however, and before long was off for another trip, having in the meantime, as one letter tells, welcomed to his home the Rev. Dr. E. C. Dargan (at that time a professor in the S. B. T. Seminary at Louisville, and now pastor of the First Baptist Church, Macon, Ga.) with his wife and two sons. The next letter, dated November 9th, is from Avellino, in Southern Italy, where one of the

stations is located. Dr. Whittinghill is again his fellow-traveller:

“ . . . At noon we took second-class round-trip tickets for this place. En route it rained merrily and it was so doing when we arrived here. The remains of your delicious lunch, with bread and a couple of apples and a big bunch of grapes picked up en route, made us a very sufficient repast on the train. Fruit, even fresh figs, seemed abundant as we came on, and everywhere were fruit trees. . . . The country, you remember, is mountainous and rather picturesque, with fertile valleys here and there. . . . Between the views and our books the hours passed pleasantly. . . . Two or three sociable, well dressed people got in and out, but much of the time we were all alone. . . . We sat and read till dusk, then went to stretch our legs and see a little of this mountain town of 22,000 inhabitants, whose main street, well built, is not less than two kilometers in length. . . . We had a nice supper, such as one gets at a good place off the great lines of travel. The waiters were courteous and almost affectionate, one of whom had been to New York and was anxious to talk. . . . There being no fireplace, we sat over a *scaldino*, which was more satisfactory than such things usually are.”

The next letter gives a glimpse of the work Dr. Taylor was doing in the theological school. It is of date November 28th, 1902, and to his son in America:

“ . . . I am anxious to visit you next year, but just when, I can't say, as I wish to complete my course in Systematic Theology and in other respects go at the

moment when I can be best spared from the mission. . . . Last session I wrote about 170 pages like this, or closer, on the being and attributes of God, the Bible, the Trinity, Creation, Providence, human nature, the Fall, Sin, relation to Adam. This session I have begun with the person of Christ, and hope to treat the Atonement and the Last Things. I have now Hodge's three big volumes and the *De Civitate Dei* of St. Augustine. Most of my reading is theological. When up, and the weather permits, I try to take a walk every day. Yesterday I went out at noon after a morning of work, walked as far as usual and got in a 'bus to return, as is my wont. Feeling in my pocket, I found, to my dismay, that I did not have the requisite two soldi, so jumped out at once, but, as it had turned quite warm, I reached home tired out and bathed with perspiration. To-day, almost as I started, with only a cane, it began to rain, but not heavily, and having an errand I kept on, hugging the houses, nor turned back though the rain now came down fast and the streets were all puddles; but, my commission executed, I shared the rear platform of the 'bus with seven others, all of us dripping."

On December 10th, 1902, he wrote to his daughter Susy:

" . . . What a blessed thing it is that every morning we may begin life afresh. It is hard to keep well, specially when one is old, if he lives indoors and, seated in a chair, works ever with his brain; and yesterday was to me a day of deep discouragement, for I broke down

in writing my lecture, and it seemed so poor I felt half ashamed to read it when the four students came, and it looked as if my brain meant to strike work once for all. But I mention this only to illustrate the blessedness of beginning a new life with each new day, for this morning I looked from my bed out upon the fair world and the bright sky, and decided not to give up, or, God helping me, retreat, till my work be done and the long resting time be reached."

In a letter to his sister, dated Rome, December 21st, 1902, he wrote:

" . . . At one o'clock I drove Mary up to Ezekiel's grand old studio, a part of the Termæ of Diocletian. He, a Richmond man like me, has a big heart, and every Saturday gives a dinner to some children and adult friends, one of whom is Mary. I dined alone on a young pigeon, daintily cooked potatoes, cold bread pudding and stewed apples (not dried apples)."

On January 8th, 1903, he wrote to his son George:

" . . . Tuesday P. M. I met my class here; subject, Christ's Intercessory Work. I have now completed over 200 pages like this, but more closely written, on Systematic Theology. On the work of Jesus Christ I am more and more leaving aside other books and going to that one which is the source of all theology worth the name. That night (Befana\*) we had the young people of our congregation, students, etc.; twenty-six in all.

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\*Twelfth night.

. . . All were so well behaved; in fact, they could not have been more gentle had they been raised at court."

On February 7th, 1903, after quite a sharp attack of illness, he wrote to Susy:

" . . . Mary has doubtless written you of Mr. Robert Ryland, a Kentucky Baptist, a grandson of old Dr. Ryland, who won in New York, in a competitive examination, a purse of \$3,000, for three years' study of art over here. We had him to dine last Monday night and found him ever so bright and jolly. The other guests were Dr. Whittinghill, his college mate and Winnie Piggott. Mary gave us a *chic* dinner, and then we played logomachy."

On March 29th, 1903, he wrote from Rome to his older son:

" . . . Last Monday came the letter from Dr. Willingham informing me that the Board had just authorized my coming home at my own pleasure. . . . Several important, difficult questions of the mission are pending and I cannot leave the field till they are settled. Indeed, it would be of no use, for black care would still sit behind me, and rest from responsibility is needed quite as much as from work. In my lectures I have reached Eschatology, and if all goes well the course ought to be completed by May first. . . . I would like to leave as early as possible in May, but think it more probable we shall sail in June. . . . A frail man, turned seventy, must always feel on the edge of things and speak very

humbly about his earthly plans. . . . I have read not without emotion your well written tribute in the *Religious Herald* to Dr. Archibald Alexander Rice. How well and pleasantly I remember his visits to 'Kirklea,' and ours to his, as you justly say, most hospitable home! He was at once so wise and able, and yet so unpretending, genial, and truly humble."

The next letter, dated April 16th, 1903, is to his older son:

" . . . I have spent some eight days in bed since my last to Susy. . . . Really it has been hard to keep my courage up. . . . Yesterday, in bed, I finished writing the last lecture of my course. . . . As far as my knowledge goes there yet remains to be written a really satisfactory Systematic Theology. . . . If my labor ever makes a *book*, I trust it will be readable and read outside the small Italian theological student body. Yesterday, with Mary's kind help, I sent off twenty-two circular letters as to financial arrangements while I am gone. . . . Since I began this I have delivered my last lecture as above, with some farewell words, speaking continuously for about two and one-half hours. . . . A Latin congress is now in session in Rome, following close on the heels of an Agricultural. . . . For a short time there was a general strike in Rome, no cabs or newspapers; bread-making and meat butchering done by soldiers. It seemed queer, but it was soon over."

Miss Chittenden, a dear friend of the family, who

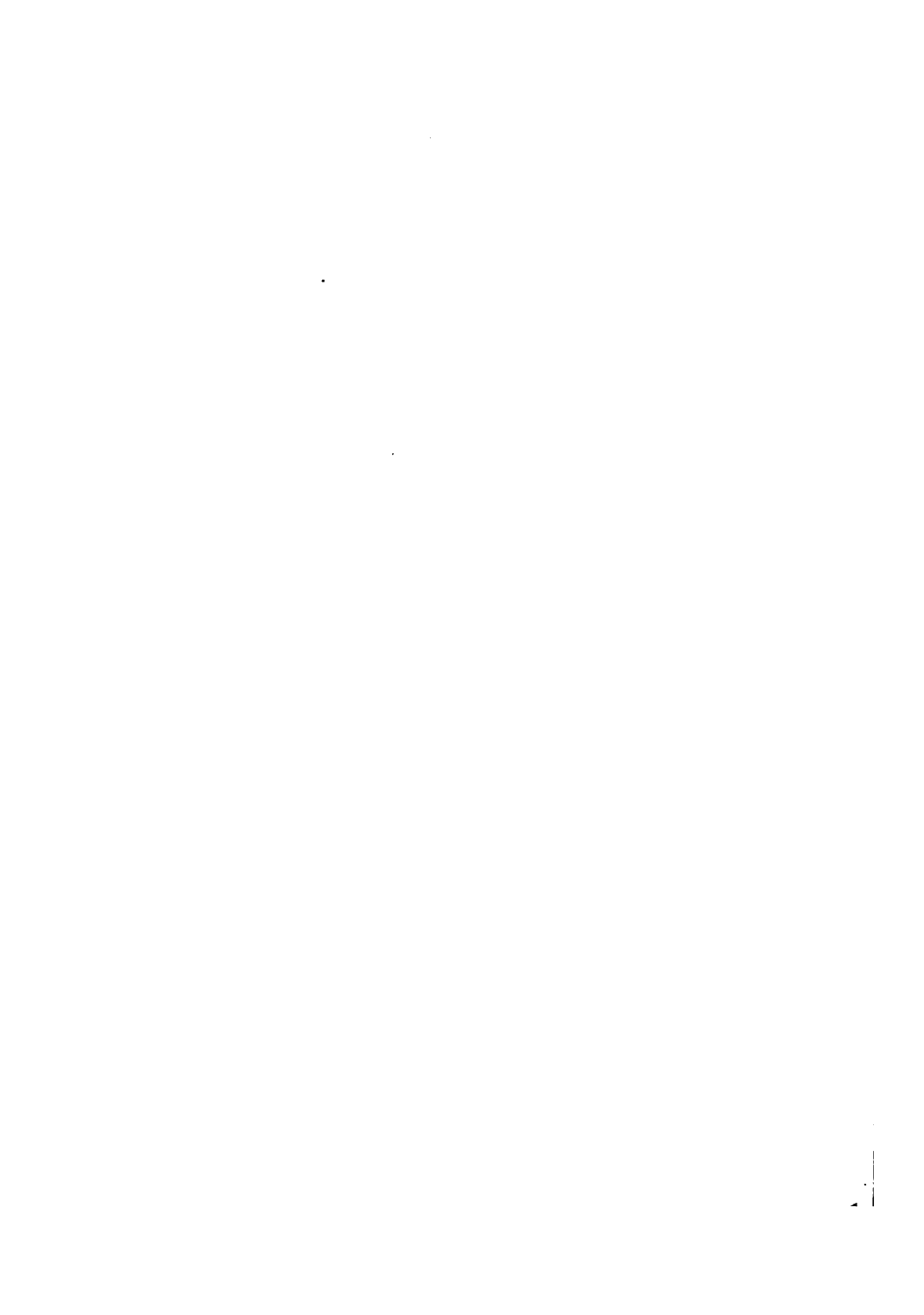
visited at 52 Giulio Romano, wrote the following acrostic on the name, George Boardman Taylor :

SAINT GEORGE.

Glorious the legend of that wondrous knight,  
England's great patron, who in armour dight  
O'erthrew the dragon, and with lance in hand  
Rescued fair innocence and saved the land.  
Gracious and fair he stands, an old world dream,  
Embalmed in verse, the happy poet's theme,  
By painters praised, cathedrals show his face;  
On wayside shrines his faded form we trace.  
And one I know who like in deeds and name  
Raised up the fettered truth from earth and shame,  
Dragons pursued through long and weary years,  
Marked by strong faith, triumphant over fears.  
Amid the wanderings of his long crusade  
Near San Michele once his footsteps strayed,  
Towards him he looked who heard the maiden's plaint  
And wist not he was brother to the saint.  
Yet he belongeth to the mystic band,  
Linked by a common purpose hand in hand,  
On the bright page where saints are written down  
Read twice St. George co-kin in cross and crown.

—*O. Chittenden.*







LAST PICTURE, BERNE, 1903  
(From a Kodak)

## CHAPTER X

### Last Visit to America.—Last Years, and Death

✦

GROW old along with me!  
The best is yet to be—  
The last of life, for which the first was made.  
Our times are in His hands  
Who saith, "A whole I planned,  
Youth shows but half; trust God; see all, nor be afraid."

—*Browning.*

✦

ACCORDING to his plan, Dr. Taylor, with his daughter Mary, sailed early in June for America to make what was to be his last visit to his native land. After spending some days with his sister, near New York, and yet other days with his son Spotswood in Washington City, they went to Hollins, Virginia, to make his headquarters, while in America, in the home of his son George. During the summer Dr. Taylor spent some days at the Greenbrier White Sulphur, whose waters had in other years greatly helped him. A serious and protracted illness of his daughter, Susy, made his visit to America longer by several months than he had intended. In November he attended, in Staunton, the session of the General Association, delivering on Sunday, upon the occasion of the semi-centennial of the church, which was also the dedication of the new meeting-house, a historical address, which was afterwards published and from which extracts have

been made in this volume. In the same month he went to New York City to consult a specialist, hoping for relief from his deafness. This hope was not realized. It was a bitter disappointment, but he bore it with heroic spirit.

It was during this visit that the incident occurred which his younger son refers to in the following lines, concerning Dr. Taylor's fondness for horses, and his horsemanship:

"He loved horses and never saw a fine one go by without a comment. . . . He was a fearless horseman. I was very timid. I remember vividly my fright when in Virginia in 1885 he insisted on riding a very spirited colt. He had difficulty in mounting, because too feeble to spring or pull himself into the saddle, but once up he was at home and the steed knew it. Then he wore an expression of confidence and his eye twinkled with amusement at my concern as he cantered off. Eighteen years later he was again in Virginia and again eager to ride; and I remember on one occasion that after real difficulty in getting him into the saddle, we sat for an hour very anxious for his safety, as the horse was young and not without mettle. He came back safely, dismounted easily, and later remarked in his simple, childlike way, free from any trace of boasting, that he did not think the horse quite spirited enough to be ridden just for pleasure."

In the early part of April, 1904, Dr. Taylor sailed with his daughters for Italy. The splendid stream of letters to loved ones continues, though space forbids copious extracts. His daughter Susy was quite ill upon reaching

Rome and continued so until the bracing air of Vallombrosa, at which point the family found a satisfactory summer home, helped her towards recovery. During the spring and summer Dr. Taylor was far from well, suffering first from serious trouble with his ear and later from general debility.

In September, 1905, he was in Florence and saw the city disturbed by riots. In October, in a letter he referred to the fact that the Board in Richmond had made an appropriation for the publication of his work on Systematic Theology. The book was subsequently published and favorably received.

In a letter, November 15th, 1904, to his son George, he described his being run over in the Corso, an accident which might have cost him his life. Once before he had had a similar accident, and remembering the crowded streets of Rome, and his increasing deafness, his success in going about the city proclaims loudly his courage and undaunted spirit. A part of this letter is given:

“ . . . I went out to cash a draft for my salary, doing that and other errands on foot. Then I went to the front of Aragno's café, where the 'bus stops, for it is too crowded usually to get on it elsewhere. It seemed unusually long in coming, and as I was very tired, having taken only a cup of coffee for breakfast, and Susy having begged me to come home very early, I stepped off of the sidewalk, hardly into the street, to look up the Corso. Oh, if I had not done it, for a cab came at full tilt and I went down as if shot! I was helped into the café, and I knew at once that I was badly hurt in the small of my

back, for I could not stand up. I, however, did not lose my head, and got a wineglass of wine, but I could not reply to inquiries. Then appeared the inevitable policeman. I asked to be taken home; my one desire was to lie down, and I would gladly have been placed on the pavement. As I was placed in a cab I fainted, or anyhow lost consciousness, and when I came to I found that we were headed the wrong way. In fact, we drove to the Hospital of San Giacomo; the gates were unlocked and relocked after we entered. In the meantime I had been begging the guard, a stupid sort of fellow, to take me home, but in vain. The cab was at once surrounded by the hospital men and there was the table within the open door on the ground floor—the table on which I was to be stripped and examined, as happened to me once before, to decide the nature and extent of my hurt. I continued energetically to protest, admitting my state, but pleading my right to go home, and urging how much better it was for me. In twenty minutes or half an hour, which seemed much longer to me, the delay doing me much harm, I was released and drove home alone; but for the reviving fresh air, I don't know how I could have stood it. Lifted into a chair I was borne by two men to my bed. Dr. Brock, a Scotch physician, was called by your sisters through the telephone. He prescribed opium pills and whiskey; said the case was not serious, no bones being broken, but declined to give any idea as to when I would be relieved and able to get about. Those days seem to me like a dark dream, as it was hard to move in bed, and any movement of my left leg caused severe pain, reach-

ing up into my reins. I was deeply depressed and wickedly longed to die. I read a good deal, your sisters most lovingly going here and there for books. . . . Besides the direct pains there were all the neuralgic, rheumatic and sciatic emphasized, the pains in the feet being as bad as any, but soothed with rubbing and bottles of hot water. Two or three days ago I was partially dressed and lifted to an easy chair by the bed, which was a pleasant change, but was soon followed by discomfort and pain. But I try it now daily, and, as the doctor said all the possible movement would be useful, I have just made two or three steps with great effort and pain, leaning heavily on Agnese and one of my very kind daughters. It exhausts at once, as neither back nor legs can support me."

Early in December, 1904, he was at work with his class, and his pen seems never to have been idle long. In the spring came his appointment as a delegate to the Baptist World Congress in London; the arrival of the Rev. Dr. Everett Gill, with his family, as a missionary; and the announcement of the engagement of his younger daughter, Susy, to the Rev. Dr. D. G. Whittinghill. Upon the announcement of his appointment to London he feared he would not be equal to such a trip. When the time came, however, with his usual pluck and energy he set out, accompanied by Dr. Whittinghill, and made the journey from Berne to London in a single day. In London, where he met his son and grandson, he was especially anxious that those with him should enjoy the convention, and the sights of the great city. He and his grandson

visited together more than once the British Museum, and ever and again he was seeking to promote the pleasure of those who were with him. On Sunday he preached, by appointment, at Salter's Hall Baptist Church, his text being Ps. cx: 4. After these London days the quartet left for Berne, where on July 27th Susy Braxton, his youngest child, was married, in the beautiful Protestant Cathedral, to Rev. Dr. D. G. Whittinghill. Before the wedding and at it, by his generosity, common sense, unselfishness, genial humor and cheerfulness, Dr. Taylor helped to make the occasion beautiful and pleasant.

A letter written on October 21st, 1905, to his son George, refers to the visit of various American brethren to Rome, and to their desire for enlargement of the work:

“ . . . Since the visit of a number of brethren to Rome last summer, there seems to be a disposition to buy ground and erect nobler buildings in Rome for our mission, and Dr. W—— and I have been looking for a good lot, but the cost is immense, one being held at \$120,000, and at least as much more would be needed for a building worthy of the site. I am, of course, pleased, but am not hopeful that even the best house on the finest lot would do all that brethren imagine—brethren who have been mightily stirred by seeing the new M. E. edifice.”

During this winter his work of lecturing to his theological students went on, though a serious trouble with his eyes made it necessary for him quite often to use an amanuensis, and caused him much pain. Still his letters were long, and full of details from his own life, and of



interest in the smallest matters which concerned those to whom he wrote. He was always in touch with the great problems and events in the religious and political world. On March 13th, 1906, he wrote to his son:

" . . . You see I have been interested in the higher criticism, and we have gotten for the school library Hastings's Bible Cyclopedia, and several other books for and against the said criticism. . . . So far, I am the reverse of convinced by the reasonings, which seem ingenious and far fetched, but no more. There is even a sort of fascination in them; at least I can feel how they would be to some, but they rather irritate and annoy me."

The following extracts from a letter, begun in Milan and finished in Rome, describe the gathering of the evangelists in the former city in April, 1906:

"If you are surprised at receiving a letter of mine hailing from this place, and at this time, I am even more surprised at finding myself here. True, our Baptist Congress has been advertized for weeks to open here to-night. I am one of the three appointed speakers, and in accepting the task I fully expected and meant to come, and duly prepared my address; but, on the other hand, serious indisposition, together with the return of winter, weather more like January than April, led me to give up the idea as imprudent, if not absolutely impossible, up to yesterday morning, and I had arranged to send my MS. by Dr. Whittinghill to be read by him or some one else. . . . After my last to you the pain . . . increased so much that it became almost unbearable, and the

doctor had to be called in. He made my heart go down into my shoes by naming uric acid in the blood as the cause or a cause. . . . It bothered me more, as symptoms, and, in part, treatment, were like that of my father in the last six months of his life, when he was much with me and suffered badly. . . . In any case after a stunned sort of feeling, bodily and mental, God has enabled me to kiss the rod and say 'Thy will be done,' whether it be a deal more of pain or a cutting short of this earthly pilgrimage to enter, I trust, upon a life without pain or sin, but full of perfect peace. I hesitate to write this, so deceitful is the heart—my heart—but I have been greatly helped in reading Jeremy Taylor's 'Holy Dying,' a book to make one feel the goodness of God even in his worst moments, and the absurdity of ever murmuring against His ever wise and blessed will, and I do think after a long and comfortable life I would be an ingrate to complain. . . . The meeting was interesting and helpful with much of brotherly love, and of the spirit of prayer."

A letter written in bed under date, Rome, May 18th, 1906, tells of his serious indisposition, of the birth of a little granddaughter, Susy's child, and refers to a copy of a Chattanooga, Tenn., paper, containing an account of the Southern Baptist Convention:

" . . . In reading the first number of the Chattanooga paper, all about the Baptists, some passages seemed strangely familiar, and not without a certain thrill I then recognized my own sermon and published tract of nearly forty years ago on 'What the Baptists Have Done,' etc.

But though good to-day, it should have been slightly revised. This is some encouragement to the frail old man who feels himself such a back number."

In a letter dated June 16th, 1906, covering three large pages, and full of interesting family and mission incidents, Dr. Taylor says:

" . . . This morning at our church Signor Galassi read the 90th Psalm, and invited me to speak, which I did for fourteen minutes, as it is a psalm by me much studied and meditated, and greatly loved. Though I cabbid it each way, it was hard work, with much resting, to climb to our landing."

The following is an extract from one of the many letters Dr. Taylor wrote to his grandson:

" . . . It is a pity you could not taste some soup from your turtle. Once, when a boy, I caught a big cat-fish, and my grandma had a soup made of it, which I found delicious, though the rest of the family had a prejudice, very natural, against cat-fish, but really it makes excellent soup. In Rome, and specially in the Ghetto and in the Trastevere, there are restaurants which offer a famous fish soup, but whether cat-fish enters into it I do not know. The Neapolitans make much use of all sorts of small shell-fish, which they call, very poetically, the 'fruit of the sea.' You write a very good letter.

"It is nice that you have so much money from your generous Uncle Ivanhoe and others, and you naturally think of the best way to spend it, and so learn the uses of money against the time when you will earn it with your own work of hands and head. . . . Yes, it is

nice for a boy to have money to spend, and it may be of great use to him in his practically learning what money can and cannot do, but I beg you to lay to heart what I now say: that is, that money in a boy's hands to use as he pleases is a great danger, specially when his thought is what he can buy for his own pleasure or advantage, for it tends to foster that egotism and selfishness which, alas, are so natural to us all. The danger is greater in your case because you are an only child. When I was a boy, if money ever came to me, it was never so much as ten dollars, because people would give something to each of us six children; or, if any came just to me, I at once thought of giving some of it to Sister Jane, or Brother James, or Charlie or Fannie or Mary or buying something for each of them. No doubt you are as generous as I was— young people usually are generous—but love of money and selfishness do grow on people as they grow older, and I for one do not wish ever to be a selfish or avaricious old man; and every month, as soon as I get my salary, I begin to give away all I can spare, and I do without many things that I would like, in order to give to needy and worthy persons and objects. My rule long has been, of every dollar I get, to give away one tenth, but I oftener give one fifth, and though it means bread to some who would otherwise starve, it does me even more good, filling my heart with pure joy. Thackeray was always giving, now a tip to a school boy, then gloves to some girl, or thousands of dollars to save a poor man from ruin. It is godlike to give. God is the great giver. He has a precious gift for you which I trust you will accept with

a thankful heart. May His blessing be with you. I love you very much, and wish all best things for you, my dear Cabell."

In a letter, dated June 25th, 1906, he writes :

" . . . I have since my last read Professor Orr's book, 'Progress of Dogma.' . . . The Rev. Dr. George L. Shearer, an old University student friend of mine, fifty years ago, and now Secretary of the American Tract Society, wrote me introducing his daughter, an art teacher in the city of New York. Mary hunted her up, and she is to dine with us to-night. Next Thursday I have a final examination on the last two chapters of my Manual of Systematic Theology. . . . After the examination we shall flee like a bird to the mountain, as soon as may be, God willing."

The summer of 1906 the family spent at Vallombrosa, but not in the same quarters as the year before. From this summer home, Dr. Taylor wrote, July 15th, to his older son :

" . . . Two peasants from the Casino awaited us with a sled drawn by milk-white oxen for our rather extensive luggage, as, besides clothing and a big carriage I had just bought for Diana, we had a big basket with our bed and table linen; and a big donkey with rope halter for bridle, which bore me hither, not without some trepidation on my part, but one of the peasants looked after the donkey and me. . . . Honey we get from the great Forestry establishment at Vallombrosa. . . . I give the mornings to study and pen work, preparatory to next session. The views are fine and vary from day to

day and from one hour to another, according to the light. . . . This estate belongs to an old and historic family of Florence, the portraits of whose ancestors I have seen in the Uffizi Gallery there. . . . You will rejoice in Italy's new and increasing prosperity, due to the enterprise of the people, and to the superior ability of her statesmen. She is now recognized as the most prosperous country on the continent, and as having the brightest future."

The next extracts tell of another trial, involving severe pain, which Dr. Taylor was called to undergo. The first is from a letter to his son, dated August 7th, and the second from one to his grandson, dated August 8th. Allusion is made to Miss Mattie L. Cocke, president of Hollins Institute, Virginia:

" . . . On the afternoon of Susy's and Dr. W——'s festa . . . I had occasion to come to the house, and, needing a momentary support, I leaned against a door which I believed fastened, but which, anyhow, gave way and I fell heavily on my back and left hip on the brick pavement. Angiolina heard my cry and came and insisted on helping me up and to bed. . . . I waited two days and then sent for the doctor. . . . On his second visit he mentioned a specialist. . . . Hope the two 'meds' will come this evening. . . . Dr. W—— helps me . . . but the burden of me falls almost entirely on Mary, who does everything for me. . . . Next to the pain and confinement, I mind most the interruption, but as to all I wish to say 'Thy will be done.' . . . Do not worry about me; no doubt care-

lessness has been a fault of mine. . . . Think that when this reaches you I may be ever so much better. I have often thought of a remark of Dr. Plummer's in an article or essay on 'Dying,' that when the pain is long it is not severe, or when severe not long. I quote it, not because thinking of death, but only as a generally comforting thought about pain, even if only partly true. . . . I had one splendid ride on the donkey, really a fine saddle animal, with quick, easy walk and a sort of lope or canter. . . . Mary has shown me to-day a handsome gold pin sent by Miss Mattie for Diana, and the name engraved. Naturally, dear George, the 27th of July recalled you and Cabell and our dear days in London and near Berne, and last night I thought of our reaching Paris, and of the nice hotel, etc. Many are the treasures of memory which come to us 'oft in the stilly night.' "

"Well, the two doctors came. . . . The specialist on hip diseases measured my legs. . . . I had to get out of bed and stand, and try to walk. He said frankly that I would have a tedious spell of it. I was measured for crutches, which he will order from Florence, and I am to walk with them daily, no matter how it hurts, and I am to be carried down by the peasants, and spend my days in the open air, as my general health was suffering from the confinement. . . . Now, strange as it may seem, I am more cheerful since knowing my fate, and the pains I will try from now on just to accept as my companion and friend. . . . It's all right. Praise

the Lord. Alas that there are so many other sufferers! There will be no pain in heaven."

The next letter tells about his crutches, which cost \$5, and the great affliction of Dr. Everette Gill and family. It is dated August 26th, 1906:

" . . . The Gill family have had a hard time this summer and are not yet entirely relieved. Without consulting any of us they rented Mrs. Leftwich Dodge's house at Nettuno, some forty miles from Rome, on the sea coast, and Mrs. Gill and the children all had repeated attacks of fever, despite large consumption of quinine. Mrs. Gill was dangerously ill and suffered terribly. . . . Just as their skies seemed brighter, the little three-year-old Geraldine sickened and died in twenty-four hours. Dr. W——, telegraphed for, went to them at once and remained to the funeral. So did Mrs. G——'s sister from Paris. . . . The G——s have shown a truly Christian spirit under their great sorrows."

From a long letter written from the same place, Vallombrosa, September 8th, 1906, the following lines are taken:

" . . . In most respects we have had an almost ideal summer, something to be thankful for, whatever the future may have in store for us. The baby, of course, is some trouble (not to me), but I think far more pleasure to the three who care for her, and certainly a great deal of pleasure also to me. She is fat and flourishing. . . . She is four months old to-day. Dr. Whittinghill is a most devoted husband and father. . . . He has proved a very kind and helpful son to me. . . . No,



the hip was not dislocated, but the doctors said that a small bone was broken or displaced. . . . It has been very interesting to notice the sheep and cattle here . . . and the various operations of husbandry. . . . Now the fall plowing, with a very large plow, is going on. No horse; the oxen do it all. The sled, which is adopted for all sorts of carrying, the fences, everything, is made without nails, the joining being done with wooden pins and by withes or twigs, which, while green, are twisted into suppleness, and the fences are made hog proof with bushes and brambles woven into a sort of wattling."

The next letter written September 22nd, 1906, on a big half sheet, part to Cabell and part to Cabell's father, was from Perugia, where the family stopped for a season, on their way back to Rome:

" . . . We reached this at 10 P. M., I utterly worn out and hardly able to stand, much less walk, though I had to do both, and, despite heavy wraps, I for the last few hours of the trip had shaken with the piercing evening chills, as all along there had been heavy rains. Otherwise, the journey was all we could ask, as the day was bright, and I travelled like a prince, though in third class; as Dr. W—— attended to all transfers and he and Mary carried the hand baggage, and helped me about. Last night was the first for ten days that I was warm, as, after the bad weather, my feet, most of the time, were like blocks of ice. I have gradually improved in walking and seldom suffer pain at the hip, but from sheer weakness and lack of movement I can walk only a few steps at a time, and only with help or touching the walls with my hands for

support. But I have abandoned the crutches, which I never learned to use easily. . . . Perugia is 1,700 feet above the sea.

"I have just taken a walk . . . over this hilly, picturesque town of about 30,000 inhabitants, everywhere admiring the noble architecture, not confined to the great public buildings, for the doorway of almost every house is an artistic arch of some kind. I remember Ruskin's reproving the people of Edinburgh for having all their openings for doors and windows square. . . . One may travel over America, aye, and England, and get little idea of architectural grace and loveliness. He must come to Italy for that, and even in her secondary cities, as here, he will find it at every step. . . . The day before we left Vallombrosa there came the agent, in the pouring rain, to take the *consegna*, i. e., to go over the list of things in the house and see what was broken or missing. We had to pay for several breakages, but he was not hard on us and very polite, and we gave him a *café noir*. Thursday morning the sled, drawn by two immense cows, bore the numerous pieces of baggage to the depot, and then came back for me; it was filled with hay, and on that a pillow, on which I came safely over the steep, rough path to the depot. It was very cold and the wind pierced, but I heartened myself that it would be warmer at every step, and, in fact, in an hour we came down some 2,000 feet."

On September 30th, 1906, from Perugia, Dr. Taylor wrote:

" . . . This house, an ex-convent, is old-fashioned,

with different levels, inner stairs up and down and a *well* in one of the rooms. . . . I am not well, and at times suffer a depression of spirits not usual with me hitherto. In fact, I am reminded of the words in Ecc. XII, 'The grasshopper shall be a burden and desire shall fail, because,' etc. These may be but passing feelings; but my strength has failed, and as the outward man perishes, I can only pray, as you must, that the inward man may be renewed day by day, in my case. . . . Mary and I leave to-morrow morning early, and hope to reach Rome in the early afternoon, and find Agnese, and the house swept and garnished to receive us."

On October 11th, 1906, Dr. Taylor wrote to his son at Hollins:

" . . . Yours of the 24th ultimo has arrived. I am also indebted to you for its predecessor of one week before, in which you tell of seeing your Aunt Fannie Ficklin off after her visit so pleasant to you, and leaving so agreeable an impression on the community, of the re-opening of school, of Mrs. Atwood, . . . and the address of William Jennings Bryan. . . . I felt much better after getting to Rome, but have since had some return of my trouble. . . . At times my vitality and my vital spirits seem very low, and then both rise somewhat. . . . I can walk now, about as well as ever, and try to go a few hundred yards daily; lack of strength is the trouble. Yesterday I staggered and nearly fell on the street from sheer weakness. I kept up by force of will and managed, in the four or five blocks to the 'bus, to sit down twice on chairs in front of cafés. I would have

taken a cab, but none were in sight. I have done some reading in Dr. Hodge and have read the 'Life of Lever' and nearly finished reading the 'Life of Charles J. Matthews.' Next will come the 'Life of Charles James Fox.'"

Nicholas Papengouth, referred to in the next letter, was the son of Count Papengouth, and had been for some years an evangelist of the Southern Baptist Convention. This letter is dated Rome, October 21st, 1906:

" . . . This morning I received the sad news of the death of dear Nicholas Papengouth. . . . To me it came as a shock, and I have almost exhausted my capacity for emotion since the news came, for I loved him dearly, and, despite some slight and annoying, and apparently absurd, eccentricities, he was one of ten thousand, good as gold and true as steel. Thus in less than one year three of our ministers have been called to their reward, every one, to human eye, prematurely. Nicholas looked up to me as a father, and he was to me a son. I have known him from a boy. He died at Ana Capri of fever."

Dr. Taylor held, up to within a short time before his death, the place on the Revision Committee, to which he refers in a letter dated November 2nd, 1906, and then resigned, when his son-in-law, Dr. Whittinghill, was appointed to succeed him:

" . . . The British and Foreign Bible Society wish to revise Diodati's version of the New Testament and have nominated a committee of seven for the work, all Italians, save Dr. Piggott and myself. I am pleased

with my appointment, though conscious of lacking competence for the task, and dreading the meetings of the committee on account of my deafness. I shall probably soon go to Florence for the preliminary meeting. We are to begin with one gospel and one epistle. Two of the professors of the Waldensian school in Florence are on the committee, and on account of their position, and having prepared commentaries on the New Testament, are likely to lead in the work. Mr. A. Meille (who succeeded Mr. Bruce, and now goes out of office), having reached the age of seventy, will be the secretary of the committee. The other two members you do not know, nor I, but I have read their articles, and believe them learned men, Bianciardi and Tagliatela, the latter of the M. E. Mission."

From an eight-page, closely written letter to his son at Hollins, dated November 21st, 1906, the following extracts are taken:

" . . . Mine was the *direttissimo*, and I had plenty of room in a well warmed compartment of a corridor car. Swiftly we fled northward and swiftly fled the moments, so that ere I had time to be tired we were in Florence. . . . In the committee Mr. Piggott sat next to me and with a pencil kept me somewhat in touch with what went on. Both of my letters were read by the secretary, in which I expressed my reserves in accepting a place on the committee, and also my conviction that the changes should be only such as were required by fidelity to the original, and by changes in the meaning of words used by Diodati, or by any of these becoming obsolete. This principle was adopted. Professor Luzzi

was appointed to make the revision, sending a copy to each of us with wide margins for our suggestions. . . . Mr. Piggott as senior, he being seventy-five and one-half, was made president and I, against my protest, vice-president. It is an empty honor. We were in session over two hours, and not only did the occasion pass off easily for me, who had rather dreaded it on account of my deafness, but I was able to hold my own and contribute my share to it. . . . I have been much interested in examining the Gospels and Acts translated by the Jerome R. C. Society, and I would write you more about it, but that I think of an article for the press on that subject, which would be all the more appropriate, if, as is rumored persistently in Rome for ten days, but not published in any journal, that the Pope has really put his veto on the Society, and this after having given it his blessing, and after tens of thousands of copies of the extremely attractive booklet have been sold; and although in the preface, while referring kindly to the work of Protestant 'brethren,' in the diffusion of the Holy Scriptures, there is a formal statement and defence of cardinal Roman Catholic doctrines. I am now well under way with my class in Systematic Theology, and find my deafness not as much hindrance as I expected. Having studied the lesson carefully, I prepare blocks of questions on slips of paper and each student draws a slip and goes to work to answer it as in a written examination. . . . The hour is crowded full. An oral quiz would have many advantages, but this plan tends to secure exactness. The students come to my house, which I very rarely leave. . . . Yesterday

morning came your letter of the 12th instant, telling of the funeral of dear little Bettie, the child of Spotswood and Louise. It was all the greater shock to us, as your letter, telling of her illness, had not, and as yet has not, come to hand. I weep with the bereaved parents, knowing by sad experience, several times renewed, how keen is the pain, how heavy the blow when a darling, beautiful babe, a part of one's own self, is snatched away. . . . My own family is equally divided, the mother in heaven, with Bessie and Sally and Grace and Carter, and I still here, old and frail, sustained and comforted by the love of my four sons and daughters, who still remain. I am as thankful to-day for those who have gone as for those who are with me. . . . Dear little Grace was born and died when I was in Stonewall Jackson's army and I never saw her, but she was, and is, loved not less tenderly than the others. I remember praying all night that she might be spared, and she had then already winged her way to the heavenly world. Ah, I can imagine Spotswood's grief! . . . Since I began this, your belated letter of the 9th and 10th has come, telling of the dear Bettie's illness."

The next letter, dated December 13th, 1906, was dictated. From this time until his death, almost all his letters were dictated, Mary or Dr. Whittinghill acting as amanuensis:

" . . . This is my twelfth day in bed, and though it irks me to miss my class, and though I have not been able to read or write as sometimes, yet I am suffering no real pain and very little discomfort. Some of my bad

symptoms seem nearly gone and I hope in a day or two to get up, despite some fear of a relapse. . . . I would like to be in your congregation next Sunday, and to have a hug and kiss from darling Barbara, whose bright affectionateness abides in my memory."

On January 2nd, 1907, Dr. Taylor dictated a letter to his son at Hollins:

" . . . You must know that the thirty-one days of December I was continually confined to my bed. True, I made three efforts to get about, wishing to be up Xmas day, and cast no shadow on the joy of the rest, with which I was in perfect sympathy, but I had each time to go quickly back to bed or lie on a sofa while our dear ones and the Wilsons feasted, and on my birthday I had to be borne neck and heels back to bed. . . . I have been very peaceful and happy, almost all the time, so much so in fact that I have wondered sometimes whether it is due to self-deception, but really I think not. . . . I long to be able to work if it is God's will."

On January 16th, 1907, he dictated a letter to his son at Hollins. He alludes to Prof. Frank W. Duke, for some years professor of mathematics in Hollins Institute and now superintendent of the Mechanics Institute, Richmond, Va.:

" . . . I repeat my question, who has taken Mr. Duke's place, and is teaching Cabell algebra? . . . . It is pleasant having our cousins in Rome. Fanny and Virginia Goodenow dined with us on the 8th. I like them very much. . . . Later in the afternoon, Mary, who has helped me with the revision, put up and mailed



my work to Florence, together with an explanatory note, which she wrote for me. . . . I could not have finished this first instalment without Dr. Whittinghill. We have been very much excited over a pleasing fact which will interest you also. Paul Paschetto, who is a student in the Art School, has just taken a premium of 1,000 francs for the best design for the new five-franc bank notes. He says it was at my suggestion that he went into the competition. There were thirty-four other contestants. Now Vico Paschetto has competed for a prize, offered by Leo XIII, on 'Ostia.' His work makes a large book, even the index taking up scores of pages. The subject proved so big that other competitors flagged in the race, and he got his MS. in, only at 10 o'clock at night of the last possible day. . . . Acute pain I do not suffer more than once in four or five days, but much discomfort the rest of the time. My head hot and confused with an overpowering weakness. . . . I have some moments of deep depression, but in the main praise God for His wonderful goodness to me."

On January 21st, 1907, in a letter to his grandson, Cabell, Dr. Taylor, dictating to Mary, said:

" . . . I am going to send you a booklet which, though so tiny, is famous, and after two centuries is still admired and considered the chief authority on fishing and other field sports. . . . There is a second part of it, which, however, is by another hand and not the work of the famous Sir Isaak Walton. . . . My dear George Cabell, your old grandfather is still very poorly, and leads an amphibious kind of life between the easy chair and the

bed. I hope you will pray for him, as he does for you, every day. It must be a great pleasure for you to have little Barbara with you, and every boy ought to have a girl in the home. I hear she is very sweet; please kiss her for me and give my dear love to your father and Aunt Louise."

The next letter, dated January 31st, begun with his own hand, was finished by Mary's:

" . . . Dr. Aylett Cabell's death was a pain and a shock. . . . Mary kindly offers to finish this. . . . As little work as the above, if it can be called work, knocks me up for the day. Mary's view is right, I do not seem in any danger; my delicate but tough inherited organization would need an even heavier strain. There is just this reserve to make, that after two turns I have felt it were easier to slip away than to stay, the heart seeming to strike work. I have no wish to speak of my pains and weaknesses, for God knows them and He alone does. Let me rather praise Him for hours of comparative comfort, and for mercies mixed with my worst experiences. I cannot too often be thankful for my home comforts, Mary's filial piety, for the affectionate fidelity of Agnese. . . . I always thought that with the spring and ability to get out into the open air I might regain my strength, but I begin to doubt it, so languorous and enervating is the Roman spring; so I must adjourn such hope to the summer and the mountains. I have lost most of the clinging to life, unless it were with health and strength to accomplish some good work; but I wish the will of God to be done, even if it means to

suffer pain and weakness, though to depart were far better. Do not worry about me, as I am in the hands of an infinitely skilful and loving physician. . . . About ten days ago we had three snow storms in close succession, and the snow of the second remained for hours, adorning especially the trees and fountains, so that all Rome was thrilled with the mystic beauty of the *Fata Bianca*. Everywhere in Italy the snow lying to an incredible height put a stop to trains, so wonderful is the soft might of snow power."

On March 4th, 1907, he began a letter with his own hand, writing two pages, but several days later he finished it by dictating to his daughter:

" . . . This may give you some idea of how shaky and weak I have been. . . . In general I have been able to say 'Thy will be done,' but under the stress of pain, and unable to work, the battle has had to be fought over and over again. With submission there is even peace. . . . To-day my Inter-Exam. is going on at the school. Yesterday I was mighty poorly and depressed, and it was a labor to prepare the examination. Dexter and Vico Paschetto will preside, as I cannot go. . . . Our trio has had several pleasures, a modest outing or so in the fine days, the American ambassador's reception on Washington's birthday, a play in celebration of the 200th anniversary of Goldoni. . . . I have continued to be miserable in body, but Mary's kindness continues unflinching. All day yesterday she reminded me vividly of your mother."

On April 28th, 1907, through an amanuensis, he wrote:  
“ . . . This has been an uncomfortable day.  
. . . And last night there was little sleep for me, but I have had two or three delicious naps. . . . The day has been marked with mercies in the form of letters from Spotswood, Louise and you. . . . and a handsome check to Mary from the *Atlantic Monthly*. . . . Day before yesterday I took a half hour's drive with Mary, Diana and her little maid. The Corso was crowded, and the people stared at us as if they would bore into our inmost thoughts. Well does Emerson say that eyes are like lions, and rush in everywhere. The being carried down and up our spiral stair of sixty-five steps is very uncomfortable, but the men are so good and well behaved. They laid me on my bed exhausted and faint, and I scarcely changed my position for hours. I doubt if the outing did me good. In one respect I think I have learned, even quite lately, how to diminish, or do away with, one of my great occasional torments. I wish never to be too old to learn anything good or useful. We shall be learning through all eternity, though our lessons will be on a higher grade and without pain or sorrow. . . . I suppose if we returned from the eternal world we would preach as we have never yet done. I often feel that if I were once more a pastor, with normal health and voice, that I would make better sermons and preach them with more power than I actually did, but this is probably a fond delusion, although the Bible does often seem to me more illuminated than of yore. In point of fact, I am doing very little now. The students have come regularly twice

a week, and written out for an hour the lesson in theology, but I have several times had to receive them in bed. They are three dear fellows, almost reverential in their respect for me, and really affectionate. . . . I have just sent off to Florence a small batch of revision, and am at work on another—at work in the sense that a sick and bed-ridden man can be.”

On May 29th, 1907, he dictated a letter, alluding to the International Sunday School Convention, and to Rev. Robert Walker, then a missionary of the English Baptist Mission in Italy; now working in New York City:

“ . . . Mr. Walker stayed with us during the Sunday School Congress. . . . The Congress opened with a reception and banquet at the Quirinal Hotel, which your sisters and Dexter enjoyed. About 200 ladies and gentlemen sat down together, mostly Americans. . . . The English-speaking meetings in the American Methodist Church were interesting and helpful. Mary was most impressed with the two sermons and talk of Campbell Morgan.”

In a letter dated Rome, June 16th, 1907, and dictated, allusion is made to the departure for the summer home and to the volume on Pastoral Theology, which he was working on, but which he never finished:

“ . . . We hope to leave Wednesday night; I in the Pullman, Mary and Dexter third class, reaching Pracchia at 8 in the morning. . . . I do not seem ever to have been weaker than in these June days, perhaps on account of the warmer weather, and the journey seems almost impossible; but I have often been quite poorly

and seemed to gain in travelling. I am also a little afraid of the sharp change, and of the high altitude, but hitherto my constitution has shown great adaptability. If I have been in some respects less well off, it has only given fresh occasion for Mary's great kindness, and I have had many mercies. . . . If I could only, with her and Dexter's help, complete my monograph on the ministry, and publish it in English and Italian, I should be glad."

The next letter, dictated to Mary and addressed to his daughter-in-law, Louise, is dated June 23rd, 1907, Le Regine, Boscolungo, this being a high point in the Apennines, and tells of the journey from Rome to the family's home that summer :

" . . . Wednesday night, the 19th instant, about ten o'clock, I was dressed, and then carried down by Dexter and the porter to the carriage, and, with my head on Mary's breast, driven to the station, Dexter making a third. Several of the students and young men of the church were awaiting us, by several of whom I was borne to my cabinet in the Pullman sleeper, and laid upon the couch. We had only hand baggage, trunks and chairs having been previously shipped. The little rooms on the sleeper are like the cabins of a steamship, and a great improvement on the American ones. I was the sole occupant of mine, and kept the windows open all night. The bed was soft, and but for my bodily troubles the journey would have been made in perfect comfort. As it was, I had journeying mercies, and was vastly entertained, gazing out of the window into scenery illuminated by the moon,

and very soon by the early morning light, which clothed all in beauty. At Florence, about six in the morning, we were met by the dear Walkers, who brought scones and marmalade, and Mary got me a huge bowl of *caffè e latte* from the café. Another hour passed pleasantly and another less so, made so by the smoke of twenty-two tunnels, which was, however, less than later in the day. What I hated most was Mary and Dexter coming third class. With the help of rapacious porters, I was carried to the inn across the road, where we were soon comfortably quartered, and at one o'clock Susy and her two little girls joined us. I passed twenty-four hours mostly in discomfort and pain, and my effort to sit up was unsuccessful. The next morning, *i. e.*, Friday, our servant arrived, and by ten o'clock we were all off in a light, four-seated carriage drawn by two horses, the cook riding on a trunk in the *barroccino*\* of luggage. The drive to this place seemed to me almost impossible, but lying head and shoulders in Mary's lap, and legs stretched over to the front seat, supported by Dexter, it was achieved by me with a relative comfort, but greatly, I'm sure, to their discomfort; but they were both perfectly sweet, and Susy so patient with Diana, a little feverish and restless. The road over the mountains crossed and ascended, and seemed interminable, but I had at the last a delightful surprise, for when we halted and the driver began to blanket his horses, and I thinking we were still far from our goal asked, 'Why are we stopping?' Mary said: 'Because here

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\*A kind of cart.

we are to live.' In fact we were in front of a low stone house, plumb with the road, and I was carried up and put on the bed, where I have been ever since. . . . The air is fresh and the landscape fine, but the fir forest less accessible for me than I had hoped. All settled themselves promptly. Provisions had been brought and others awaited us here, so the family life was promptly and pleasantly started. This is the beauty of furnished lodgings in the mountains of Italy: you reach a strange and unknown house, and by the time you have bathed face and hands in spring water, a fire is burning, kettle boiling and a comforting cup of tea is served you, as if you had just returned home from an hour's drive; then you get between cool linen sheets, coarse but clean, and are soon in dreamland, the country of nod, life resumed with scarcely a break; or, if you are a careful Martha, you go to work and spend the hours in unpacking and arranging according to taste the furniture of different rooms."

On June 27th, 1907, he wrote from Boscolungo, explaining why he had written less frequently for some time:

"For months the thumb of my right hand has been very sore, so that the hand has been no use, only a care: which added to very extreme weakness has made writing even more impossible. . . . I am to-day just half way between seventy-four and seventy-five. I no more count years, but days. The past six months have been marked with severe trials, but also with signal mercy; the next six, if I live or die, are in God's hands. . . . We find the house even more roomy and commodious than we expected. . . . Of course, all is rustic and rough.



Provisions seem abundant. . . . Between Dexter and me we have a good supply of books. . . . The trio stay in a pretty sitting room on the ground floor, sewing, reading aloud or writing. . . . So far I have stayed in my room and bed; but have been carried up and down three times by Mary and Dexter, or by Mary and Eliza, the cook. The stairs are steep and narrow. Of course, 1,400 metres above sea level, it is cold; but wrapped up, like the sick baby which I am, I am now by an open window with a smiling landscape. Boscolungo is a mile away with its hotels; cabs and carts move swiftly up and down the great road, here nearly level. Tuscany and Modena and another great division of Italy corner here. I suffer a good deal . . . and Sunday when it rained the torture extorted cries for mercy. . . . I enjoy my daily chapter in the Bible, and calling up, even reconstructing, dear old hymns learned when a babe and long out of mind, and am mightily stirred by the reports in the Southern Baptist Convention Minutes, and encouraged about the Italian work, and 'All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come.' Perhaps later this summer I may feel better and stronger."

On July 15th, 1907, he wrote from Boscolungo, dictating to his daughter. After discussing fully some plans which concerned the welfare of his son, he referred to himself:

" . . . I have been kept almost constantly in bed by my weakness and by the cold. . . . June and July seem to have been inverted. . . . When life and spirits have seemed at the lowest ebb, God has not

allowed me utterly to sink, and one day when I was full of fear for what might be coming I found great comfort in the text, 'What time I am afraid I will trust in Thee.' I am now hoping every day for some real July weather. Is the moon at fault? And if it is Mars, I wish the Conference at La Hague would dethrone him. For a fortnight I have read almost nothing. . . . I have enjoyed the Century Bible on I and II Corinthians; you know the book; the volumes are small with good introductions. . . . I would like to send you a volume or two. . . . I, to-day, resigned my position on the Revision Committee. The London Society had politely asked me to associate some one with me to represent me and help me when I was too unwell for the duty, but it seemed wiser to lay down entirely a burden which, however honorable, is now too heavy for me to bear."

The next letter, dictated to his daughter, and dated Boscolungo, July 28th, 1907, gave much space to the affairs of the one to whom he wrote:

" . . . The 139th Psalm comes home to me as never before and I feel the force of that verse, 'I am fearfully and wonderfully made.' My body is still a great mystery to me, but how keen its susceptibilities for pleasure and for pain!"

The next letter, dated Boscolungo, August 2nd, 1907, was to Cabell, and was dictated to Mary:

" . . . At 11 o'clock Dexter left in the bright moonlight, on a donkey, with a party of gentlemen to

make the ascension of Monte Cimone. The latter part was too steep even for the donkeys, and they had to scramble up on their own feet. They arrived at the Refuge, and then, after a hurried breakfast, hastened to the summit to see the sunrise, and the vast prospect of mountains, to the Adriatic on one side and the Carrara Mountains on the other. Of course they got back here quite tired, the excursion having occupied just thirteen hours. . . . There is ever the comfort that I am always in the hands of a kind, heavenly Father. Whether I am to get better and get out again remains to be seen. It will be all right either way."

On August 11th, Dr. Taylor, at Boscolungo, dictated a letter to Spotswood and his wife Louise. He alludes to Dr. Charles Euchariste de'Medici Sajous, author of numerous medical books; a member of twenty-two scientific bodies, and Knight of the Legion of Honor of France; dean and professor in the Jefferson Medical College:

" . . . If you have seen my last to George you know of the kindness of a French physician, long of the University of Pennsylvania, who is visiting some relations a few doors from us and who volunteered to pay me a visit. I count this a real Providence. . . . The doctor says I have no real disease. He is very kind and very clever. . . . True religion consists first of all of trust, humble trust in Jesus Christ. My own experience is summed up in some dimly remembered lines

of a hymn learned long ago, and which runs somewhat thus:

My grief and burden long have been  
 Because I could not cease from sin;  
 The more I strove against its power,  
 I sinned and stumbled but the more,  
 Till late I heard my Saviour say:  
 Come hither, child; I am the Way.  
 So, glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,  
 Wilt take me to Thee as I am;  
 Nothing but sin have I to give,  
 Nothing but love shall I receive.'

On September 3rd, 1907, the family left Boscolungo and went to Maresca, a few miles distant. Here several weeks were spent.

A letter from his son, who had been on a trip along New River, recalled the scenes of his early life as the following letter, dated Maresca, September 22nd, 1907, and dictated to Mary, shows:

" . . . I remember so well New River. . . .  
 I recall attending the Associations when I was agent for various causes, once for our State Mission Board; I went on horseback and it was fine. I had a horse at Buchanan; when I got to the Association, I tied him at the best place I could, but it was very steep. When I came out he was down; I was scared. The brethren helped me get him up. I drenched him, afraid I should have the horse to pay for, but I got back all right. . . .  
 The railroad was to Jackson's River. Mr. Mason gave me an order for a buggy and pair. I invited Alfred Dickinson to go with me. When we got into the carriage the

horse reared up again and again, as Mr. Mason said he would, then we drove to the White Sulphur. . . . At Covington there was a toll bridge; I thought to save toll and forded, but had to pay toll just the same. Those covered bridges! 'I can see them now. . . . I usually lodged at the jail, the jailer being a Baptist. Once I remember a negro slept in the same room. I didn't mind, but I was tormented by the howlings of a maniac confined in the jail. Twice my buggy wheel broke at almost the same point. I had to have the wheel mended while I waited."

Dr. Taylor continued weak and suffered much. It was therefore decided to return at once to Rome, where he might enjoy the comforts and liberty of his own home. He had rallied from so many serious attacks that even the dear ones, who were with him, did not realize that the end was near. His daughter wrote to one of her brothers in America that he might die in six months or outlive his children. The following letter from Mary gives some idea of the complications which had to be met when, from a village in the Apennines, near Modena, she wished to go with one quite sick and frail, all the way to Rome:

" . . . The plan now is for us to leave here Tuesday morning and take the hour's drive to Pracchia, put up at the hotel there and see Dexter and Susy on their way to Siena. We meant to leave that night for Rome, Father in the first-class *wagon-lit* [sleeper] and I in third, with our summer's cook; but it is impossible to get the sleeper before Wednesday night, so I suppose we shall

wait and let Lisa go on. The procuring of this sleeper proves a complicated affair from these country places. I wrote to Bologna to know how to go about it and received reply that I must telegraph to Vienna, paying for a reply and sending the money. At the funny little low stone interior, with the quaint kitchen in the background and the baby playing on the ground, the young woman telegraph-operator took about an hour for this famous telegram, never having sent one '*all' estero* [to a foreign country] before. When it was finally accomplished she said she could not send a *vaglia telegraphico* [a telegraphic money order], as this was only a post office of *second ordine* [second class]. I must go to Bardalone or San Marcello, several miles off. This I combined with a drive for Father, but there the male operator, son of the *pizzicagnolo* [butcher], was even more ignorant; was sure it could not be sent to the *telegraphic address* given me from Bologna, *Schlafswagen-Wien* [Sleeping car, Vienna], as he was sure *Schlafswagen* must be the name of the town, and received the announcement that Vienna is in Austria as a sensational piece of news. He refused to send it to anything less than a *Compagnia*. So we compromised on 'Comp. Inter. Wagon-lits.' Then came the mighty operation of finding out how many crowns 18 francs would be, which he said would be so complicated that he would send the bill and receipt the next day through the telegraph *sposina* of Maresca. I still await his bill and receipt and wonder how much this blessed sleeper will end by costing. We have gotten the reply to the Maresca telegram, saying a sleeper will be reserved

for the 25th, but omitting to give the number of the berth. I hope they will connect the Maresca telegram with Bardalone money order. It is like negotiating for the purchase of Poland."

From Maresca Dr. Taylor sent a number of picture postal cards to Cabell, and on September 23rd, a brief letter, the last thing he ever wrote with his own hand. The following letter of Mary to her sister describes the journey to Rome. It is dated Rome, September 26th:

" . . . Yesterday and last night were about the longest twenty-four hours I ever saw. Even at Pracchia there was sirocco, and Father gave up even sitting up, recognizing that his donkey ride was out of the question. . . . In the afternoon Father and I both made fruitless efforts to nap, and read 'The Crime of the Boulevard,' which is terrible but interesting. . . . Made several efforts to find out if a telegram had come from Schlafswagen; went over and had another talk with the *capo stazione* [station agent], engaged *facchini* [porters] to carry Father and *impedimenta*; made myself tea; got the perfectly satisfactory bill and paid it and tipped the servants to their satisfaction. Father, very generous minded about the money, gave me *carte blanche*, to do my best, which was a great help. I could get him to eat nothing all day save a little milk, a drop of broth, a bunch of grapes. The last wingless hours dragged; it began to deluge with rain and dark as ink. About 8.30 p. m. I went over and bought Father's first-class and my second-class ticket. It was lucky I had not taken a third-class ticket, as you will

hear. I ordered hot milk for Father, but he closed his teeth and left it. *At last* the *facchini* came, but were most clumsy about carrying him in a straight-up chair. . . . Fortunately the rain held up. We got to the platform ten minutes before the train was due. . . . The train was *nearly an hour late*; Father got quite worn out and began to groan aloud. . . . Finally . . . the train rushed up; then we had a simply dreadful time getting him on. . . . When the train whirled away after the one minute's stop, which the *capo stazione* must have prolonged, Father was somehow in a knot of blankets in a berth. . . . I had flung my things into a second-class compartment full of priests and strangers, aided by a kind Samaritan, whom I had been hating shortly before for staring. . . . I fixed Father the best I could and got off at the first brief stay of the train. The Lord had really providentially put my second-class compartment next to the Pullman. What I should have done if I had taken third I don't know. . . . I found my things scattered over the crowded compartment, but the people were really kind. The train stops only a moment at each place, so I spent my time vibrating and anxiously peering out. Strange to say, of Father's hat, cap, mitts, valise, my dear bag George gave me, lunch basket, rug, shawl strap and two pillows and mug, only the mug was left. . . . At Florence all the nice people got out and a very common set of people crowded the compartment. A very ordinary Neapolitan family in white shoes, dusters and crimped, hatless hair, I thought were going to be trying. . . . I knew I was too excited to sleep myself, so I fixed my



pillow on my lap for the little girl to have a nap, and the little kindness seemed to quite change the atmosphere, and make the woman different. . . . I fixed Father's window and covered him well, explained the situation concisely, forcibly and audibly; made him stretch out his arm and touch the bell; told him the porter was pining to wait on him. . . . The porter kept longing for his dear Austrian trains in which there is a communication between cars. One comfort, he was very good form, and helped me in and out as if I had been the Duchess. . . . The porter behaved like an angel. I went no more, but at every station he hung out on his platform and told me how our baby was getting on, quite peacefully. At Orte he said Father wanted me to come at last station before Rome to dress him and he would come for me. I got Father a hot bowl of coffee, but there was not time to convey it to him, so I had to drink it, and the heat of it was comforting. The second half was so black and plenteous I donated it to a funny, red-headed boy who had lost his hat. . . . He smiled such appreciation as only a boy's stomach, and a red-headed boy at that, could. At Cammini I again entered the beleaguered city, found Father enthusiastic about porter's kindness; he said the night had been tolerable and allowed himself to be dressed. . . . The Roman campagna looked lovely; all purple and brown shades with grey oxen just like one of Carlandi's pictures. Ecco Roma! The porter, thoroughly my friend for two more francs, said that we had better wait until the train emptied to get Father out, and of course I would be met. I said: 'Of course.'

. . . I wished I had telegraphed to Paschetto or Galassi. However, when I got out, no one was there, not even Vincenzo. I engaged two good *facchini*, who consulted with the Pullman porter, decided a chair would be best, and went for it. They were gone some time and I stood by the stuff. Suddenly the scene changes. Vincenzo appears, smiling, looking a very respectable servant; Adolfo, a howling swell in a beautiful overcoat; Lillian, younger and more distinguished in a new brown hat and travelling suit. They had come to fetch us with their automobile. . . . The *facchini* reappear with a nice, comfortable, padded chair into which a fairly smiling 'Angelical'\* is put tenderly, wrapped in rug, and a most distinguished procession moves to the buffet.' . . . I have so often felt ourselves a shabby show; now we are a really elect spectacle. . . . Adolfo quietly affectionate, but he mesmerizes the situation; the waiters in the buffet feel we are very important. . . . I have a coffee, Father orders consommé, takes only one spoonful and then orders Vincenzo to eat it for him. . . . Amidst an amphitheatre of faces we all get into the motor and are very gently tooted along not to shake Father. . . . I could have cried with the comfort of being so lovingly, so competently cared for. . . . The chauffeur brought Father up in his arms, and they left. I cannot describe what their meeting me meant. It was like those restful solutions in novels. Agnese, neat and

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\*"The Angelical" (doctor), a name bestowed upon Dr. Taylor by his family circle.

dear, awaited us; the house nicely cleaned seems a paradise. I am so glad to be in it."

The story of the days following the return to Rome is told in a letter from Mary to her brothers. She and Dr. Taylor arrived in Rome Thursday morning. She wrote:

" . . . He was so pleased that morning to be at home in his own room and with his loving Agnese to attend him. . . . Soon after we arrived, the servant brought Dr. Sajous' card with the message that he had called to hear if we had arrived. Father said at once that he wished me to go and arrange a dinner of gentlemen in Dr. Sajous' honor, as he was going to leave the city so soon to sail; that he would get away unless I was quick. I promised as soon as my trunk came I would do so. He said he felt about honoring Dr. Sajous as Mary did about the precious ointment for Christ's feet. Dr. Sajous' advice had been so helpful. He hoped now to be much better, that he must take a drive next day. He talked about wanting to help our porter in a more systematic way so that the family could put something into the post office savings bank for the hard summer months. Asked for his letter to George but seemed perfectly satisfied when I told him I had already sent it. Said he wanted the letter to Cabell, which I enclose. The time passed in my unpacking his valise and attending to things about the house with reference to getting in order for having a dinner for Dr. Sajous. He said he would get some new linen for the house. He enjoyed his broth and

a peach—seemed so much interested in everything. After lunch there was a young fellow came with a tale of woe, no work and no money—wanted enough for a third-class ticket to Ancona. Father made me usher him into his room and made him write out his tale; ordered Agnese to give him something to eat, invited him to dinner next day, which he said he would get up to share. In the night he suffered acutely. . . . Friday he felt better in the morning, but by midday began to be very feverish. However, he dictated two notes to help the young man get a place or help, and said if he returned without either I must give him the money to go to Ancona, which I did. Of course he was not able to get up and seemed to feel much more unwell, suffering so with his head. . . . His fever made me uneasy. At 4 Dr. Sajous and Signor Giorni called, and the former went in, but Father was too weary to say much. He only squeezed his hand and said: 'My dear, good friend.' After they left, I sent for Burroni, our own doctor, but the porter returned to say he was out of town. Agnese and I were up with Father all night. . . . I was alarmed, and as soon as I could get off I took a carriage and went to ask W. Wall what doctor was in town. . . . I found that one was at the German hospital and went there and got him. He said pulse was bad and fever nearly 104°. Said to nourish him often. He had objected to food so much in the last weeks I was surprised at his readiness to take food and stimulants. Every time we left the room to get something he would say: 'Don't go.' 'What time is it?' At 12.30 I was so alarmed at his appearance I gave him

brandy and water . . . and he passed away in one moment. . . . in my arms, without any struggle at the last."

Dr. Taylor died Saturday morning September 28th, 1907. The funeral took place on Monday. A letter from Mary describes the funeral and the incidents connected with it. The Roman law would not allow the body to remain in the home beyond Sunday night, so it was carried that night to the cemetery, where the funeral took place the next afternoon. Mary wrote:

" . . . Several of the church people came to look at his face, but with the most exquisite and loving reverence. They had a memorial service at the church at 7, and at 8 came here for a service around the coffin, which was placed in the parlour. Hannibal Fiore, who loved Father like a son, conducted it very sweetly, and there was a prayer in English by one of the Methodists. Somehow it had none of the awfulness of a funeral. His own portrait, above the illuminated parchment given by the church, looked down on the casket, covered with his own favorite red carnations and other flowers. With the lights, it was somehow bright and lovely. Adolfo, Dexter and Hannibal went with the coffin to the cemetery. . . . The funeral was at 5 o'clock Monday; the air soft, the sky rose-colored above the cypresses, all the brilliant autumn flowers in bloom. There were many wreaths and flowers and palms, and a good many present, but, of course, not as it would have been in the winter. It was the most beautiful funeral. . . . Lovely addresses were made by Signor Galassi and Dr. Clark—Dr. Clark's

address being peculiarly tender and appropriate—and prayers by Signor Conti and Campbell Wall, who had come on purpose from Florence; one stanza of ‘Shall we gather at the river?’ and one of ‘*Su verde colle nel paese dore spunta il sol.*’ I had insisted that the funeral should not be long, and before the dusk fell, we started back, after seeing the grave filled and innumerable flowers cover it and mother’s grave.”

On Sunday, September 27th, 1908 (while this book was in press), a memorial tablet to the memory of Dr. Taylor was unveiled in the Staunton Baptist Church. Upon this occasion the Rev. Dr. Charles Manly, who immediately succeeded Dr. Taylor in the pastorate in Staunton, delivered a memorial address, and the Rev. Dr. O. F. Gregory, the pastor of the church, read lines he had composed. The tablet was provided through the free gifts of many who knew and loved Dr. Taylor, no one giving more than a dollar. Dr. Gregory’s poem, entitled “A Tribute of Love: In Memory of Dr. George Boardman Taylor,” read as follows:

A noble mission is fulfilled,  
The dear, brave, loyal heart is stilled,  
The faithful lips are dumb;  
The busy hands find rest at last,  
The work is o’er, the conflict passed,  
And peace is come.

Those white, still lips beneath the sod  
Many a soul have won for God;  
And who may tell  
How many hearts that patient pen  
Has blessed, and cheered and soothed again  
At Baca’s well!

With loving seeds by the wayside sown,  
 Many an erring one he has borne  
 To Jesus' feet;  
 And in these homes his words of prayer  
 Have made the sorrow seem less drear,  
 The joys more sweet.

Then, when the Master's loving hand  
 Had led him from his native land  
 To preach "at Rome"—  
 With steadfast faith, and courage high  
 The cross was borne, to do and die  
 In his new home.

So day by day his faint feet trod  
 The path that led him nearer God  
 And nearer home;  
 And then his footsteps touched the brim  
 Of Jordan's waters cold and dim  
 With dashing foam.

"The faith" was kept; "the course" was run,  
 The final victory grandly won!  
 And now the King  
 Doth grace his brow, all seamed with scars,  
 With wondrous crown of "many stars,"  
 While anthems ring.

During the last years of Dr. Taylor's life no one was so constantly his companion as his daughter, Mary Argyle Taylor. The following is from her pen:

"During the service of Good Friday, when St. Peter's is thronged with people from all over the world, thirteen lighted candles stand on the High Altar while the Lamentations and Penitential Psalms are chanted. One by one, at intervals, these candles are put out, until only one re-

mains lit, which is carried behind the altar and kept there while the famous Miserere is sung. It is curiously impressive, the vast, dark church with the kneeling people, and that one tiny flame burning to symbolize Christ's being hidden in the tomb, but not extinguished. Everyone is more keenly conscious of that one concealed taper than of the twelve which stand upon the altar. This abased, but steadily burning, light always reminded me of my father's penetrating and pervasive influence. Apparently segregated from his fellow-men during the latter years of his life by deafness and frail health, compelled to spend three-fourths of his time in bed, having to gradually relinquish his part in outside engagements, and be patronised by his inferiors because they could hear and walk around; while he was restrained by physical ailments, his spirit was not embittered nor his spiritual force abated.

“What impressed everyone most about him, whether he spoke or kept silent, was his saintliness; and it was curious how this noiseless personality crossed the barriers of language and nationality and was felt by high and low, so that while the ignorant peasant of the Basilicata called him a waxen Jesus, his brethren sought his counsel and approval, and men like Spurgeon and Philip Schaff felt in him a kinship of spirit. Valets may not recognize heroes, but, according to Wesley's interpretation of religion, they must know who are the genuine Christians, and the middle-aged serving man who waited on us in the Carrara Mountains decided that in the course of his life he had only met two real saints: one was the venerable



Marchese Durazzo of Genoa, and the other was my father. A like testimony was rendered by everyone who served him. A lifelong study of the gospel and a constant communion with God, into which he took the greatest and the pettiest care, had bred in him a piety as deep as it was without austerity. In some, religion repels; but with him it passed through the alembic of a just mind and 'a nature sloping to the Southern side,' so that even alien spirits saw the beauty of holiness. A naturally quick temper and incisive tongue had been reduced to control, so that men who knew him as an old man thought him preëminently meek, and though inheriting the sensitive, high-strung temperament of what Holmes calls the Brahmin class of New England there was nothing mean or sour in his temper. He used to say that he had learned much from his wife in never letting things rankle, and that the generous healthiness of her nature had helped correct anything morbid in his. He had the charity which thinketh no ill, and a great patience with the mistakes and sins of the young, saying that men slough off many faults merely by living and that he had too many follies of his own to remember, not to give others the benefit of the doubt. A power of seeing the other man's side was instanced in his favorite saying that we should not hold people to what we considered the logical consequence of their premises. His mind had a judicial character, and before becoming a minister, he read law with keen zest, and delighted in going to hear the men who made the Southern bar illustrious. He loved argument as a gymnastic of the mind and revelled in discussion of abstract

and concrete questions, so that one of his other children said that he missed his oldest daughter the most, because she disagreed with him the most. On the other hand, with that keen truthfulness which can never be forgotten, he used to warn the same daughter not be pugnacious and always in the opposition; and tease her by saying that he had never seen her so really attractive as on one occasion when too sleepy to argue she had merely fanned herself and graciously agreed with all he told her.

“Coming to Italy when a series of mistakes and errors on the part of men who knew neither the complicated field nor the Italian people, he found the Baptist cause a bit of burnt-off ground with an ugly scandal annexed. Even the name of Baptist was in evil repute, and his being a Southerner was against him, as people were full of ‘Uncle Tom’s Cabin’ and deeply prejudiced against foreigners who belonged to a slave-holding people. The other denominations resented the advent of another division in the work. His intercourse with them was such that in a few years, Dr. McDougall, representing the Free Church of Scotland in Florence, pronounced him the godliest man in the evangelical work, and his relations with all the ministers were cordial and pleasant.

“Those who heard it never forgot a little speech he made when representing the Baptists at the Waldensian tricentenary of their ‘Glorious Return’ to their Valleys. He told of the Scotchman who, walking in a thick white mountain-mist, saw a horrible monster approaching which, when he summoned nerve to penetrate the fog, and touch, proved to be his dear brother John rendered terrible by

the rolling vapor, adding: 'Let not the mists of misconception and prejudice part us; let me be your brother George to help and love you.' And his spirit and actions so well bore out his words that several of the more prominent Waldensians used to speak of him afterwards affectionately by the title of our brother George. An Italian minister of another denomination said after his death: 'In the often stormy meetings of our Evangelical Alliance, he was always the dove of peace, bearing the olive branch.'

"Under his gentleness was concealed a strong sense of justice and insight into character. After he became deaf to all voices but those of his daughters, one wondered he could so correctly size up people, but his family found that in the long run his estimate of men was far more just than theirs, and mingled with this clear discernment was a saving sense of humor which smiled while it perceived, and twinkled afterwards into observations too acute to be reported. He could not hear, unless it was repeated to him, what people *said*, but he watched their faces, their gestures and unconscious mannerisms, and proved Emerson's axiom: 'What you are speaks so loud I cannot hear what you say.'

"With his fellow-missionaries he went out of his way to be friendly and generous, seeking to render every courtesy and kindness possible and ready to love and admire all their gifts. Sometimes his household grew impatient of his discovering so many virtues in Aristides, but his attitude was partly due to his anxiety that he might not fall into any discord with his fellow-workers, remembering petty quarrels among missionaries when his

father was Secretary of the Board and desiring to live at peace with all men.

“He was an ardent and firm Baptist, but no man was more magnanimous in his relations to other denominations. He condemned such phrases as ‘We Baptists are not too smart to follow the Word of God’ as implying a discourtesy and uncharitableness to other Christians, but he wrote and spoke clearly and well on the Baptist position, both in Italian and English. Since his death the ministers in Southern Italy have decided to republish at their own expense his chapter on Baptism, from the Manual of Theology, as the best statement of their views which they can find.

“Anglo-Saxons have sometimes treated their Italian brethren as inferiors and called them to account as they would underlings. My father’s feeling was that the evangelists must feel responsible to God rather than to him. He treated them as gentlemen, expecting the same in return, having a genuine sense of the dignity of every human being, and believing that men respond to what is expected of them. Generally he was justified in this expectation, and if in one solitary case the minister to whom he had forgiven the most, from whom endured the most and to whom, perhaps, loaned the most, was the one to misrepresent and criticize him, and write the most insulting and thorny letters, this was due rather to wrong-headedness than to aught else. Perhaps there have to be cranks to keep the world from becoming monotonous.

“Italians are suspicious and quick to attribute the most ignoble motives when things displease them, so that his

thirty-odd years' administration brought him many insulting letters, many vexing problems which made sleepless nights, but he learned to take it all first to God, and never to make a decision and send off a letter written in the first heat, but to modify and rewrite it so that there might be no acrimonious counter thrust. He used to say that he had learned that he must either thicken his skin or die, and that he decided to live, but those who loved him felt that it was not a very tough skin even then.

"Of course his delicate health and deafness brought many disappointments, many mortifications. He had to learn to be counted out among the active ones. Once when a sister church was holding its annual meeting at which representatives of the other denominations were expected to express sympathy, he took a carriage, at some inconvenience, and went, with a carefully prepared and friendly address. His presence was ignored, a lesser man spoke in his stead; and, knowing what an effort his coming had been, his daughter accompanied him home with a lump in her throat and a little bitterness in her heart. But when they got to his room, and he had been divested of the carefully saved black coat which made such a background for his delicately chiselled face, he said:

"My precious, you must not worry. It hurt me at first, but it is the discipline God sees I need. I must just learn to be *nothing* if He wishes. You and I must take these things to Him."

"After which his spirit seemed to rebound sunnily, and the only effect of the episode was increased tenderness for his companion.

“With a certain buoyancy was united unusual poise which enabled him to retreat to the hermitage of a quiet mind when there was confusion of tongues, and the superficial who had never tried it made dogmatic criticisms on the work, and insisted on methods which he had long used or discarded.

“No man could have such a field as his for the last thirty-five years of his life without seasons of discouragement and temptation, but he reasoned so: Do I think this work should be abandoned? No. Well, if I give it up and go back, they will have to send out another man, who will know even less than I do of the complications, and he will lose some years in getting the experience I have gained. My return will discourage others; I will stick it out. And this he did through isolation, vexations, trials, good and evil report, and even in this world he reaped his reward from the land of his adoption in the love of many, and a unique trust in the crystal integrity of his heart and purpose. After he had resigned the administrations of the Mission the ministers and little churches vied with one another to do him honor, and show him affection with a truly loving grace peculiarly Italian.

“In a meeting of the Baptist Union in Rome, when the gathered ministers from all over Italy had been moved to tears, and stirred to fresh resolution by his address on the duties of the minister in his home, they sent out in haste for a great sheaf of red roses, and the son of one of the ministers was entrusted with it as an expression of their love and gratitude. As the young fellow stepped up on the platform towards him, and held out the flowers with their

mute language, my father threw his arms spontaneously around the lad's neck and kissed him, so that the virile young head and the delicate, venerable one meeting above the roses made a picture which brought down the house in a wave of applause mingled with smiles and tears.

"A rigid economist in all personal things, he was generous in giving not only to the church, missions and the poor, but delighted in sending a doll to a child, books or gloves to a young girl, a picture or jewel to a bride. He was fond of Oliver Wendell Holmes' saying that every man is an omnibus carrying all his ancestors in himself, and it was eminently true of him, for he combined the lavish generosity of his paternal English grandfather with the close economy of the saving, fastidious, scholarly New England stock of which his mother came; but he made the most beautiful division of these inherited qualities. The munificent gifts and loans were for the needy, but he saved a crust of bread for his own next meal when travelling, and no economy was too small which touched himself only. His children cannot see without tenderness certain little black account books in which every item was entered and the close calculations made, which rendered possible the travel and books which usually fall only to the rich.

"One of his daughters was a bad sailor, and in crossing to the island of Sardinia she was so sick and limp that when they took the train at the Golfo degli Aranci, she did not notice much when he said he would go into another compartment so she could lie down. It was only after some distance, she discovered that he had put her into first-

class and was travelling third himself. He saved every centime when travelling for the Mission and as an agent.

“While sympathizing with and helping the Italian evangelists to the extent of his power, he insisted on a careful economy and business accuracy, and said he was not ashamed to be called, like a great English statesman, ‘the watch dog of the treasury.’ His mind was an unusual combination, having a capacity for abstract philosophical reasoning and an almost excessive care for practical details. His fellow-traveller was sometimes vexed by the deliberation and attention with which he scanned every item of a bill, but the waiter was always conciliated in the end by a generous tip, and welcomed him next time with a warm smile and a remembrance of the frugal meal he ordered.

“His gentle but very decided personality and delicate waxen face with its bright blue eyes was never forgotten, and it might be years before he returned to a place, but he was always promptly recognized even by the most casual observer. His children said they could never travel unobserved because they were always identified by him. A stranger struck by his appearance one day in the crowded Via Calzaiuoli, gazing at the statue of St. George on the Or San Michele, recognized him long afterwards when they met in a mountain village, and after they had become good friends wrote the acrostic on his name, given above.

“Personally he cared not at all for material luxuries. A small, battered valise, bought in London in 1870, containing a Bible, a Testament, a comb and a few flannels,



was all he required, but his daughters must always have a trunk. 'I want you to have your white frocks and your best bonnets,' he would say, and he loved to bring them back from his trips a bit of filmy lace or a pair of gloves, being fastidious in such things for a woman. Especially after their mother's death he gave to his daughters the most chivalrous love and care, seeking to take her place and give them the sympathy she would have yielded in their joys and sorrows. Feeling that their mother had largely worn herself out in the service of others, he sought the more to spare them, and paid them the delicate attentions and loving homage which women usually receive only from their lovers. For his oldest daughter, who from circumstances was most constantly with him in his latter years, he found the prettiest compliments, improvised verses and culled from literature the sweetest names, calling her by turns his 'little son Eric,' his 'Lovey Mary,' 'Hildegarde,' after a fiery but favorite heroine, and many another. During his last year he seemed to feel even more than usual the pressing needs of our little brothers and sisters, the poor, and one day as she was moving about his room, he said: 'My dearest, I have been thinking I should like to give you something really beautiful, a jewel or breast-pin, you could keep always—but when I see the poor around us, I just *can't*; the money must go to them.' And it did. For his hearer such precious words made opals pale and diamonds dim. On her twentieth birthday he sent her a small bottle of Frangipani perfume with one of his charmingly penned notes in which he said that he loved this scent because her mother had always

used it when they were first married. His deafness seemed to make his other senses more acute: nothing escaped his keen, sea-blue eyes, and he had the susceptibility of a delicate organization to the faintest fragrance. We could never see lemon-verbena growing without begging a sprig for him, and the friend who dubbed him 'the Angelical Doctor,' a name so apt that it became general, said she loved to see him absent-mindedly pull out his pocket handkerchief and shower around the dry aromatic leaves and little drifts of rose petals which he had thrust into his pocket. His youngest son remarked that his sisters were spoiled for living with 'human' men, because they would expect them to be like their father. It was not to his own wife and daughters alone that he gave the generous care American men are so prompt to render to their families, but to every woman he met. He often quoted Napoleon's saying, 'Respect the burden bearer,' when he made us make way for the peasants, and when almost too weak to sit up he would pull himself to his feet to greet a woman, fetch a foot-stool or place a chair, so that to many he was the embodiment of Colonel Newcome. Two days before he died, when he reached the Rome station, exhausted by the long night journey, he was carried into the railroad buffet, and a cup of hot broth ordered for his restoration. He was too sick to take it. He beckoned to the needy porter, who had come to fetch the luggage, and made him drink it, knowing that the fellow was always half hungry. The rest of us chafed at the delay for the invalid, but he would not be gainsaid. In the rushing, crowded New York streets

when he picked up a stranger's whip, and restored it with a smile and doffed hat, there was in the act the fine flavour of a day when men had the leisure for good manners.

"Such a physical limitation as deafness often causes even good men to close in upon themselves, grow self-centered, and refuse even those social joys which remain to them. With him it was not so; his sympathies of heart and head seemed to grow every year keener and wider. Much given to hospitality, high and low breakfasted, supped and dined at his board. We slept on sofas so our guests might have the beds, and there was a recollection in the family of the father's going to a hotel more than once to accommodate guests. To what an extent entertaining was practiced was instanced by a humorous account my mother used to give of returning one snowy evening in Staunton with her husband, from a round of pastoral calls, and finding a perfectly strange old man and his wife comfortably installed on each side of her bedroom fire, who, without moving, benignly asked if she were cold and would like to get warm. Neither she nor my father had ever seen them before, but they had come in from the country to supper and spend the night. It was the minister's house; this minister was paid in Confederate notes and his wife bore him eight children and much of the time had no servant. Their hospitality was inspired by a double motive, a strong conviction of the duty enjoined on the bishop to show hospitality and the Virginian's pleasure in entertaining. I can never forget how, even after he was too deaf to hear his guests, his bright, eager eyes would watch each one's

mouth so as not to interrupt, and then when he saw a slight break would dash in with Rupert-like impetuosity to tell an apt story or quote a bright mot. The last day of his life, when worn to gossamer by sleepless nights and weary days, he arranged for the employment and the feeding at his table of a beggar, and on the same day made his daughter organize a dinner party for a distinguished physician who had attended him during the summer.

“‘I want to show him honor,’ he said, ‘even if I cannot come to the table; it is not much, but for me it is like the box of ointment which Mary poured on the feet of the Saviour.’

“He was ably seconded in his hospitality by my mother, who brought to it natural graces of mind and person, fostered by family traditions and a girlhood spent in the lavish homes of Eastern Virginia. His had been a Puritan training, hers that of the descendant of the Cavaliers, but they were one in all the essentials of principle and conduct, and he never forgot what he owed to her. The aureole of his wedding day never faded, and she remained to him the beau-ideal of womanhood. He used to say he had rather hear her tell about it than go to the most brilliant entertainment in the world. Though extremely susceptible to feminine beauty and charm, he valued more highly wit and mental gifts. His first question when he heard of a delightful woman was: ‘Is she a fine conversationalist?’ esteeming with Crashaw:

“Sydneian showers  
Of sweet discourse, whose powers  
Can crown old Winter’s head with flowers.”

And it seemed peculiarly sad that a man so social should have been latterly cut off from the conversation of all but one or two people.

“Nature is more prodigal than fiction, and fortunately men often possess qualities which would seem to be contradictory. This was the case with my father, who to a sturdy common sense and practicality united much romance and ideality. He never forgot the thrill of his first sight of Italy when after driving all day over the snowy Simplon Pass he reached Domodossola, and ate his supper by moonlight under a grape trellis within sound of glancing steps and tinkling mandolins. He had to the end a boy’s love of adventure, and was keen to try new experiences. When people spoke of him as an old man it gave me a shock of surprise, for he had the dew of youth in his heart to the very end, and a childlike craving for love and approbation united to a remarkable spring of intellectual activity. Most men after they pass the meridian are content to chew the cud of what they have acquired, but he was always welcoming new ideas, striking out new lines of reading and study, giving forth freshly assimilated information. While intensely loyal to Virginia and his own upbringing, he was ready to enjoy and recognize the beauty and goodness he found in Europe. Though he had spent his youth and early manhood in a *milieu*, where there was no artistic culture whatever, he learned to love art for its own sake and keenly to enjoy the best pictures so that he roamed the galleries of Munich, Dresden and Vienna with true zest and never omitted when in Florence to spend some hours in the Uffizi

or to visit the modern exhibitions in Venice. Against the dancing, theatre-going, etc., which were tabooed by his pious contemporaries, he uttered no invectives or diatribes. To forbid such things, he said, was like lopping off outward branches. Fill the heart with the love of God and the needs of humanity, set men on fire with the love of Christ, and such things lost significance and ceased to interest; to forbid these things often gave them a fictitious attraction. He was deeply interested in the evangelization of the world and the progress of civilization, so that on his bed the well-worn Bible lay cheek by jowl with the oft-handled atlas, the daily and religious papers, while he dearly loved a stirring novel or a good biography. An omnivorous reader, and having himself a terse and clear, yet graceful, mastery of good Anglo-Saxon English, and a fair, forcible use of Italian, he was thoroughly alive to every man, woman and child who crossed his path.

“He left America just when he was beginning to be recognized as a preacher of distinction and power, and had to suffer the eclipse of expressing himself in a foreign language undertaken at forty years old. As a speaker he had none of the tricks or graces of oratory; his voice, far stronger than his frail aspect promised, was not always under control, but the carefully prepared, original matter, clear concision, unctio, and a deep conviction compelled and rewarded attention. As he grew older, he believed more and more in brevity, and his listener felt that his points made, he could be trusted to stop—a rarer gift than might be supposed. He paid his listeners the courtesy, and his subject the respect, to think out care-

fully what he intended to say. He never learned his address by heart, saying that he had no verbal memory, but that he never forgot a train of thought with logical sequence where each idea budded into the next. His discourse was dug out of the Bible and the human heart, but it was leavened and popularized by illustrations drawn from his own observation and from the broader fields of literature and history. His sane taste revolted against anything hysterical or merely emotional in religion, holding that it was apt to be followed by a drier aridity; but he had a deep sense of sin and of the needs of humanity coupled to a strong conviction of the importance of the preacher's message, and in his delivery of it was a tenderness and sympathy which always convinced and stirred the heart and sometimes rose to real eloquence. In his preaching, as in his prayers, one felt the reality of that divine life for which he daily strove, the preciousness of the Saviour and his trust in the fatherhood of God.

"He loved life and was keenly interested in it, and he had a marvellous power of recuperation which enabled him, when apparently at the last ebb, to pull himself together and concentrate his physical and mental powers for unexpected efforts as well as to project himself with boyish buoyancy into the future. But during the last year, his weakness and sufferings increased, desire failed, and sleepless nights were the rule, so that it was little wonder if he began to long for 'the rest which remaineth for the people of God' and to almost wish that 'this old worn-out stuff, which is threadbare to-day,' might 'become everlasting to-morrow.' When on the 28th of September, 1907,

his spirit slipped its 'frail covering,' those who knew him best felt that he was ready to enter on a wider, more unfettered life, and that for him it was

'Say not Good Night—but in some brighter clime  
Bid me Good Morning.'

The Rev. Henry J. Piggott, D. D., for over thirty years at the head of the Wesleyan Mission in Rome, contributed for *Il Testimonio*, the Italian Baptist paper, a tribute to Dr. Taylor. Dr. Piggott has kindly prepared the following, which is in substance what appeared in the Italian paper:

"In evoking my memories of Dr. Taylor, the first thing that recurs to me is the impression he always gave of serene security in his hold upon the fundamental doctrines of his faith. Some Christians timidly screen their beliefs from the winds of doubt and denial that agitate the air round about them. Others give these free access at the cost of unsettlement and painful questioning. There was not the slightest evidence of either attitude in the case of my friend. He did not fear to read widely in the literature of modern incredulity; his was no hot-house faith; he kept eye and ear liberally open to the critical, the agnostic, and the directly hostile movements of the religious thought of the day. Yet his own calm and robust certainty, with regard to all that he had long ago accepted as essential truth, seemed to be utterly unaffected. His faith lay too deep down in the depths of his being, belonged too intimately to the indubitable facts of consciousness and experience, for doubt to be possible. He never seemed to go back upon it; to pluck at the roots of it to



see if they still held. 'He *knew* in Whom he had believed.' This personal knowledge of Christ his Saviour was clearly his anchorage, and kept him calm and confident whatever difficulties and questionings might be stirring around.

"This confidence of Dr. Taylor's faith was not so much expressed as revealed. You *felt*, when in contact with him, especially if the conversation touched spiritual notes, the sweet peacefulness in which he lived and moved. Perhaps it was in his *prayers* that this habit of soul made itself most appreciable. I have known few men to whom prayer seemed to be more their natural element. The poet's words,—Prayer is the Christian's vital breath, the Christian's native air,—were truly exemplified in him. In whatever society, after whatever preoccupation, gay or serious, his spirit was always ready for the exercise. He had but to bow the knee and you felt that he was face to face with God. None but one who 'dwelt in the secret place' could have had such immediate and constant liberty of access. And the simplicity, yet appropriateness, of utterance that followed showed how absolutely self was forgotten, or rather absorbed, in the Presence divine. The present need, the actual circumstances were thoughtfully gathered up and found apt expression, yet was there no distraction; the mercy-seat on which they were laid was ever fully in view. And there was a pleading earnestness, tremulous sometimes in its sympathy, which revealed at once the loving interest in those pleaded for, and the certainty of prevalence with the Ear that listened, which filled the heart of the pleader. These are sacred secrets of the inner life, not lightly to be unveiled, but I

feel that without allusion to them my reminiscences of my revered friend would lack one most essential element.

“It is superfluous to say that Dr. Taylor held with strong conviction the special tenets of his own church, and it belonged to his crystalline sincerity to be faithful to them, to whatever consequences he believed them to lead. I only mention this to bring out into more vivid relief another quality that shines in my memory of him, namely, his generous catholicity of spirit. His own strength and sincerity of conviction did not detract from his conceding that the convictions of others of different views were equally strong and sincere. Here in this Italian evangelical field such a quality has special value, and made my friend ever a special blessing. Where so many missions are working side by side, and often for reasons easy to understand pressing into the same centers, it is difficult to avoid attritions. Yet in all the thirty years and more of our intimate relationship I have no remembrance of any such attrition between Dr. Taylor and his colleagues in mission administration. If any such did occur, he was too jealous of the honour of the common Master to make it public. And his whole influence was ever and most beneficially on the side of peace and union between Christian workers. In any gathering of the Evangelical Churches for united counsel or coöperation, in any commemorative festivity of a particular church or mission, his kindly presence and genial word might be securely counted upon; and every one felt that in his case at all events there was no suppression or reserve to belie the absolute sincerity of the extended hand and fraternal speech.

“Of Dr. Taylor’s influence upon his Italian fellow-workers I need not speak. His correspondence, and the testimony of the workers themselves will bear witness to that. We, however, from the outside could all see with what filial veneration they came to regard him. We could see also how long and tender was his forbearance with weaknesses, how quick and helpful his appreciation of qualities that gave hope and promise, how absolutely the superior disappeared in the father and friend, and how under his gracious influence all souls anyway receptive grew in vigour and fruitfulness. And we all came to share in the veneration that grew up around him from that inner circle of his immediate fellow-laborers. The epithet of ‘saint’ applied to him by certain mutual English friends was but the apt expression of the halo of spiritual beauty, and gracious influence which ever more and more gathered round him in the eyes of all of us who enjoyed the privilege of his society.

“In this our feeling towards him there entered another attraction without allusion to which this memorial of him would be incomplete. No one can have come into contact with Dr. Taylor, even casually, and not have observed his sweet, spontaneous courtesy of manner. There was something about him of the old-fashioned gentleman, which the rude hurry of these modern times seems to be rapidly losing. It was nothing put on for the occasion, but emanated from his innermost nature. Much was due, no doubt, to the early upbringing of the South, but more had been gradually wrought into him by the refining influence of a close walk with Christ. There was the same

courtesy, whoever the guest might be; for like the principle from which it flowed, it had 'no respect of persons.' From the moment of entering the room,—at the table, in every gesture, in the tone of the voice, in the eye always on the alert to detect in any the slightest inconvenience or want—this quality made itself felt; simple, unaffected, spontaneous, a sort of sweet fragrance that gave itself out unconsciously but made the whole atmosphere pleasanter.

"But I cannot close these reminiscences without speaking of those sore trials under which the later years of my dear friend were passed. There were indeed mysteries which only 'the day' will explain. It seemed as if the blows of the divine Hand fell just where the spiritual nerves would be most sensitive. Of a disposition eminently social, Dr. Taylor came to be almost excluded by his growing deafness from taking part in the conversations that went on around him. There was a time in which it seemed as if blindness were about to deepen this seclusion. Singularly fond of work and devoted to the special work of the mission he superintended, there were often long months during which sickness laid him entirely aside. Sensitive almost to excess to any trouble or inconvenience given to others, in his last years he came to be daily dependent on the care, always lovingly and lavishly given, of those who were dearer to him than his own life. These are doubtless mysteries, yet to us who were witnesses of that 'sufficient grace' which kept him ever sweet-tempered and patient, ever supremely thoughtful for others, ever interested in outward life, ever capable of drinking in enjoyment from nature, from literature, from society,

ever keenly alive to all that touched upon the progress of his Master's kingdom, in Italy or elsewhere, ever elastic in all intervals, however brief and illusory, of better health, it seems as if a border of the mystery were uplifted, and a purpose of holy example revealed, whose blessed influence who shall limit or adequately tell?

"With me, at all events, remains indelible the impression of the last visit I paid to the sufferer. He was alone, in bed, prostrate with the weakness left by a long paroxysm of pain; it seemed as if he could hardly last to see another morning. I had written on his tablets a few words of sympathy and recalling the Infinite Father's love, which we knew apportioned and mixed every cup of suffering. He read slowly, word by word, what I had written; then silently seemed to rally his thought,—which easily fell off into unconsciousness at every interval, so extreme was his weakness,—then in broken utterances replied something as follows: 'Yes, He knows—He sees in me that which needs such discipline—His will is good—He does all things well—His will be done!' I always felt myself a better man for any intercourse with Dr. Taylor when in health and vigour; but that last testimony in its sweet humility, its perfected patience and submission, will remain with me, a sanctifying memory, to my dying day."

Dr. J. Spotswood Taylor writes:

"Neither as an orator, writer or metaphysician did my father attain distinction. He was perhaps not a profound scholar. No work remains behind which will preserve his name to posterity, and doubtless within a short

time it will be forgotten. It is true that he was an earnest, forceful speaker, persuading many. He wrote so as to give consolation, courage and joy to his readers. He reasoned soundly and well, making life's difficult path plain and enabling not a few to face the mysteries that none can fathom. What knowledge he possessed—and it was wide and varied—made for the profit and pleasure of a large circle. He had the culture which the pedant usually lacks. But none of these things bring fame. His claim to greatness lay in something rarer and more difficult, in something begotten neither of native talent nor the most persistent industry. He had goodness in so large a measure that it made him a great man by the noblest title. On the scores of men and women with whom he came in contact during a long and active life in varied climes he left an impression as marked as it was effortless and unconscious. All that was best of him remains written in the hearts of his own generation, a vital testimony more significant than the proudest monument of brass or stone. The gentle, irresistible beneficence of goodness overflowed from a heart that loved every living being. I do not mean by goodness any ordinary degree of moral blamelessness, but something as positive as light radiating in every direction, suffusing everything in reach with an added glory, an active palpitating goodness that warmed and mellowed and sweetened wherever it played; goodness that prompted the noblest deeds and was manifest in every word and smile and gesture, penetrating and all pervading as an aroma. It was sensible to the proudest thinker and the least cultivated intelligence. Malignity

and indifference were not proof against it. The spell of his amiable, kind and gentle presence held rich and poor. The potent charm of his personality drew the wise and the foolish."

In harmony with the foregoing is the following extract from a sermon, by a distinguished divine of our day, on "Personal Influence, the Means of Propagating the Truth":

"The men commonly held in popular estimation are greatest at a distance; they become small as they are approached; but the attraction exerted by unconscious holiness is of an urgent and irresistible nature; it persuades the weak, the timid, the wavering, and the inquiring; it draws forth the affection and loyalty of all who are in a measure like-minded; and over the thoughtless or perverse multitude it exercises a sovereign compulsory sway, bidding them fear and keep silence, on the ground of its own right divine to rule them,—its hereditary claim on their obedience, though they understand not the principles or counsels of that spirit, which is born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God."





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